DELTA GREEN

BLACK SITES

Operations and Intrusions for *Delta Green: The Role-Playing Game*

HIDDEN HORRORS

"It is absolutely necessary, for the peace and safety of mankind, that some of earth's dark, dead corners and unplumbed depths be let alone; lest sleeping abnormalities wake to resurgent life, and blasphemously surviving nightmares squirm and splash out of their black lairs to newer and wider conquests." —H.P. Lovecraft, "At the Mountains of Madness"

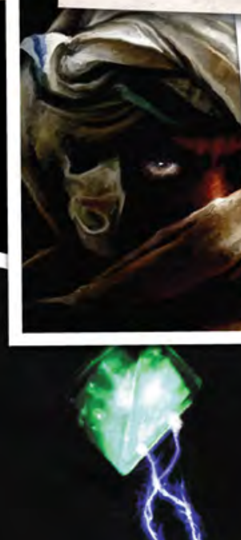
Eight *Delta Green* operations lock bystanders and Agents alike in unlit rooms with the cosmic terrors of the unnatural. Unwanted survivals rise from death or slumber into the nightmarish life of humanity.

- **PX POKER NIGHT:** At an isolated Air Force base, discontented service members listen to the night sky and hear secrets not meant for human ears.
- **KALI GHATI:** A Delta Green operative goes missing from a combat base in Afghanistan. A handful of Agents must learn what discovery lured him across the wire. Then they must bring him home.
- **THE LAST EQUATION:** A gifted student guns down a family of total strangers, leaving behind a string of numbers that fills Delta Green's researchers with dread. Can your Agents stop the next horrific slaughter?
- **LOVER IN THE ICE:** A bitter winter storm shuts down a midwestern city and awakens a long-forgotten threat. A threat that is all too ready to spread.
- **SWEETNESS:** Vandalism on a family home makes the police fear a hate crime. Delta Green recognizes something worse. What connections have these ordinary folk made to bring such danger to their door?
- **HOURGLASS:** A woman vanishes, screaming, in front of dozens of witnesses in a small Oregon town. Your Agents must find what killed her, stop the threat, and make sure no one else ever learns the truth.
- **EX OBLIVIONE:** Vicious murders stain the Arizona desert. Crazed words scrawled at a crime scene hint at Y'ha-nthlei and the sea. Agents have a chance to claim vengeance for ancient wrongs—or suffer it.
- **THE CHILD:** A traumatized child looks to the Agents for protection from voices that never cease.

A detailed index helps Handlers build broader connections between horrors in their campaigns.

The scenarios of *Black Sites* are playable with *Delta Green: The Role-Playing Game.*

Born of the U.S. government's 1928 raid on the degenerate coastal town of Innsmouth, Massachusetts, the covert agency known as Delta Green opposes the forces of darkness with honor but without glory. Delta Green agents fight to save humanity from unnatural horrors—often at a shattering personal cost.



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This is a work of fiction

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DELTA GREEN

// Black Sites //

Eight Scenarios of Lovecraftian Horror and Conspiracy

ARC DREAM PUBLISHING PRESENTS *DELTA GREEN: BLACK SITES*
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// Introduction //

Secrets hunger. They feed and grow. They corrupt. The burden of them makes their keepers alien and strange.

Every secret is a temptation to profit from the power of its keeping. Sometimes conscience urges revelation. The risk demands ever more secrecy. Trust erodes. Secrets metastasize like black cancers in hidden places.

Agents of Delta Green keep secrets too painful, too dangerous to tolerate. They hold on to their lives and families as long as they can. But that only gains time in which the poisons they guard seep into the lives they desperately protect. Soon, they have nothing left to guard. Nothing but their secrets.

Each scenario in this book brings your Agents to sites where secrets and death spread like living things. These scenarios open with an event that could inaugurate a sprawling Delta Green campaign, one that tracks the metastatic growth of Delta Green itself.

"PX Poker Night" looks back decades to the works of a cabal at the heart of the U.S. government, a network called MAJESTIC that sells human lives for power and wealth. An evening of violent madness culminates in a brush with a terror that was ancient before humanity's fleeting rise.

Survivors could be recruited by the Delta Green of the millennium's end, a conspiracy of a few dozen criminals in feds' clothing. Look outside *Black Sites* to the oldest Delta Green books and to the timeline in the *Handler's Guide*. In 1998 and 1999, recruits fresh from "PX Poker Night" could enter "Puppet Shows and Shadow Plays" from the original *Delta Green* not as strangers but as new Agents. In "Convergence" and "A New Age" they may confront horrors glimpsed in a poker night they would rather forget.

Are you an ambitious Handler? Let survivors investigate "Dead Letter" from *Countdown* as their introduction to the Karotechia in 2000. Play out your version of the pursuit of the Karotechia around the world. Your Agents might meet GRU SV-8. Perhaps they learn Delta Green is making common cause with MAJESTIC. They may be on the ground when all these hostile forces converge for a raid on the Karotechia's South American headquarters in March 2001.

Next they may find that partnership with MAJESTIC has only opened new vulnerabilities for Delta Green. Their contacts in other cells vanish or die or are arrested. The MAJESTIC war goes hot. And then it flares out with uncaring silence from the aliens that MAJESTIC so feared and adored.

How then do the years pass? You may have many scenarios to play as Delta Green splits into the Program and the Outlaws, each seeing the other as rogue pretenders. Or perhaps we return to your Agents ten years later in "Kali Ghati" as the U.S. occupation in Afghanistan draws down. You could play the operations from *Control Group,* some as flashbacks: "BLACKSAT" in 2010, "Night Visions" not long before "Kali Ghati," "Sick Again" in 2012, and then "Wormwood Arena" with the gathered survivors in 2013.

The rest of the scenarios in *Black Sites* could follow or be interspersed. "The Last Equation." "Lover in the Ice." "Sweetness." "Hourglass." "Ex Oblivione." One stab at the putrid heart of reality after another. "The Child" could appear anywhere along the way.

Years have flown. Are any survivors of "PX Poker Night" still alive? Still sane? Still keeping faith with Delta Green? Perhaps they dropped away long ago, each replaced by some new face full of grim resolve. Perhaps the very memories of them are lost, poisonous secrets held by the damned.

Delta Green fights on. It feeds itself to the darkness one agent at a time. It keeps its secrets close, thinking it protects humanity from intolerable knowledge. Delta Green fights on, driven by a glorious hope, by a dream that its leaders dare not voice: that humanity would even care.

We dare not put that dream to the test. But Agent by Agent, death by death, secret by secret, Delta Green fights on.

Shane Ivey
September 2020
Scientia mors est

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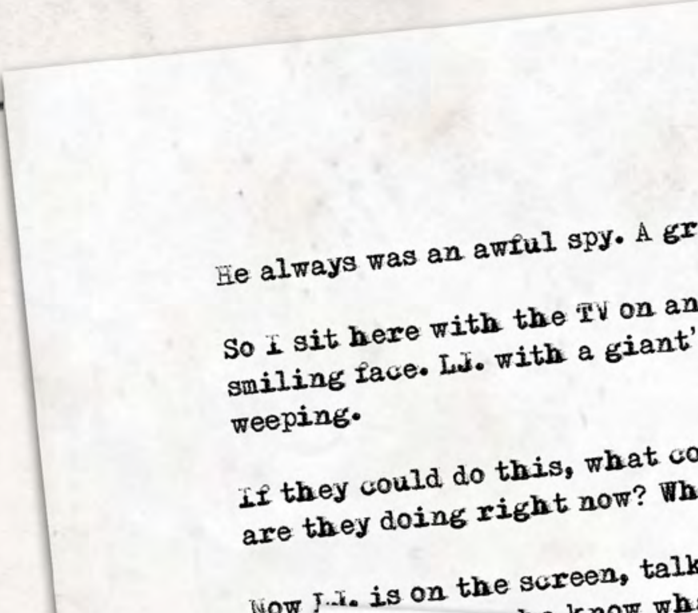
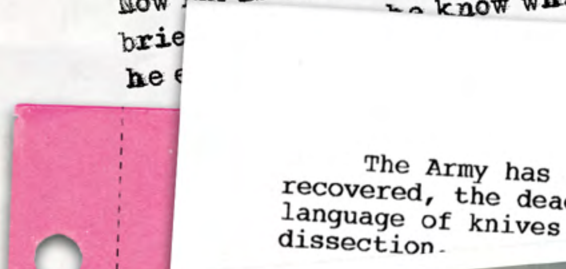


He always was an awful spy. A gr

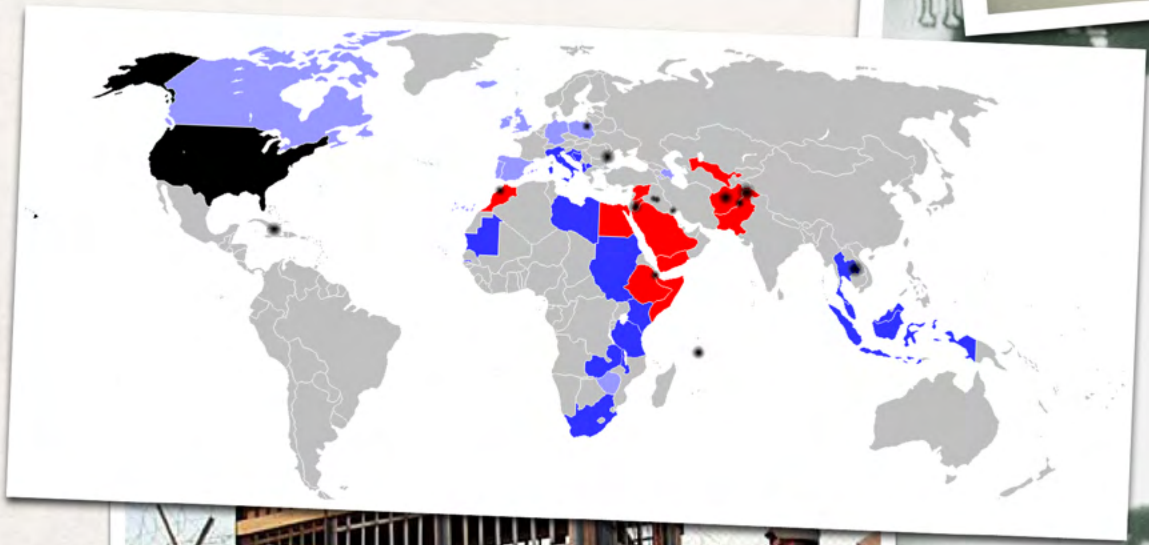
So I sit here with the TV on an
smiling face. L.J. with a giant'
weeping.

If they could do this, what co
are they doing right now? Wh

Now L.L. is on the screen, talk
brie
he



The Army has
recovered, the dea
language of knives
dissection.



// PX Poker Night //

"Platte AFB, Platte County, Nebraska, twelve personnel. See attached dossiers. Non-MOON DUST personnel expendable. Casualties to be retained for autopsy and tissue sampling."

DO NOT GROUND

// PX Poker Night //

By Dennis Detwiller and A. Scott Glancy with revisions by Shane Ivey

Introduction

It is August 22, 1998, and Delta Green is underground. Lacking even a pretense of legitimacy and desperate for resources and information, the conspiracy is always on the lookout for "Friendlies." Friendlies assist Agents in carrying out missions. Friendlies are often non-federal law enforcement, academics, criminals, technical experts, anyone who can be of use in the fight against the unnatural. Most have had an encounter with the unnatural and lived to talk about it. Friendlies get the most dangerous assignments Delta Green has to offer.

"PX Poker Night" is designed to introduce new characters to the world of Delta Green. Have players create new characters who are serving in the Air Force, or have them select from the six pregenerated character sheets at the end of the scenario: Cantu, Geiger, Herrera, Sims, Utecht, and Young. Players should familiarize themselves with their characters and invent their Bonds and one or two motivations.

The characters, whether rolled up or pregenerated, are Air Force misfits. They have a long string of misconduct charges and have perhaps done short stretches of time in the stockade. Owing to their persistent talents at screwing up, they have been stationed at Platte Air Force Base.

Survivors may be inducted into Delta Green. (See **RECRUITMENT PASS** on page 23.) Use that for the beginning of a long-term campaign. Let each add eight bonus skills at +20% to reflect their changing careers. Put them through "Convergence," "Puppet Shows and Shadow Plays," "A New Age," and "Dead Letter" from *Delta Green* and *Countdown*. Let them choose whether to join the Program or the Outlaws in 2001. Play through your version of the pursuit and destruction of the Karotechia. Their lives as Agents could carry them to the present day. If they live that long.

The Base

Helicopters, trainers, and even some jets find their way to Platte AFB before being sold to foreign governments or sent to the vast Davis-Monthan AFB fields in Arizona.

Built as an Army post before the Air Force became its own service, Platte is composed of a dozen

>> Platte AFB Personnel

Name	Age	Rank	Occupation	Reputation
Jones, Louis	41	Major (Maj)	Commander	Disciplinarian
Anderson, Michael	25	First Lieutenant (1st Lt)	Executive Officer	Hotshot
Bach, Roberto	37	Master Sergeant (MSgt)	Chief of Operations	No bullshit
Long, Byron	33	Technical Sergeant (TSgt)	Fire Protection	Dependable
Utecht, Joshua	25	Senior Airman (SrA)	Fire Protection	Anger-management issues
Geiger, Alicia	23	Senior Airman (SrA)	Administration	Arrogant
Young, Jerry	23	Senior Airman (SrA)	Security Forces	Trouble magnet
Lacroix, Theodore	21	Senior Airman (SrA)	Tactical Aircraft Maintenance	Womanizer
Sims, Sheri	23	Airman First Class (A1C)	Air Traffic Control	Down to Earth
Cantu, Robert	24	Airman First Class (A1C)	Vehicle Management	Shady
Seeber, Brian	19	Airman (Amn)	Pavements and Construction Equipment	Gullible
Herrera, Carlos	19	Airman Basic (AB)	Fuels	Volatile

Water .... 100 cc.

buildings and two airstrips in the middle of a Nebraska wasteland. It is quite isolated. The nearest town, Marion, is 30 km away. With such a small staff, not all base buildings are in use. The only traffic the base sees is from decommissioned surplus aircraft that arrive once or twice a month.

Once or twice a week, a ground crew and technicians come to secure an incoming aircraft for storage. They park the aircraft in the "boneyard" and and seal them up for protection against the elements. The rest of the time, Platte has a skeleton crew of 12. Their sole function is to maintain the base itself. Platte is their last stop on the road to dishonorable discharge. It is one step up from a military prison.

With little to do, personnel mostly just kill time. Saturday evenings at 8:00 P.M., however, rain or shine, is PX Poker Night. It's not held at the PX. The PX hasn't even been a PX since Platte's early days as an Army post. Under the Air Force it became a base exchange, a BX. But some names and traditions have a way of sticking.

PX Poker Night is the highlight of the week at Platte AFB. It's held in the barebone remnants of the NCO club. Even Maj. Jones plays, while those who are in dutch with Jones (usually half of the staff at any given time) pull duty at the guard shack and the air traffic control tower. Poker night is one of the only high points in the week for the base personnel due to the simple fact you can win your superiors' money.

This Saturday's poker night is about to take a turn for the bizarre…and the deadly.

Platte AFB Map Key

This key and the following description are not meant to be all-inclusive. It is meant to give a general description of the base and its environs, with an eye towards answering questions the players may ask while running for their lives.

When the characters decide to fight, there are plenty tools around the base that can become improvised weapons. Encourage the players to arm their characters with whatever's available. It would be bad form if somebody didn't end up swinging a garden rake at the monster. Just because an item is not listed does not mean it isn't there. Quick thinking should be rewarded. Remind players whose characters have low combat skills of the advantages to be found in attacking from surprise and taking time to aim.

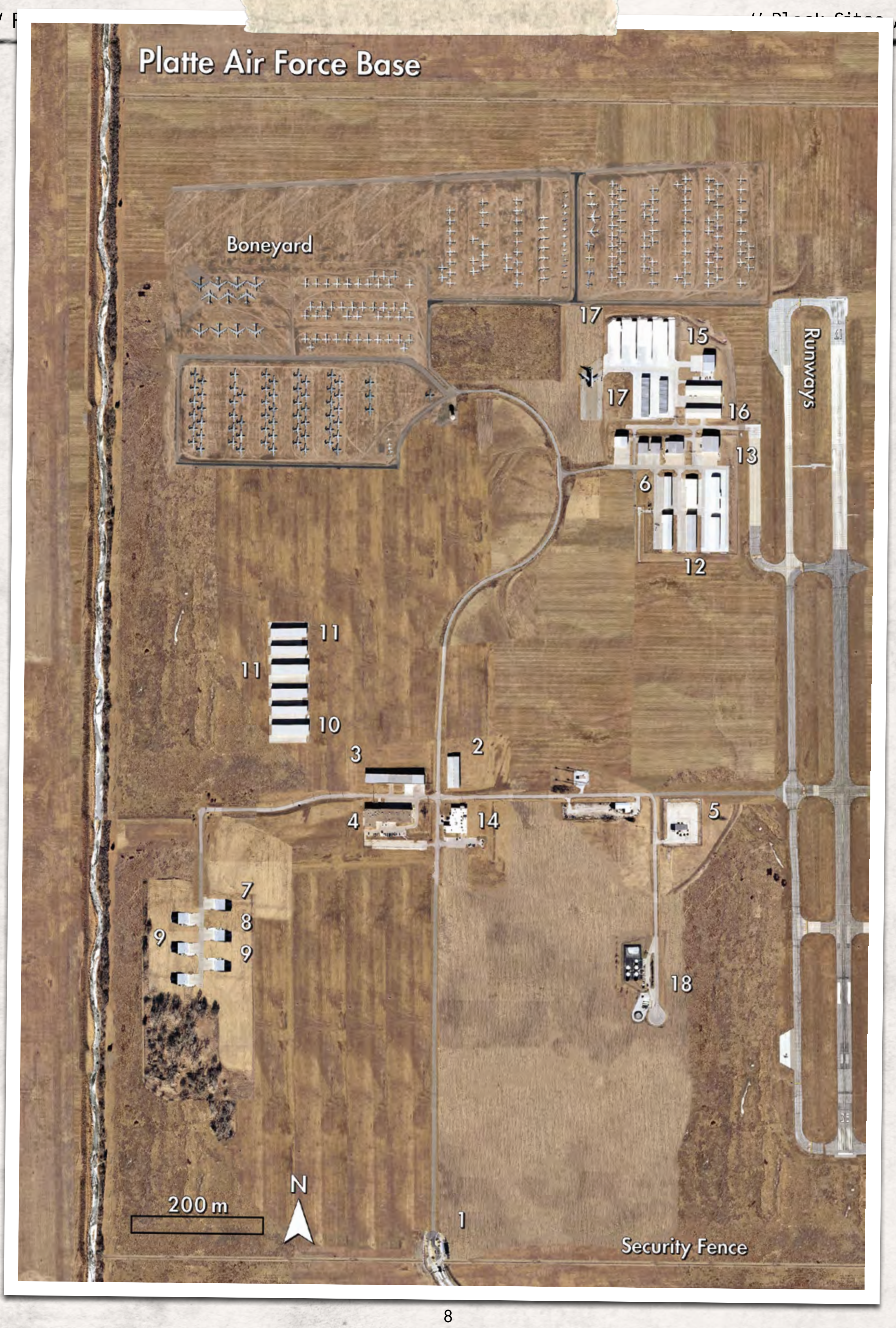
Occupied buildings are equipped with fire alarms and sprinkler systems. The hangars, guardhouse, motorpool and NCO club only have fire extinguishers.

Except where noted, all the buildings are of cinderblock construction and have glass windows and wooden doors that can lock. Kicking in a base door requires a **STR×5%** test.

1. GUARD SHACK: The guard shack is manned by one airman, or two if Maj. Jones wants to hand out a boring punishment detail. Each airman assigned to the guard shack is issued a rifle with 10 magazines of ammo and a pistol with three magazines at the beginning of each shift. After each shift, weapons are passed on to the next guard on duty or returned to the weapons locker in the administration building. The shack is little more than four concrete walls, a door, and a phone for on-base calls.

2. ADMINISTRATION OFFICES: This building is where the commander and XO have offices. Jones's office connects to the weapons locker through a reinforced fire door. Sergeant Bach and Airman Geiger have their own desks in an office crowded with desks and rusty filing cabinets. All desks have phones, but off-base calls can be made only by using the switchboard at Geiger's desk. A supply room is filled with spare military and office equipment, including binoculars, parkas, walkie-talkies, flashlights, first aid kits and the like. The building has a working sprinkler system and fire hoses and fire axes set on the walls.

WEAPONS LOCKER: Access is highly restricted. No firearms are permitted in the barracks. They must be kept in the weapons locker, a windowless room with a combination lock door like a bank safe that cannot be breached with any tools available at the base. Once through the safe door, the weapons are further secured behind a key-locked iron cage and locked in metal cabinets. The cage also requires power tools to break in. The cabinets can be clawed open with crowbars. The weapons locker has no windows.


Platte Air Force Base
Boneyard
Runways
17
15
17
16
13
6
12
11
11
10
3
2
4
14
5
7
8
9
9
18
200 m
N
1
Security Fence

The weapons locker contains:

- Six M16A2 assault rifles with 60 magazines and 4,000 rounds of 5.56 mm ammunition
- Six Beretta M92 pistols with 18 magazines and 1,000 rounds of 9 mm ammunition

Only Maj. Jones has both the keys and the combination to open the safe. Take care not to allow access to the weapons locker during the scenario. Jones should either go mad or become a casualty before the locker can be opened.

3. NCO CLUB: The "club" is little more than a disused building that has been refurbished and outfitted with a few tables and folding chairs, a TV that gets lousy reception, dart boards, a foosball table with cracked paddles, a warped pool table, and a sweaty beer fridge.

4. MESS HALL: The mess hall is really more of a communal kitchen and dining room. Everyone cooks their own meals at Platte AFB. Kitchen cupboards hold carving knives, cutlery, dishes, and pots and pans.

5. CONTROL TOWER: The small, three-story control tower is always manned, despite the lack of traffic at Platte AFB. The radio array on the roof can send communications as far as Offut AFB in Omaha. The control tower is hooked into the radar tower through underground cables. The tower has signal flares that are color coded to warn approaching planes of hazards. The walls of the tower are made of poured concrete. There are no windows save for the very top where floor-to-ceiling windows surround the traffic control station. Falling from a control station window does 2D6 damage. Falling from the roof inflicts Lethality 10%.

>>Weapons at the Base

Weapon	Location	Skill	Damage	Base Range
M16A2 rifle, single shot	(2) Administration Offices	Firearms	1D12, Armor Piercing 3	100 m
M16A2 rifle, three-round burst	(2) Administration Offices	Firearms	Lethality 10% to a single target, Armor Piercing 3	100 m
M92 pistol	(2) Administration Offices	Firearms	1D10	15 m
Fire axe	(2) Administration Offices	Melee Weapons	1D10	n/a
Pool cue	(3) NCO Club	Melee Weapons	1D6	n/a
Sock of pool balls	(3) NCO Club	Melee Weapons	1D6	n/a
Kitchen knife	(4) Mess Hall	Melee Weapons	1D4, Armor Piercing 3	n/a
Carving knife	(4) Mess Hall	Melee Weapons	1D6, Armor Piercing 3	n/a
Shovel	(13) Storage Hut	Melee Weapons	1D8	n/a
Machete	(13) Storage Hut	Melee Weapons	1D8	n/a
Chainsaw	(13) Storage Hut	Melee Weapons	Lethality 10%	n/a
Beer bottle	(14) Base Exchange	Melee Weapons	1D4	n/a
Bomb improvised with fuel can	(15) Motor Pool	Demolitions	Lethality 20%, kill radius 10 m	n/a
Molotov cocktail	(15) Motor Pool	DEX×5%	Lethality 10%, kill radius 2 m	10 m
Crowbar	(16) Aircraft Maintenance Hangar	Melee Weapons	1D8	n/a
Hammer	(16) Aircraft Maintenance Hangar	Melee Weapons	1D6	n/a
Screwdriver	(16) Aircraft Maintenance Hangar	Melee Weapons	1D4, Armor Piercing 1	n/a

6. RADAR TOWER: This building also contains the base's backup generator, which can provide power to the base for just a few hours before running out of fuel.

7. MAJ. JONES' QUARTERS: The base commander's quarters is a single-occupancy, one-story house of white-washed wood.

8. LT. ANDERSON'S QUARTERS: Identical to Maj. Jones's quarters.

9. OFFICER QUARTERS: Four other officer billets are identical to Maj. Jones'. They are unoccupied, padlocked and empty.

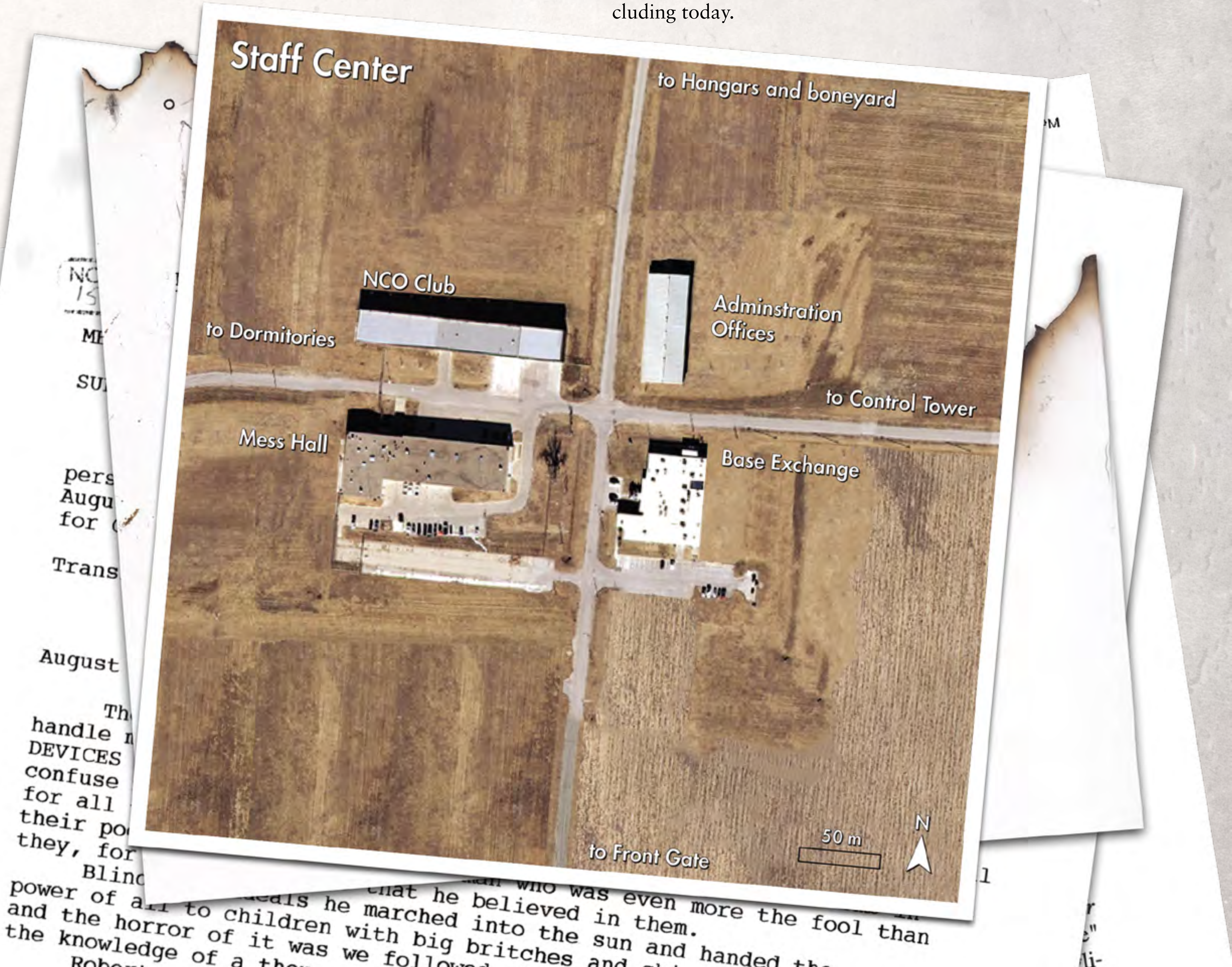
10. ENLISTED DORMITORIES: Looking a bit like a cheap motel, this two-story barracks building has rooms for 32 personnel. Only 10 rooms are currently occupied.

11. UNOCCUPIED DORMITORIES: These six buildings are unoccupied and padlocked.

12. DISUSED QUONSET HUTS: These are nothing more than empty metal shells over poured concrete floors.

13. STORAGE HUT: This old Quonset hut is filled with landscaping tools like axes, saws, pruning shears, shovels, machetes, gas powered edgers, and even a gas-powered chainsaw. There is also a gas-powered riding lawnmower.

14. BASE EXCHANGE: The base exchange is more like a large convenience store. It has frozen dinners, canned and dry goods, and beer in cans and glass bottles. No fresh vegetables or fruit are available due to the base's isolation. Three days a week, a pair of service workers come to open the BX and sell to base personnel. It is closed the rest of the time, including today.



15. MOTOR POOL: Hangars have been turned into parking garages. The following vehicles are available:

- Two Chevy Blazers, 4x4 utility trucks
- Two small tractors for towing aircraft
- One snowplow mounted on a 2 1/2-ton truck with three axles
- Two fuel tankers, five-ton trucks with three axles
- Two fire trucks equipped for fighting aviation fuel fires

16. AIRCRAFT MAINTENANCE HANGAR: This rusty hangar next to the motor pool contains tools to maintain the base vehicles and to mothball decommissioned aircraft: heavy wrenches, hammers, tire irons, crowbars, an oxyacetylene welder, and gasoline in 55-gallon drums.

17. EMPTY AIRCRAFT HANGARS: There is nothing in these cavernous metal buildings except dust, dirt, and oil stains.

18. FUEL BUNKERS: These underground tanks hold fuel siphoned from decommission aircraft. Aviation fuel is highly combustible. The bunkers are shaped like flat-topped pyramids. They are set up to direct any explosion away from the base.

BONEYARD: Crowded with mothballed aircraft, a metal labyrinth of helicopters, trainers, and cargo planes. There are plenty of places to hide. None of the aircraft have weapons.

Strange Happenings

For the past 25 years strange lights have been sighted in Platte County, dissolving, reappearing and moving at incredible speeds. The lights are known as "ghost lights." They have never been successfully photographed nor has any physical evidence of their activity been found.

For the first few years, the lights were nothing but an oddity. Then in 1981, the mutilations began. Since then over a hundred cows and bulls have been found dissected, with no more than a dozen taken in a given year. Many farmers have switched from livestock to crops in order to reduce their losses.

Sightings of the ghost lights have became more and more frequent over the years. By 1998, a sighting a night is not unusual. Even personnel at Platte AFB have seen them.

The strange happenings in Platte County are due to the presence of a small colony of creatures known as the mi-go, or the fungi from Yuggoth. Early in 1975, these alien creatures set up a small base in an abandoned mine in the northern part of the county so they could extract certain extradimensional materials. The "ghost lights" are mi-go flying about the countryside on one inexplicable errand or another, communicating with each other using bioluminescence.

In 1981, as part of their ongoing experiments in terrestrial genetics and psychology, the mi-go began stealing genetic material from livestock and secretly kidnapping unsuspecting humans. They found that Platte County's isolation and lack of sophistication were useful in conducting experiments while drawing scant attention.

When it comes to having contact with humans, or performing tasks that might expose them to humans, the mi-go use biological "puppets" rather than expose themselves to scrutiny. The mi-go have also found that humans react less violently to these puppets, with their large intelligent eyes, humanoid forms, and child-like stature. These puppets are the source of the stories among of the aliens known as the "Greys."

SONNET Arrives

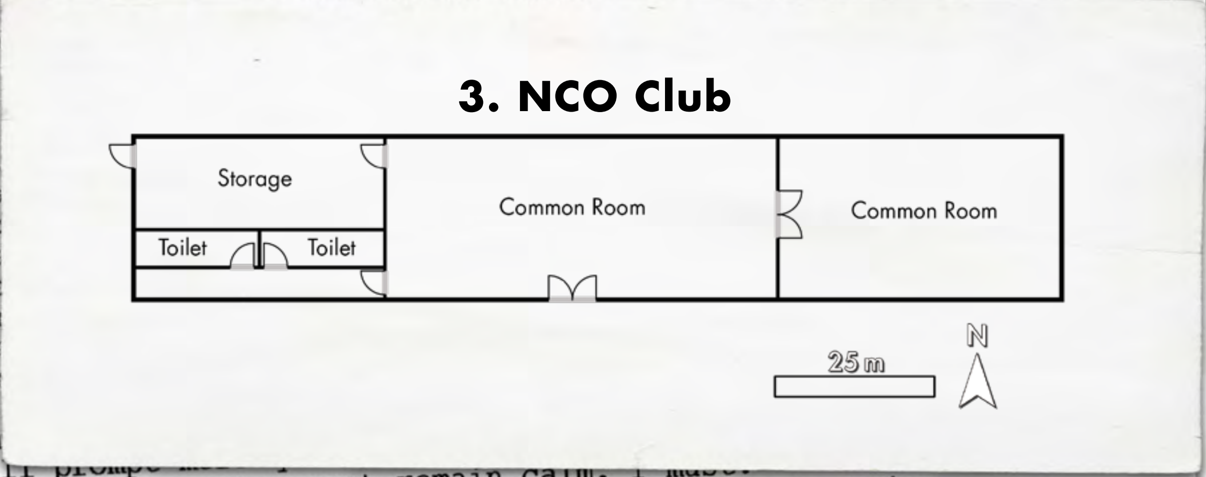
Early in the afternoon before poker night, a large dark van bearing USAF markings, about the size of a UPS delivery truck, pulls up to the main gate. The driver is a nondescript man in a business suit. He flashes Air Force I.D. and a bundle of orders and coded sheets. These are quickly processed and the van is let in the front gate.

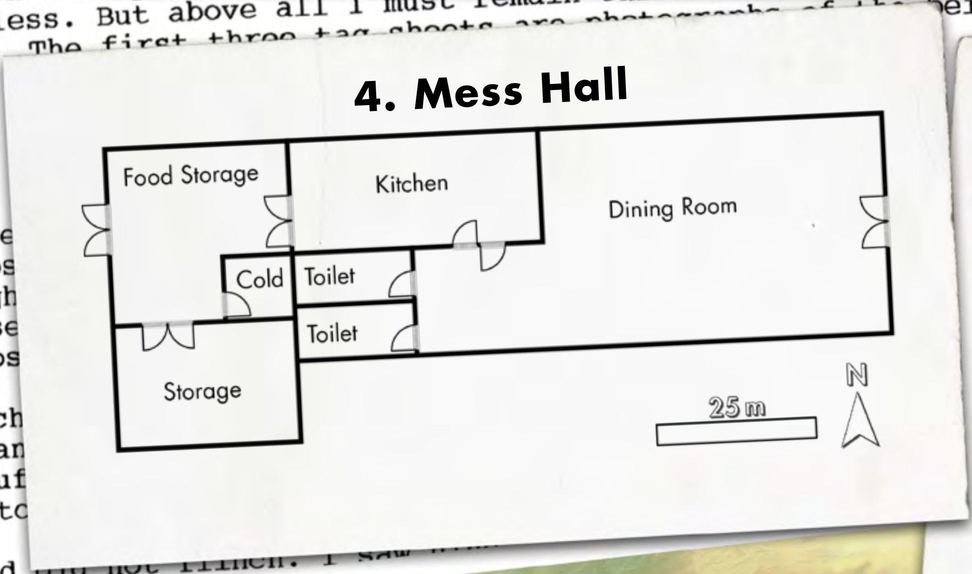
The van parks near the administration building. Two men in USAF uniforms step from the van wearing heavy body armor and carrying rifles with grenade launchers. They stand guard on each side.

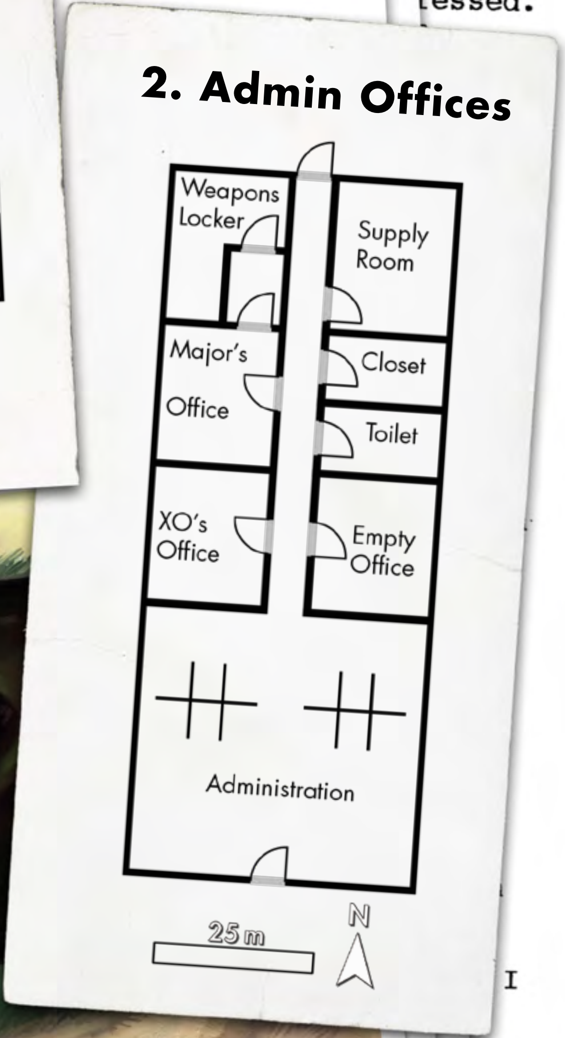
The man in the suit confers with Maj. Jones in private and then returns to the van. The guards get back

Two more researchers away. They left at night in a
rove south. Into the desert. The desert is empty, there are no people.
o people to hear the gunshots. I know now my situation is dire.
I be... my things while I am gone. I suppose

which will prompt... I must remain calm. I must...
useless. But above all I must remain calm... being.


3. NCO Club
Storage
Toilet
Toilet
Common Room
Common Room
25 m
N


4. Mess Hall
Food Storage
Kitchen
Dining Room
Cold
Toilet
Toilet
Storage
25 m
N


2. Admin Offices
Weapons Locker
Supply Room
Major's Office
Closet
Toilet
XO's Office
Empty Office
Administration
25 m
N

inside. The van drives out to an isolated area of the airfield near the Boneyard.

The guards emerge again and the lights come on in the van. And so it sits, unmoving.

Over loudspeakers, Maj. Jones announces: "The van parked in the boneyard is to be avoided by base personnel. Do not interfere with the visiting staff's classified operations. All personnel are confined to base until the visiting staff has left. That is all."

If asked what is the story with the truck, Maj. Jones says only that "It's authorized, classified, and none of our business."

If asked how long everyone is going to be stuck on base, he says he was assured it will only be a day at most.

If pressed further, Jones insists with all seriousness that the character drop the subject.

Anyone looking carefully (perhaps through binoculars) notices a large number of grounding strips on the bottom of the van. And they see that the guards have put on exceptionally bulky helmets, like motorcycle helmets, which are covered in a dull reflective surface.

A character who succeeds at an **Alertness** test within 100 meters of the van hears a low hum coming from it.

What's Really Happening

The personnel in the van are not USAF personnel. They are members of an intelligence organization that has slipped so deep behind walls of secrecy and compartmentalization that they exist above and beyond the normal chain of command. They are MAJESTIC: a cabal of military, industrial and intelligence community conspirators who've cut a deal with the aliens known to them as "the Greys."

Bartering U.S. sovereignty for alien technology, the conspirators of MAJESTIC increase their hold on power, while protecting their alien partners' mysterious agenda. MAJESTIC think they are in control of the situation. In truth, they have been manipulated into becoming servants of the unnatural creatures called the mi-go, the fungi from Yuggoth.

However, since the mi-go keep their true appearance and intentions secret, they sometimes run afoul of their unwitting servants.

The Death of Kanter's Creek

One of MAJESTIC's pawns is a top-secret Department of Defense project called MOON DUST. Its "official" mission is recovering foreign aerospace technology, everything from crashed aircraft to spy satellites. In reality, MOON DUST dispatches USAF investigation and crash recovery teams under the code name BLUE FLY to hunt down and recover alien technology for MOON DUST's true masters, MAJESTIC. The newly arrived van is part of one such BLUE FLY team.

In the van is a device code-named SONNET which incorporates a crystal of extraterrestrial origin. Another BLUE FLY team recovered the crystal in 1995 after an outbreak of madness and violence befell the isolated West Virginia community of Kanter's Creek. MOON DUST already had an interest in Kanter's Creek due to a high number of sighting of brightly glowing aerial phenomena and unexplained radar contacts, but the main factor that brought them in was electromagnetic (EM) interference that blanketed the town. The interference disrupted all communications and electronics in an eight-km radius. Even county emergency vehicles could get no closer than three km before their engines quit.

Deciding to err on the side of caution, the BLUE FLY team wore extensive protective gear when they walked into town. All 30 of village's inhabitants had either gone mad or died, either killed by neighbors or by trying to fly from the roof or perform other acts of delusional lunacy. Town animals had fared little better.

The brick-sized, glowing crystal in the general store suggested itself as the source of the problem. With no sane or coherent survivors, how the crystal arrived remains a mystery. Suspecting that their shielded helmets blocked some EM signal that affected both human bioelectric energy and electrical systems, the BLUE FLY team packed the crystal in a lead-lined case. MAJESTIC covered up the deaths and madness as an outbreak of mad cow disease, spongiform encephalitis.

A New Weapon to Test

The crystal was relayed to Project PLUTO, a MAJESTIC group that studies alien technology. Despite being unable to identify the elements that composed the crystal, Project PLUTO researchers set to work harnessing its power since it held great potential as a weapon. PLUTO combined the crystal with a Soviet-era EM pulse weapon that had never quite produced results, employing the crystal as the device's wave generator. They called this new weapon SONNET. PLUTO put SONNET on the developmental fast track. After a series of successful tests on lab monkeys and hardened electronics, they decided to field test SONNET against its intended target: the Greys.

MAJESTIC doesn't wholly trust their alien "allies." They want to be able to evict their "guests" if the Greys overstay their welcome. The trouble is that it is hard to test new weapon on your allies. So MAJESTIC has decided to engineer a fake "friendly fire" incident to test the weapon on a Grey spacecraft, making it look as if the attack was not deliberate.

Looking through their files, MAJESTIC found that Platte AFB and the area surrounding it had long been the locus of many UFO-related incidents, including "false" and unidentified radar contacts, cattle mutilations, and the mysterious "ghost lights." Best of all, it was an area of activity that the Greys had not told them to avoid, thus giving MAJESTIC plausible deniability regarding any accidental shooting.

They even had a USAF facility to operate from, staffed by personnel who, due to their precarious military careers, could be encouraged to keep their mouths shut.

The Best Laid Plans

The SONNET device is in the black van. It is operated by two scientists from PLUTO who regulate the emanations of the crystal. The other MAJESTIC personnel at Platte AFB are a plainclothes security officer and two armored goons. The van and the staff who came with it are shielded from the strange effects of the device by special gear, particularly by those bulky helmets. Obviously this leaves everyone else on the base vulnerable. The scientists' job is to keep the device functioning within the right parameters, a tricky proposition. Their equipment is really there to focus the emanations and keep them under control.

If the SONNET device brings down an alien craft, the scientists plan to turn the device off by throwing a lever that drops the crystal into a lead-lined safe, like dropping control rods into a nuclear fuel pile. Then a task force of BLUE FLY teams with helicopters and a transport plane will be called from a staging area 150 km away in just over half an hour. (Why so far away? They are trying to sneak up on aliens. Better safe than sorry.) The commandos will secure the crash site and recover any wreckage. Base personnel will be read the riot act and warned to forget everything they saw or think they saw.

No plan survives contact with the enemy.

The Effects of SONNET

The SONNET device has not been perfected and although it can be deadly, it has some faults. Its basic effects are as follows.

EFFECT RADIUS: Three km.

DETERIORATION: When initially activated, the EM waves cost everyone within its effect radius 0/1 **SAN** every 30 minutes. This level of exposure begins around 3:00 P.M. and continues until 9:00 P.M. At 9:00 P.M. the device will be turned up to full power, costing 0/1D6 **SAN** every minute.

HALLUCINATIONS: When a character fails a **Sanity** check caused by the emanations, make a secret Luck roll for them. If it fails, the character experiences a visual hallucination. These hallucinations are obviously illusory: bubbles float in the air, walls ripple, floors undulate, objects moving leave trails of scintillating light. These illusions are still distracting. During the hallucinations, apply −20% to all skill checks. The hallucinations last 1D10 combat turns.

PROTECTION: Any character inside a metal-walled building (like a quonset hut), blocked by a large metal object (such as standing behind a fuel tank or vehicle), or wearing any type of metal over their head (such as an old steel infantry helmet or even a stewpot) receives a +20% bonus to Sanity rolls to resist the effects of the device. These bonuses are cumulative.

AFTER THE CRASH: After the SONNET team has been killed (see **THE VAN** on page 19), the device pulses at a lower frequency. It costs 0/1D4 **SAN** every five minutes and prevent electrical devices from functioning within its effect radius.

The big problem is that the crystal is not merely a source of EM waves. It is a fragment of a mi-go "gate ship" that broke loose after it was struck by lightning over the Appalachians. A gate ship is a mobile terminus for a gate through which the mi-go can travel vast distances without having to risk the hazards of a voyage. A gate ship makes the journey instead and then serves as a conduit between launch point and destination.

What Project PLUTO never realized is that the strange EM pulses given off by the crystal are byproducts of the gate ship's propulsion system. The SONNET crystal's flawed emanations will react with any nearby mi-go gate ship and cause its propulsion system to fail and crash. While this would seem to be exactly the desired result, there are going to be unexpected and lethal side effects. The reaction between the ship and the crystal will also cause a discharge of alien energy that will kill everyone wearing the insulation technology designed to keep the EM wave from cooking their brains. So you cannot run the device without protection, but once the weapon takes out a ship that protection kills you. Once the SONNET crew is dead, the crystal will continue emanating its unregulated wave, dampening all electrical power sources within three km.

A Long Afternoon

Over the course of several hours, the SONNET device affects the personnel at the base. See **THE EFFECTS OF SONNET** on page 14 for details.

Events at Platte AFB take place over little more than ten hours, with the real meat of the action in the last hour or two. See the **SUGGESTED TIMELINE** on this page for recommended events.

1 P.M. to 4 P.M.

Ask the players what the characters do in the afternoon. They have no prescribed duties today. You could move from character to character, player to player. Play out an introductory scene with each player and one or two other characters (players or NPCs) to establish their personalities and how they get along under normal circumstances. Let them speculate on the van and its guards in their weird helmets.

4 P.M. to 6 P.M.

Apply the effects of the device to the player characters when you like. Describe how tensions all over the base run high. A couple of fights break out. A player character who loses SAN might be involved in one of these altercations. Jones puts those involved on guard duty during the poker game, the one thing everybody can look forward to each week.

6 P.M. to 8 P.M.

As the device erodes the sanity of base personnel, those receiving the worst effects are those outside. Meaning those on guard duty. The only people with immediate access to firearms.

>>Suggested Timeline

Time	Events
1:00 P.M.	The van from Project MOON DUST arrives at the front gate.
3:00 P.M.	The SONNET device is activated at low levels. Base personnel feel the first effects of the SONNET device.
9:00 P.M.	The SONNET device is turned up to full strength. Base personnel begin suffering catastrophic SAN losses, 0/1D6 **SAN** every minute.
9:05 P.M.	The mi-go gate ship appears, violently reacts with the SONNET device, and crashes. See **THE CRASH** on page 18.
9:15 P.M.	Two Greys emerge from the gate ship. See **FIRST CONTACT** on page 21.
9:20 P.M.	The two Greys cross the airfield and approach base personnel.
9:40 P.M.	The first BLUE FLY helicopter arrives to scout out the base and the crash site. It crashes if SONNET is not deactivated. See **WE'RE HERE TO HELP** on page 22. (This may happen earlier. BLUE FLY commandos arrive 30 minutes after base personnel succeed in making a radio or telephone call for help.)
9:45 P.M.	If base personnel deactivated SONNET, the BLUE FLY commandos arrive by helicopter to secure the base.
11:00 P.M.	If SONNET was not deactivated by base personnel, BLUE FLY commandos arrive by foot to secure the base.

>>Sanity Progression

Character	4:00	5:00	6:00	7:00	8:00	9:00
Anderson	59	*58*	58	57	57	55
Bach	80	80	79	*79*	78	*78*
Cantu	49	*48*	47	*45*	45	*43*
Geiger	90	90	90	90	89	89
Herrera	*23*	*22*	*21*	*19*	*17*	*15*
Jones	55	53	*52*	52	*50*	49
Lacroix	*44*	43	*41*	40	*38*	38
Long	65	64	64	63	*63*	62
Seeber	*33*	*31*	*29*	27	*25*	*24*
Sims	60	59	*57*	57	*55*	54
Utecht	39	*37*	*36*	35	*33*	32
Young	65	63	62	62	60	59

Red Italicized entries indicate a hallucination. See **THE EFFECTS OF SONNET** on page 14.

As it gets later, describe an inexplicable feeling of unease (SAN loss). A loud argument. A brief, confusing hallucination. A screaming match with one of the two armed personnel on guard duty.

Do not try to make every die roll resulting from the device's operation over the course of six hours. Refer to the **SANITY PROGRESSION** table on this page for when each character's SAN drops, when they experience hallucinations, and when they hit the Breaking Point.

See the **EFFECTS OF SAN LOSS** table on page 17 for likely symptoms. When a player's character suffers SAN loss, temporary insanity, or permanent insanity, give the player a copy of the appropriate **SANITY LOSS** handout beginning on page 28.

For simplicity, say the players' characters do not project SAN losses onto Bonds before 9:00 P.M.

Things Fall Apart

The poker game begins at 8:00 P.M. It has been a tough afternoon and everyone is tense and distressed. Play out a conversation or two as the poker game begins. Play an actual poker hand or two with the players at the table if you like. Or let them make **Luck** rolls to see how well each does over the first hour.

At 9:00 P.M., stage a hallucination or violent outburst with an NPC who barges into the game from guard duty and flips out. It's most likely Herrera, Cantu or Seeber. The violence focuses on Maj. Jones as the source of all their misery.

As the players deal with this tense situation, there are a number of ways the situation can spiral out of control. The players can control the action if they take the initiative. Otherwise it's up to you to direct the action. Keep the tension high and make sure the pace of disturbing developments only accelerates.

Escape

The players are likely to realize that what's happening has some connection to the strange van. Losing SAN every single minute, their characters may want to escape. Major Jones attempts to prevent anyone from leaving. He could grow violent if his Sanity Points are low. Whoever is on guard at the gate probably also has shaky SAN by this point and may fire on anyone making a break for it.

Vehicles from the motor pool function until the SONNET team is dead and the emanations become uncontrolled: See **THE CRASH** on page 18. Unless the fleeing characters get three km away before that happens, their vehicle dies and they are stranded. Characters trying to walk out are ultimately picked up by helicopter-borne BLUE FLY commandos, if they don't go mad from the SONNET emanations first.

Mutiny

Base personnel may take action against the men in the truck. The men guarding SONNET are watching how the base personnel react and are ready for trouble.

>>Effects of SAN Loss

Character	SAN Loss Symptoms	Temporary Insanity	Permanent Insanity
Anderson	Restlessness. You have no idea what the problem is but you can't keep still. You fidget non-stop.	Babble incoherently with terror.	Suicide at the highest possible velocity. Crash a car or throw yourself off the control tower.
Bach	Irritability. Reserve your ire for the officers. Officers ruined your career. They are incompetent, dishonest and lazy.	Hysterical outbursts of anger directed at the officers. If they don't accept it, kill them.	Murder every officer you see. When you run out of officers, everyone starts to look like an officer.
Cantu	You become paranoid about some of the missing items around the base. The men in the van must be OSI agents here to investigate you!	Everyone around you is part of the threat. Attack them if they don't let you get away. Burn the PX down to destroy evidence of your stealing cigarettes.	The other base personnel are here to rub you out. You have to kill them first.
Geiger	Increasing arrogance. You become more prone to open insubordination of superiors and condescension to peers.	Rage against everyone else's stupidity and incompetence and accuse everyone else of getting you into this mess.	Sink into catatonia, curled up like a fetus and unresponsive.
Herrera	Aggression and a short temper. As soon as someone needs a fight, you're ready.	Shriek and faint dead away.	Strip naked. Stalk and kill anyone you encounter.
Jones	Paranoia about his authority being undermined. Anger at any questioning of decisions. Even more a martinet than usual.	He denies anything unusual is going on. Contradictions are met with hysterical accusations of insubordination.	Mutiny! Jones arms himself and tries to kill every one of the base personnel.
Lacroix	You become preoccupied with your appearance and convinced you look sick. Keep checking your eyes, gums, complexion, etc.	Panicked flight.	You believe you have withered away like a corpse. You cannot let people see you. Hide your face and flee scrutiny.
Long	Inability to focus. You are especially distracted by anyone who is smoking. An open flame leaves you stupefied until it is extinguished.	Fire is the only way to deal with these problems. You can find fuel in the maintenance hangar and glass bottles for Molotov cocktails in the PX.	Suidice by immolation.
Seeber	You feel afraid for no explainable reason. You become more and more jumpy, particularly in the dark.	Hallucinations provoke thoughtless panic. If you have a gun, shoot someone. Anyone.	You grow catatonic with fear and become prone to shrieking when it is dark.
Sims	You must provide leadership. If people don't recognize it and do things your way, do what it takes to assert it.	Flee in panic and find a place to hide.	Any physical contact is a source of horror: people, clothes, the floor, water, even your own skin.
Utecht	You feel uncomfortable and irritated for no explainable reason, prone to starting shouting matches and fights.	Collapse into a ball, trying to tune everything out. Never admit it happened.	Retreat into a near-catatonic stupor and engage in acts of self-mutilation unless restrained.
Young	Anger over the slightest confrontation. You snap and curse, even at an officer. You get even angrier if put on report.	Single-mindedly attack the cause of the SAN loss, ignoring the safety of others.	You are like a rabid dog, uncommunicative and homicidal.

They do not interfere with violence so long as it's just the base personnel being attacked. They shoot any insane base personnel who look like they are going to fire on the SONNET device. They issue a verbal warning to stay back to anyone who approaches closer than forty meters and shoot if they do not comply.

If the resistance against the "visiting staff" turns into a full-blown armed uprising, the SONNET crew turn off the device, call for help from the security team at the staging area, and then turn the device up to full power to try and disrupt the mutineers by driving them insane. The helmet-protected MAJESTIC guards work as a team and do not allow themselves to be split up. They return fire on any who shoot at them.

It takes the BLUE FLY helicopters half an hour to show up: See **WE'RE HERE TO HELP** on page 22. Whatever happens, they arrive after the crash of the mi-go ship described in **THE CRASH** on page 18.

The Crash

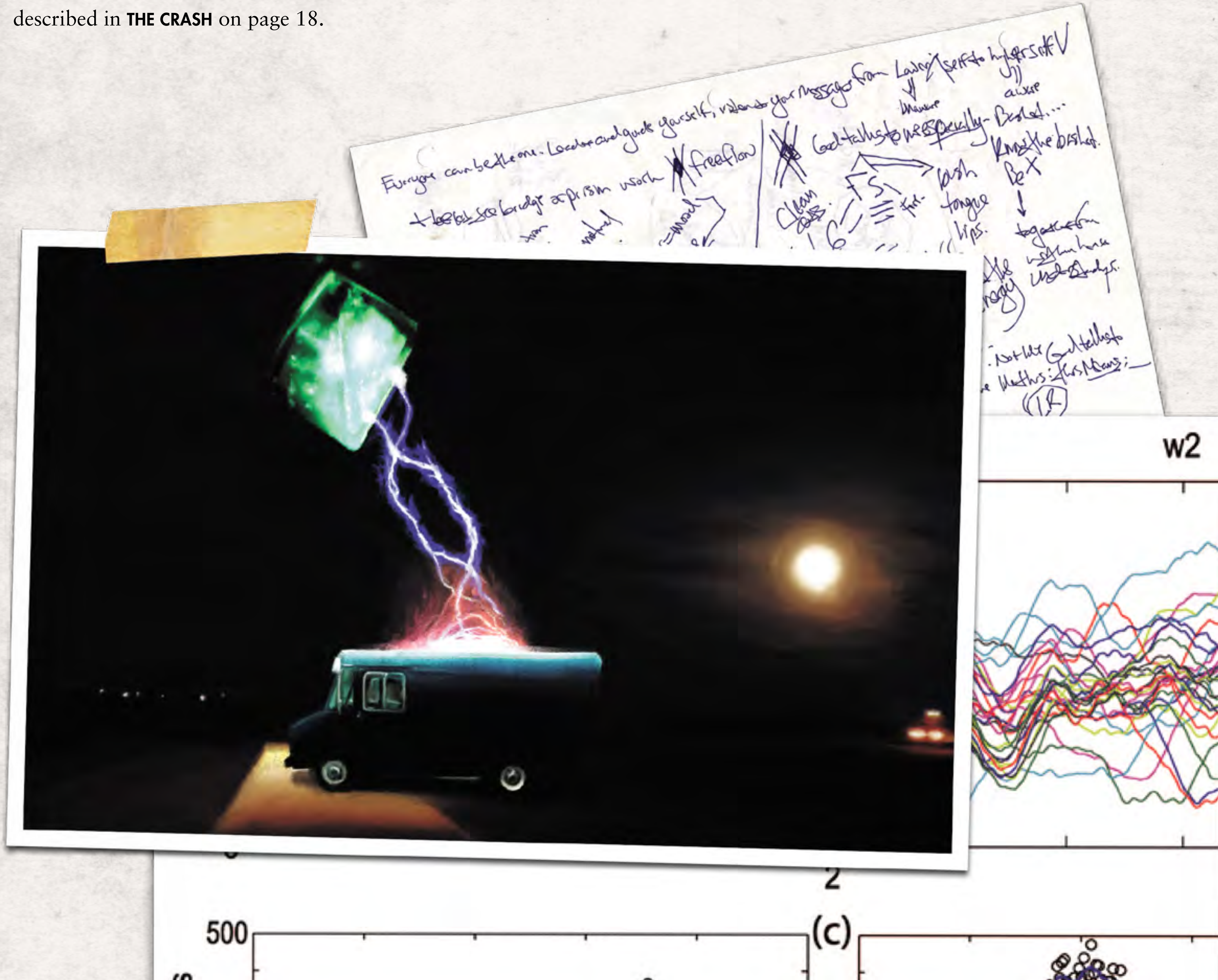
At the moment things seems most desperate for the player characters, they hear a horrible whine and an electrical sizzle from all around. Above the van, outlined in an arcing blue-white aura, is a large crystalline craft. Pulses of energy shoot between it and the van.

A stray bolt hits a transformer and all the lights on the base go out.

Everyone wearing one of the protective helmets is struck by bolts of energy and instantly killed. That means the MAJESTIC security guards and technicians.

The crystal craft suddenly plummets, sporadically glowing, crashing into the mothballed aircraft on the north end of the base. The crystal's lights pulse brightly once and then fade to a dull glow.

Each witness loses 0/1 **SAN** from the unnatural.



A player character who makes an **Alertness** test notices that the strange light within the van still shines. It remains lit by the fragment of crystal inside the SONNET device.

Light and Darkness

After the chaos leading up to the crash, the characters may be saddled with several wounded or insane base personnel. They need help to deal with casualties, but as long as the crystal is pulsing no electrical device on the base functions. That includes the phone lines, the base radio, cell phones, digital watches and even the batteries in base vehicles and in flashlights.

None of the BLUE FLY helicopters or aircraft can get within three km of the base without suffering system failures and crashing.

Of course, as long as the crystal pulses, base personnel continue to lose **SAN**. There may still be violently insane personnel stalking the base. As time goes by, more and more personnel will join their crazed ranks. Shutting off SONNET is the only real hope.

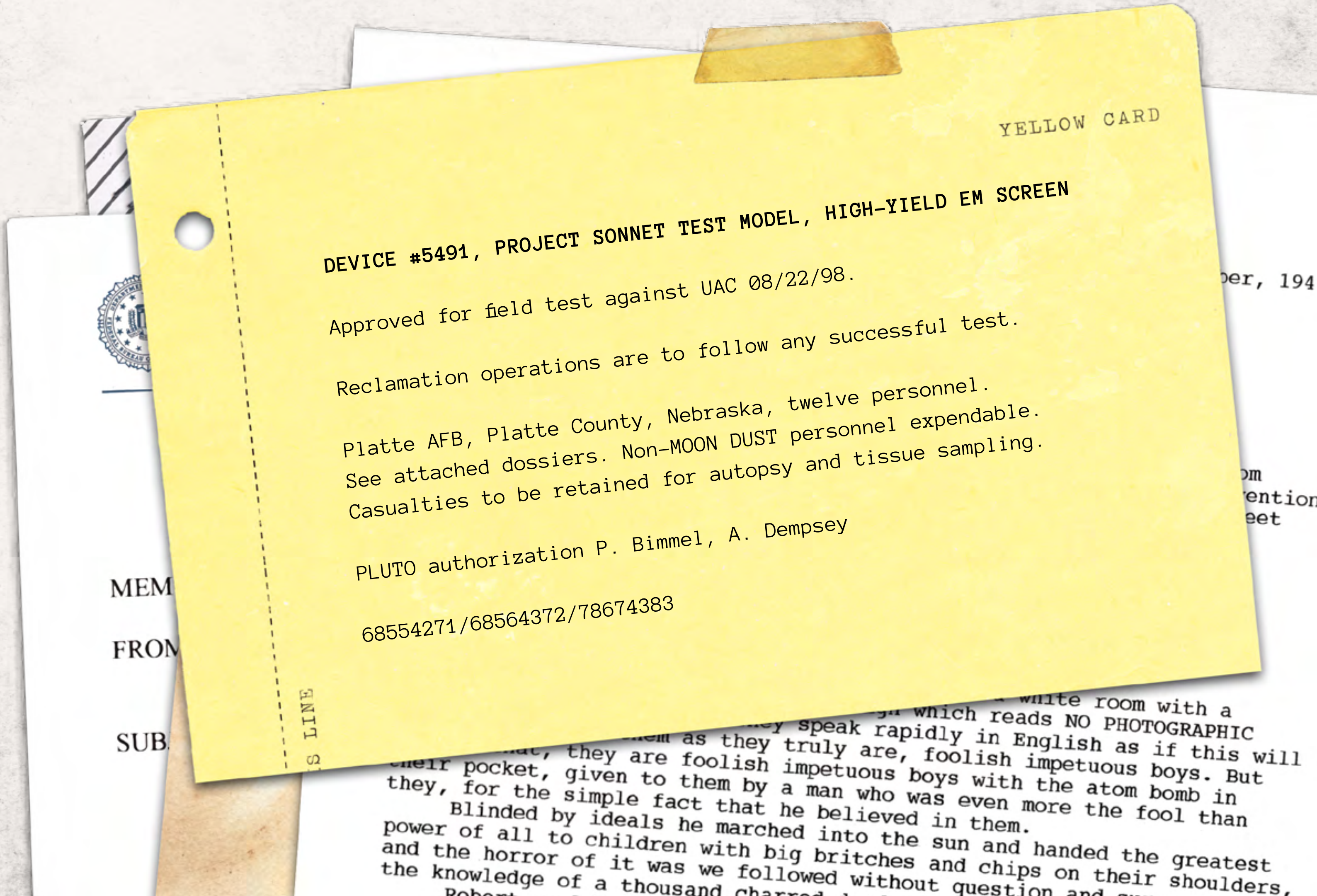
The Van

After the crash, the guards outside the SONNET van are dead in their weird, bulky helmets. Their eyes have exploded and they appear to have suffered from massive internal bleeding. Seeing the carnage costs 0/1 **SAN** from violence.

The van is locked and its windows are bulletproof glass, so the doors will have to be forced. A crowbar would allow a character to pry a door open by making a **STR×5%** test at –20%. Each attempt takes five minutes.

Inside the van are the two corpses of the scientists. They wear the same bulky helmets as the guards and have suffered the same fate.

A large device fills the back half of the van. The side facing front is a metal sheet as thick as a safe door with an equally thick glass window. Inside it mounted a glowing crystal. Characters who've seen the crashed alien ship recognize the similarity of the glow both emit. A digital counter on the machine ticks. It gets faster and faster, cresting for awhile, and then



YELLOW CARD

DEVICE #5491, PROJECT SONNET TEST MODEL, HIGH-YIELD EM SCREEN

Approved for field test against UAC 08/22/98.

Reclamation operations are to follow any successful test.

Platte AFB, Platte County, Nebraska, twelve personnel.
See attached dossiers. Non-MOON DUST personnel expendable.
Casualties to be retained for autopsy and tissue sampling.

PLUTO authorization P. Bimmel, A. Dempsey

68554271/68564372/78674383

white room with a
which reads NO PHOTOGRAPHIC
speak rapidly in English as if this will
as they truly are, foolish impetuous boys. But
they are foolish impetuous boys with the atom bomb in
pocket, given to them by a man who was even more the fool than
they, for the simple fact that he believed in them.
Blinded by ideals he marched into the sun and handed the greatest
power of all to children with big britches and chips on their shoulders,
and the horror of it was we followed without question and
the knowledge of a thousand

gets slower and slower. It operates on a five-minute cycle. The device pulses once at the crest of each cycle.

A mechanical lever is clearly labeled “EMERGENCY SHUTDOWN.” It drops the crystal into a lead-lined safe, shutting down the SONNET device. The characters also turn off the device if they blast the van with weapons fire or burn it with Molotov cocktails. Once the device’s self-monitoring systems detect a malfunction, an automatic shutdown protocol drops the crystal into its lead-lined coffin.

Once the device is off, the characters may radio for help or get in a vehicle and leave the base. Calling for help brings the BLUE FLY teams running. They arrive 30 minutes later. See **WE’RE HERE TO HELP** on page 22.

On top of a stack of papers is a sheet stamped “TOP SECRET/ORCON/SONNET.” The documents describe the EM pulse device in technical terms. A summary paragraph begins the document. See the **DEVICE #5491** handout on page 19 for details.

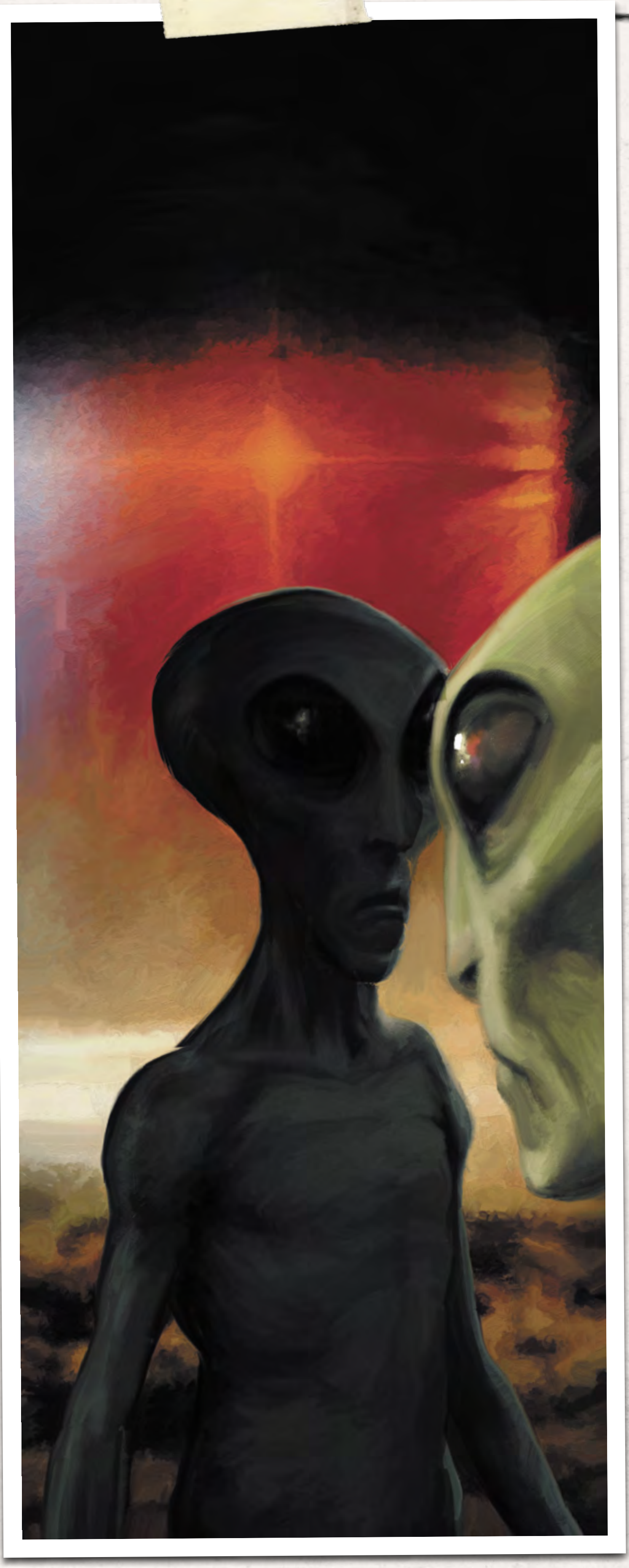
The Thing in the Craft

The mi-go in the region were unaware of the SONNET device. When they detected the emanations of the crystal they decided to perform a quiet fly-by of the base, in case it was one of their ships in trouble.

The gate ship entered the range of the EM field and malfunctioned in a horrible explosion. A feedback of energy electrocuted the two scientists in the van and the three guards. The gate was destroyed, cutting off the lone mi-go in the ship from its brethren back at the mine. The pilot brought the ship down as well as it could. The mi-go was pinned within the ship during the crash and is unable to free itself.

The mi-go had six Grey automatons on board but only two survived the crash. The Greys are too weak to free the trapped mi-go. The mi-go is badly hurt and cannot contact its brethren due to the condition of the ship. Instead it sends the Greys to the nearby humans.

The mi-go’s goal is to get a couple of humans to follow the Greys back to the ship and free it so it can escape. It sees its predicament as an opportunity to learn. Can it manipulate human emotions enough to overcome their natural fear of the unknown?



First Contact

The crystalline ship lies among the wreckage of the aircraft on the north side of the base, about one km from the barracks and NCO club. It is clearly visible from the NCO club and is still within range of the SONNET device.

About 10 minutes after the crash, two beings walk away from the crash site, followed by a glowing ball of light at about waist level. Carefully, the two of them make their way towards the nearest base personnel. These are the Greys moving under the direction of the trapped mi-go, and viewing them costs 0/1 **SAN**. The ball of light behind them makes no movements except to follow the Greys.

The Greys are unarmed and approach the camp in an exaggerated gesture of surrender: arms up, far away from each other. They are naked. One balances a piece of crystal atop its head, picking it up and replacing it when it falls to the ground. This Grey says in a deep voice, with no nasal quality to it at all:

"Us require assistance. Our Dog are injured and must be freed. It ceases. Us are weak and the door are beyond our capacities. Us require assistance."

Just hearing this comment costs another 0/1 **SAN**.

Speaking with the Greys is difficult but several things are obvious:

- They do not understand plurals very well.
- Whatever one hears, sees, or learns, all the others know as well.
- They have little understanding of human culture. The apparent leader's wearing a crystal atop its head is a ham-fisted attempt to approximate the human custom of wearing insignia to demonstrate rank.

What can be understood through the conversation, limited as it is, is that their fragile bodies are unable to move the wreckage enough to free a pet or servant animal trapped in the nearby ship. They need help.

The Greys answer simple questions very literally:

- ***Who are you?*** "We are."
- ***Where do you came from?*** "A far place."
- ***Why are you here?*** "To understand."
- ***What is the glowing ball of light?*** "A mind."
- ***Whose mind?*** "Itself."
- ***What do you want with humans?*** "Mutual benefit."
- ***Why do you mutilate cattle?*** "To understand."
- ***Do you take people?*** "Yes."
- ***Why?*** "To understand."

And so on.

They Come In Peace

If the characters demand a deeper explanation before they help, the leader explains the following in its own strange cadence. It is in fact a prepared statement, one the mi-go have been using since their first involvement with the U.S. government through MAJESTIC. It is a total fabrication.

The Greys say they are a species similar to ours from a planet in the M-31 star cluster. They travel through space because a catastrophe destroyed their homeworld and their parent species. They desperately need genetic material to propagate because they were bred as a sterile species, cloned only for space travel and exploration. They want only peace and free trade with all species. They will put humans in contact with other species in the galaxy…when humans are ready.

The Greys wait peacefully for one or more humans to accompany them back to their ship. If it appears that no one will come, the second Grey grabs its side and collapses. The first mills sadly about and points towards the ship and repeats: "We cease."

If the investigators go with the Greys to the ship, the ill one will seem to revive. It's a terribly obvious ploy. Its poor execution may give the characters hope that the Greys are harmless.

The Ship

The ship is a crystal octahedron, shaped much like an eight-sided die about ten meters long. Despite a rough impact that left the runway pitted, its surface appears unmarked. The craft glows dimly and is surrounded by debris from its interior, including three inanimate Grey bodies which are badly burned.

ENTRANCE: The entrance to the ship appears as if by magic. The apparently solid hull opens, beginning with a pinpoint hole and silently widening to a diameter of two meters. The opening reveals a strange interior with a floor like packed dirt, like an underground tunnel. A character who makes an **Alertness** test realizes that the interior seems much larger than the exterior of the craft would allow. That costs 0/1 **SAN**. The tunnel is littered with debris and strange objects. The door stays open behind the characters.

INTERSECTION: At an intersection of branching tunnels lies a smashed Grey body, its arms broken at the forearms and shoulders. Straight ahead is the gate room where the "dog" is trapped. To the right is a glowing examination room. To the left is a storage room.

GATE ROOM: This the room contained a transdimensional gate back to the nearby underground mi-go base. The room is spherical and all the surfaces seem to be made of clay. A very large chunk, what used to be the gate, has peeled off in a thick strip and pinned a hideous creature to the ground. The creature is about two meters long, not much bigger than a human being but built more like a crab. It is composed of a sponge-like material covered in irregularly spaced bits of chitinous exoskeleton. What appears to be the head changes colors from red to blue and back again. It has no apparent teeth or claws. If the players move the rubble, the mi-go produces an exceptionally emulated whimper. It sounds almost eerily like a recording of a dog. Encountering the weakened mi-go costs 1/1D4 **SAN**. The pile of rubble requires the characters and the Greys working together to move it. See **THE MI-GO FREED** on this page for what happens then.

EXAMINATION ROOM: This room is to the right of the intersection down a small corridor. It is the typical abduction room from UFO folklore, including bizarre medical tools and a human-scale examination chair with restraints. Its strange clay walls glow with a luminous white fungus that clings to every surface.

STORAGE ROOM: The last room is cream-colored with six drawers set in the wall. Piled on the floor are human personal items like watches, wallets, and glasses, some dating back 50 years. One old watch, still running, has an engraving on the back that reads "For Jenny, 10-5-55." Each drawer contains a cavity shaped like a Grey. The interior of each drawer is made of a plastic-like material that smells like burning cardboard and is wet to the touch.

The Mi-Go Freed

Once the mi-go is freed, the lights in the craft go out. The Greys grab the characters with astonishing speed, pinning two with surprise attacks. The mi-go scuttles swiftly out the tunnel. If the characters manage to block the mi-go, the Greys produce mi-go tools and use them to kill or paralyze. See **GREYS** on page 26 for details. Once the mi-go is gone, the Greys collapse, inert and lifeless.

The ball of light shoots out of the ship before the mi-go, attempting to distract anyone that might try to stop the mi-go. Then it flies away and disappears.

Anyone waiting outside first sees the glow of the gate-ship wink off. The glowing sphere shoots out, directly at them to force them to duck away. A dark shape, the mi-go, scurries out of the ship and into the maze of twisted aircraft wreckage.

Each character who makes an **Alertness** test sees it and loses 0/1D6 **SAN**. Non-player characters have no interest in following the "horrible thing" into the dark maze of wreckage and dusty aircraft hulls.

After taking two or three turns to recover, the mi-go unfolds its wings and flies away into the night.

We're Here to Help

Once the characters have freed the mi-go and turned off the SONNET device, there is still one last problem: the BLUE FLY team.

An Apache AH-64 attack helicopter scouts the area 40 minutes after the crash. If the characters have not deactivated the SONNET crystal, they are treated to a fireworks display as the EM pulse of the crystal causes the helicopter to crash outside the base perimeter. Following this the BLUE FLY team does not attempt to approach by helicopter but lands about six km away. A team of 11 commandos fast-marches to the base. They get there two hours after the crash. They wear protective gear that protects them from SONNET. Once they reach the base they deactivate SONNET, secure the crash site, round up the base personnel, and kill any who attack them. They treat survivors' injuries and take them away for debriefing.

If SONNET is deactivated, the AH-64 circles the base and relays observations back to the rest of the team. Five minutes later a Black Hawk arrives and disgorges the commandos.

If the characters flee in a base vehicle, BLUE FLY helicopters quickly intercept them. Sharpshooters disable the vehicle with gunfire if the characters refuse to stop. Fleeing base personnel are taken into "protective custody" for debriefing. Characters picked up on the open road are advanced to the end of the scenario.

Debriefing

Once the BLUE FLY commandos take the characters into custody, the scenario is at an end. Describe what follows briefly for the players. The characters are flown to Offut Air Force Base in Omaha. They receive excellent medical care, which may seem a bit too good. Are the doctors examining them like lab rats?

Then a team of plainclothes agents from the Air Force Office of Special Investigations debriefs them at length and warns them not to speak to the press or public about the incident. The characters learn that every detail of their time at Platte AFB has been classified Top Secret all along. At least, that's what paperwork says when the agents give their warnings.

The agents tell the characters that an experimental device was being temporarily stored at Platte AFB. It malfunctioned and caused hallucinations among the personnel. There were no aliens, no documents referring to "expendable" personnel, no monsters, nothing alien or unnatural. It was all in the characters' minds. If they ever tell anyone differently, they'll find themselves arrested for espionage and all their families' lives turned upside down. And that will just be the beginning. The Air Force offers surviving base personnel immediate honorable discharges with full benefits and a compensation bonus of $25,000.

If "PX Poker Night" is a one-shot, the scenario ends here.

Recruitment Pass

If "PX Poker Night" is being run as an introduction to a Delta Green campaign, something more occurs. Weeks after the incident, while performing some everyday task like shopping or eating in a restaurant, each character is approached individually by a stylishly dressed black woman with a head full of long braids and sporting a tiny set of blue-tinted sunglasses. She introduces herself as "Ms. Green." She offers her condolences over the loss of their "friend" and hands the character an obituary. The obituary chronicles the death by natural causes of one of the other surviving base personnel. Improvise something to fit the survivors' situations. Insane survivors could appear to commit suicide in a mental institution. Another could suffer a fatal car crash or reportedly die of an infection related to their injuries. Ms. Green tells the characters that they are in danger.

The characters probably have a few questions.

» ***Why are we in danger?*** "Because you saw things not meant to be seen. Someone has decided that bribes and threats are not enough to ensure your silence. More permanent solutions are being arranged."

» ***Who were those guys at Platte?*** "They're a faction in the intelligence community who've got more ambition than sense."

» ***What are they up to?*** "Selling out this country to invaders."

» ***What invaders?*** "You've already seen them."

» ***If this faction and the invaders are working together, then what was happening at Platte AFB?*** "Some of the worst fights happen in the best families, y'know?"

» ***Who are you?*** "I'm with another faction. One that doesn't want to kill you."

» ***What is the name of your faction?*** "If the intelligence community were a family, we'd be the uncle nobody talks about."

- *What does your faction do?* "What we do is more like pest control than law enforcement. What you saw in Nebraska is just the tip of the iceberg. There are things out there that need putting down. Things nobody believes in."
- *Can you protect us from the other faction?* "The best we can do is hide you and help you start over. Stay where you are and the President of the United States couldn't protect you. He couldn't protect himself if these guys wanted him dead."
- *What do you want from us?* "Information. Your official report to the Air Force has been censored. We want to know what really happened at Platte AFB. You help us and we'll help you stay alive."

Ms. Green is of course a member of Delta Green. Delta Green is opposed to MAJESTIC and its unholy alliance with the Greys, and suspects that the Greys are a front for a much darker, even more alien force. If the characters balk at joining the conspiracy, feel free to have Ms. Green mail them a few more obituaries over the next couple of weeks showing that the survivors of Platte AFB are dying of supposedly natural causes at an alarming rate. If there were no other survivors, you may want to have the brakes on a characters' car mysteriously fail.

Just about the time they're thinking about running for it, Ms. Green makes another recruitment pass. She offers them new identities and a safe house in rural Oregon. She suggests that in their new identities they might prove useful to her organization performing "deniable" operations. If the characters agree to Ms. Green's proposition, they have just been recruited by Delta Green.

Now their real problems are about to begin.

Sanity Rewards

- Killing the mi-go earns 1D6 SAN.
- If all base personnel survive, each earns 1D8 SAN.
- Being recruited by Delta Green earns 1D4 SAN.

Base Personnel

The player-ready characters have their own character sheets beginning on page 30.

First Lieutenant Michael Anderson

1st Lt Anderson is at Platte AFB to disabuse him of the delusion that he can travel at Mach 3 when he's not in an F-16. Anderson is an adrenaline junkie. He's all about the speed. He had his driver's license revoked for street racing and other moving violations. Then he violated his commander's order not to drive without a license. Rather than prosecute him for a violation of the Uniform Code of Military Justice, the Air Force sent Anderson to Platte AFB to cool his heels. Anderson didn't have to spend a day at Platte before he realized that this was not where he wanted to end up. Now he's desperate to be rotated out of Platte so he can get his career back on track, if he can.

Anderson is a young-looking white man, trim and wiry, with red hair and freckles.

1st Lt Anderson

Executive Officer, Platte AFB, age 25

STR 12 **CON** 11 **DEX** 12 **INT** 14 **POW** 12 **CHA** 10

HP 12 **WP** 12 **SAN** 60 **BREAKING POINT** 48

SKILLS: Alertness 65%, Bureaucracy 30%, Craft (Electrician) 30%, Craft (Mechanic 35%), Drive 70%, Firearms 50%, Heavy Weapons 50%, HUMINT 35%, Military Science (Air) 25%, Navigate 35%, Persuade 25%, Pilot (Airplane) 70%, Stealth 40%, Swim 45%.

ATTACKS: *Unarmed* 40%, damage 1D4−1.

Master Sergeant Roberto Bach

MSgt Bach is doing someone else's penance. Until last year he worked for the Air Force Office of Special Investigations, AFOSI. His team was involved in a massive counterintelligence failure. A laptop computer full of classified data was lost and (as far as Bach can tell) records were altered to make it look like he was the last person to use it. He was transferred out of AFOSI and dumped at Platte AFB to finish his 20-year career. Bach is bitterly disappointed that this has ruined his chances of doing work for any other government agency. He expects to just get through this year and start looking for work in the private sector.

Bach is an Hispanic man with graying hair, tall and well-built. Among the lesser enlisted personnel he is notorious for being able to see through bullshit.

MSgt Bach

Chief of Operations, Platte AFB, age 37

STR 15 **CON** 15 **DEX** 15 **INT** 12 **POW** 16 **CHA** 13

HP 15 **WP** 16 **SAN** 80 **BREAKING POINT** 64

SKILLS: Alertness 65%, Bureaucracy 40%, Craft (Electronics) 40%, Drive 50%, Firearms 40%, Forensics 40%, HUMINT 65%, Law 35%, Persuade 65%, Search 40%, Stealth 35%, Unarmed Combat 55%.

ATTACKS: *Unarmed* 55%, damage 1D4.

Major Louis Jones

Major Jones is an alcoholic. That's what landed him this plum assignment. It has also seriously eroded his heath. At his best, Jones is not terribly imaginative or flexible in his thinking. He brooks no talk about "ghost lights" or UFOs. He does not permit any deviation from his orders. He never fails to remind subordinates that staying in his good graces is all that stands between them and a court marshal or dishonorable discharge. When things get dangerous, Jones gets drunk, fast, but that only tightens his need for authority. He issues more and more disastrous orders as the crisis escalates.

Jones is a white man with steel grey hair cut to regulation and bloodshot grey eyes. Big, strong, and imposing, he played football in high school and he works out often. But his face is florid and his thick nose heavily veined, showing the signs of long-term alchohol abuse.

Maj. Jones

Commander, Platte AFB, age 41

STR 15 **CON** 9 **DEX** 8 **INT** 12 **POW** 11 **CHA** 13

HP 12 **WP** 11 **SAN** 55 **BREAKING POINT** 44

SKILLS: Accounting 30%, Alertness 40%, Athletics 65%, Bureaucracy 30%, Craft (Electrician) 40%, Craft (Electronics) 40%, Dodge 36%, Drive 35%, Firearms 40%, Military Science (Air) 50%, Navigation 30%, Persuade 40%, Search 50%, Unarmed Combat 50%.

ATTACKS: *Unarmed* 50%, Damage 1D4.

Senior Airman Theodore Lacroix

SrA Ted Lacroix once bragged he could get any woman he wanted. When he found out there was a betting pool worth $3,400 for the man who could bring back proof that they had seduced the base commander's daughter, Lacroix accepted the challenge. The good news was Lacroix brought back proof, a videotape. The bad news was that videotapes tend to get copied and passed around. While this isn't exactly a violation of the Uniform Code of Military Justice, it is a career ender when it gets back to the girl's father. The general made sure Lacroix would have lots of time without distractions to contemplate the error of his ways at Platte AFB. Lacroix has done so. As soon as he's out of the Air Force he's going to try modeling or maybe acting.

Lacroix is a young-looking white man with dark hair. He is a little too good looking to be believed, with fetching, soulful blue eyes, dimples, and white teeth. Like most folks with an honest face, he isn't.

SrA Lacroix

Tactical Aircraft Maintenance, Platte AFB, age 21

STR 12 **CON** 14 **DEX** 12 **INT** 9 **POW** 9 **CHA** 16

HP 13 **WP** 9 **SAN** 45 **BREAKING POINT** 36

SKILLS: Alertness 40%, Athletics 40%, Craft (Electrician) 50%, Craft (Electronics) 40%, Craft (Mechanic) 50%, Drive 30%, Firearms 40%, Heavy Machinery 50%, HUMINT 45%, Persuade 75%.

ATTACKS: *Unarmed* 40%, damage 1D4–1.

Technical Sergeant Byron Long

TSgt Long has a gambling problem. Gambling losses cost him his house and his marriage, and now his career. In order to pay off his debts, he hired his talents as a fire fighter out as an arsonist. He did these jobs off base to assist insurance defrauders to get past the arson investigators. He succeeded for months, but eventually the suspicions of arson investigators began to close in. He was transferred to Platte AFB when the Air Force Office of Special Investigations failed to turn up any direct evidence, but the suspicions about his involvement were not dispelled. Now Long lives in perpetual fear that the insurance scammers he worked with will roll on him and rat him out to the authorities.

Long is a Black man in his early 30s. He has a competent demeanor and always seems to know what to do in an emergency. To everyone else, this seems like the last place he ought to be. He is tall and athletic. He shaves his head daily.

TSgt Long

Fire Protection, Platte AFB, age 33

STR 14 **CON** 11 **DEX** 11 **INT** 13 **POW** 13 **CHA** 12

HP 13 **WP** 13 **BREAKING POINT** 52

SKILLS: Alertness 45%, Athletics 70%, Demolitions 40%, Drive 40%, Firearms 30%, First Aid 80%, Heavy Machinery 30%, Pharmacy 35%, Science (Chemistry) 50%, Surgery 35%.

ATTACKS: *Unarmed* 40%, damage 1D4.

Airman Brian Seeber

Airman (Amn) Seeber is a screwup with a long string of poor performance reviews dating back to basic training. The Air Force has wisely assigned him to the place he can do the least damage. Fortunately, Seeber hasn't quite tumbled to the fact that Platte is a punishment detail. He still thinks he's being all he can be and is looking forward to putting the fact that he was "head groundskeeper" on his resume. He is often assigned to guard duty since he actually enjoys it and thinks it is a way to distinguish himself…not that he's really any good at it.

Seeber is a 19-year-old white kid, fresh-faced and blonde with vapid blue eyes. He is perpetually cheerful and famously gullible.

Amn Seeber

Pavements and Construction Equipment, Platte AFB, age 19

STR 13 **CON** 12 **DEX** 14 **INT** 6 **POW** 7 **CHA** 10

HP 13 **WP** 7 **SAN** 35 **BREAKING POINT** 28

SKILLS: Alertness 60%, Athletics 65%, Craft (Mechanic) 45%, Drive 45%, Firearms 40%, Melee Weapons 40%, Search 60%, Stealth 50%, Swim 40%.

ATTACKS: *Unarmed* 40%, damage 1D4.

Other Characters

MAJESTIC Scientists

If the characters somehow manage to get into a fight with the two scientists in the van, they are easy prey, with below-average physical stats and no combat skills.

MAJESTIC Security Officers

The plainclothes officer remains in the van with the scientists. He is unarmored and carries a pistol but not heavier weapons. The other two wear tactical armor with large, weird-looking helmets. All three are expert marksmen who kill without compunction and are adapted to violence. Each suffers from some long-term disorder but those do not come up in the scenario.

MAJESTIC Guard

Ruthless killer

STR 13 **CON** 13 **DEX** 14 **INT** 12 **POW** 11 **CHA** 7

HP 13 **WP** 11 **SAN** 40 **BREAKING POINT** 33

ARMOR: Tactical armor (Armor Rating 6) with EM-shielded helmet.

SKILLS: Alertness 46%, Dodge 38%, Drive 61%, Firearms 82%, Heavy Weapons 72%, HUMINT 53%, Search 47%, Stealth 52%, Unarmed Combat 65%.

ATTACKS: *M16A2 assault rifle* 82%, Damage 1D12, Armor Piercing 3.

M203 grenade launcher 72% Lethality 15%.

.45 SOCOM pistol 82%, Damage 1D10.

Unarmed 65%, Damage 1D4.

Greys

These mi-go constructs appear as child-sized, slender, humanoids with large heads, long limbs and fingers, and liquid black, almond-shaped eyes. They range in color from pale gray through brownish gray.

Typical Grey

Mindless puppet

STR 8 **CON** 8 **DEX** 10 **INT** n/a **POW** 13

HP 8 **WP** 13

SKILLS: Alertness 40%, Dodge 25%; otherwise, a Grey has all the skills of the mi-go controlling it.

ATTACKS: *Mi-go tool* 50%; see **TOOLS**.

Pinch 25%, damage 1D4–1 or pin.

TOOLS: Each of the two Greys has a tool crafted by the mi-go that control them. One has an electric wand and the other a paralysis ball. Humans who commandeer one must make a **Luck** roll each time it is "used." Failure indicates that due to the bizarre nature of the weapon, the human injures himself or herself.

- *Electric Wand:* This eighteen-inch wand-like object is made of a black, non-reflective metal not found on Earth. It emits an electrical jolt with Lethality attack of 2%, 15% or 25%. The Grey may change the setting at any time.
- *Paralysis Ball:* This silvery sphere increases the local inertia of all particles surrounding the target, creating a "bubble prison" in which time seems to stop for up to an hour. It takes an Alertness test to not be where the bubble focuses. Coming out of a bubble costs 0/1D6 **SAN**.

RITUALS: The controlling mi-go can use Greys to perform any ritual it knows.

SAN LOSS: 0/1D4 from the unnatural.

Mi-Go

Resembling huge, spongy crabs topped by glowing fungus, the mi-go are unlike any life native to Earth. They can shape and reform their strange forms at will. They exist in dimensions above and below those observable by humanity. Even their movement and modes of thought are macrodimensional, allowing mi-go to see short stints of the future, or to cross otherwise impassable barriers by taking dimensional shortcuts. The mi-go that crashes at Platte is smaller than most encountered by humanity and is injured when it emerges.

The Mi-Go

Fungus from Yuggoth

STR 10 **CON** 11 **DEX** 15 **INT** 25 **POW** 14

HP 11 (currently 6) **WP** 14

ARMOR: See **MACRODIMENSIONAL**.

SKILLS: Alertness 30%, Flight 55%, Pilot (Gate Ship) 55%, Science (Genetics) 95%, Science (Macrodimensional Physics) 50%, Science (Human Anthropology) 11%, Tool Use 55%, Unnatural 60%.

ATTACKS: *Nippers* 30%, 1D6 or pin.

AETHERIC FLIGHT: The mi-go can "fly" in any environment, moving as if being swept away on some unseen current—even underwater or in space. In flight, the mi-go can move at great speeds, equivalent (at top speed) to a jet aircraft. They can hover, invert, and hold in place as well. This allows them to "walk up" walls in a fashion similar to a giant spider.

MULTIFORM: The mi-go can move, change, extrude, extend, and alter their bodies as needed. Each change takes one turn, and costs nothing. A mi-go could extrude four more limbs to hold a pinned target, for example, or open a cavity to hold an item.

MACRODIMENSIONAL: The mi-go exist in a multitude of dimensions, only a fraction of which are visible to us. They sometimes appear to move in stuttering frames, as if blinking in and out of reality from second to second. A successful Lethality roll destroys a mi-go, but other attacks are unpredictable. If an attack rolls an odd amount of damage, the mi-go has shifted out of phase with our dimension and is immune to the attack.

NON-TERRENE: The mi-go are at home in nearly any environment. Radiation, pressure, cold, vacuum and more have no negative effects on them. They can move on the surface of Saturn, in the depths of the ocean, or in open space with equal ease.

UNNATURAL BIOLOGY: The mi-go's physiology would baffle any biologist. Making a called shot for "vitals" or another apparently vulnerable area inflicts normal damage, with no special game effect.

THE VOICE: The mi-go can emit a buzzing imitation of human speech and can hold rudimentary conversations with humans. Each attempt to impart or understand information by the mi-go requires them to roll their Science (Human Anthropology) skill. Failure indicates a confusing exchange, usually involving a poor understanding of causality in four-dimensional spacetime.

SAN LOSS: 1/1D6 from the unnatural.

Sanity Loss Handouts

AB Herrera

YOUR SYMPTOMS

- Aggression
- Short temper
- Someone need a fight? You're ready

AB Herrera

TEMPORARY INSANITY

- Shriek and faint dead away

AB Herrera

PERMANENT INSANITY

- Strip naked
- Stalk and kill anyone you encounter

SrA Geiger

YOUR SYMPTOMS

- Increasing arrogance
- Condescension to peers
- Open insubordination

SrA Geiger

TEMPORARY INSANITY

- Everyone else got you into this mess
- Rage against their incompetence

SrA Geiger

PERMANENT INSANITY

- Sink into catatonia
- Curl up like a fetus
- Totally unresponsive

A1C Cantu

YOUR SYMPTOMS

- Paranoia about items you stole
- The men in the van must be AFOSI
- They're here to investigate you!

A1C Cantu

TEMPORARY INSANITY

- Everyone is part of the threat
- Attack if they don't let you get away
- Burn the PX to destroy evidence

A1C Cantu

PERMANENT INSANITY

- The others are here to rub you out
- You have to kill them first

Sanity Loss Handouts

SrA Young

YOUR SYMPTOMS

- Anger over the slightest thing
- Snap and curse even at officers
- Even angrier if put on report

SrA Young

TEMPORARY INSANITY

- What caused your temporary insanity?
- Attack it!
- Ignore the safety of others

SrA Young

PERMANENT INSANITY

- You are like a rabid dog
- Uncommunicative
- Homicidal

SrA Utecht

YOUR SYMPTOMS

- Uncomfortable and irritated
- Prone to starting shouting matches
- Prone to fighting

SrA Utecht

TEMPORARY INSANITY

- Collapse into a ball
- Tune everything out
- Never admit it happened

SrA Utecht

PERMANENT INSANITY

- Retreat into a near-catatonic stupor
- Engage in acts of self-mutilation

A1C Sims

YOUR SYMPTOMS

- You must provide leadership
- Do whatever it takes to assert it

A1C Sims

TEMPORARY INSANITY

- Flee in panic
- Find a place to hide

A1C Sims

PERMANENT INSANITY

- Any physical contact is a horror
- People, clothes, the floor, water
- Your own skin

PERSONAL

NAME AND RANK
Airman First Class Robert S. Cantu

PROFESSION AND EMPLOYER
Vehicle Management, Platte AFB

SEX
☐ F ☑ M ☐ ________

AGE 24

PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION
White. Short. Thick black hair, bushy brows, pocked face.

STATISTICAL DATA

STATISTICS	SCORE	×5	DERIVED ATTRIBUTES	MAX	CURRENT
Strength (STR)	12	60%	Hit Points (HP)	12	
Constitution (CON)	11	55%	Willpower Points (WP)	10	
Dexterity (DEX)	15	75%	Sanity Points (SAN)		50
Intelligence (INT)	12	60%	Breaking Point (BP)		40
Power (POW)	10	50%			
Charisma (CHA)	9	45%			

PSYCHOLOGICAL DATA

BONDS	SCORE
	9
	9
	9
	9

MOTIVATIONS AND MENTAL DISORDERS

INCIDENTS OF SAN LOSS WITHOUT GOING INSANE
Violence ☐ ☐ ☐ *adapted* Helplessness ☐ ☐ ☐ *adapted*

REMARKS

PERSONAL DETAILS

Things go missing around you. Aircraft components, liquor from the officer's club, weapons from the arsenal, vehicles from the motor pool. Cigarettes from the exchange, oh, especially your beloved smokes. Nothing is safe. It's the same job you used to do when you worked for a Mob-connected crew back in New Jersey. You have been slippery enough to avoid getting caught, buy you have caught the attention of the Office of Special Investigations. The wing commander at your last base made sure you were transferred someplace where there was nothing worth stealing. Still, you're sure that the things you learned so far will help you maintain a long career stealing from Uncle Sam.

GEAR AND NOTES

SPECIAL TRAINING	SKILL OR STAT USED

SKILLS

Accounting	10%	First Aid	10%	Ride	10%
Alertness	35%	Forensics	0%	Science:	0%
Anthropology	0%	Heavy Machinery	10%		
Archeology	0%	Heavy Weapons	0%	Search	45%
Art:	0%	History	10%	SIGINT	0%
		HUMINT	25%	Stealth	55%
Artillery	0%	Law	0%	Surgery	0%
Athletics	50%	Medicine	0%	Survival	10%
Bureaucracy	10%	Melee Weapons	30%	Swim	20%
Computer Science	0%	Military Science:	0%	Unarmed Combat	60%
Craft:	40%			Unnatural	0%
Electrician		Navigate	10%	Languages & Other Skills:	
Criminology	45%	Occult	10%	Craft: Locksmith	50%
Demolitions	0%	Persuade	45%	Craft: Mechanic	50%
Disguise	10%	Pharmacy	0%		
Dodge	30%	Pilot:	0%		
Drive	20%				
Firearms	30%	Psychotherapy	10%		

EQUIPMENT

WEAPONS	SKILL %	DAMAGE	ARMOR PIERCING	RANGE
Brass knuckles	60%	1D4		
Unarmed	60%	1D4–1		

ARMOR

Body armor reduces the damage of all attacks except Called Shots and successful Lethality rolls.

INJURIES

WOUNDS AND AILMENTS

Has First Aid been attempted since the last injury? ☐ If yes: only Medicine, Surgery, or long-term rest can help further

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PERSONAL

NAME AND RANK
Senior Airman Alicia J. Geiger

PROFESSION AND EMPLOYER
Administration, Platte AFB

SEX
☑ F ☐ M ☐ ________

AGE
23

PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION
Black. In great shape. Brown hair and eyes. Perpetual scowl.

REMARKS

PERSONAL DETAILS

You know what you're doing. Hardly anybody else does. Or at least they're too lazy to show it. That shouldn't be your problem, but it's not easy being the only one dedicated to getting the job done right in a culture that's dedicated to excusing and protecting mediocrity. Despite your diligent work, your Air Force career is marked by a long series of poor performance reviews, being passed over for promotions, and quick transfers. You thought the military would be the one place your competence and attentiveness would be rewarded. How naive you were.

RESTRI
TOP SECRET//ORCON/
REQU
-DE

GEAR AND NOTES

SPECIAL TRAINING	SKILL OR STAT USED

EQUIPMENT

WEAPONS	SKILL %	DAMAGE	ARMOR PIERCING	RANGE
Unarmed	70%	1D4–1		

ARMOR

Body armor reduces the damage of all attacks except Called Shots and successful Lethality rolls.

INJURIES

WOUNDS AND AILMENTS

Has First Aid been attempted since the last injury? ☐ If yes: only Medicine, Surgery, or long-term rest can help further

STATISTICAL DATA

STATISTICS	SCORE	×5	DERIVED ATTRIBUTES	MAX	CURRENT
Strength (STR)	9	45%	Hit Points (HP)	12	
Constitution (CON)	14	70%	Willpower Points (WP)	18	
Dexterity (DEX)	9	45%	Sanity Points (SAN)		90
Intelligence (INT)	15	75%	Breaking Point (BP)		72
Power (POW)	18	90%			
Charisma (CHA)	7	35%			

PSYCHOLOGICAL DATA

BONDS	SCORE
	7
	7
	7
	7

MOTIVATIONS AND MENTAL DISORDERS

INCIDENTS OF SAN LOSS WITHOUT GOING INSANE

Violence ☐ ☐ ☐ *adapted* Helplessness ☐ ☐ ☐ *adapted*

SKILLS

Accounting	60%	First Aid	10%	Ride	10%
Alertness	45%	Forensics	0%	Science:	0%
Anthropology	0%	Heavy Machinery	10%		
Archeology	0%	Heavy Weapons	0%	Search	50%
Art:	0%	History	10%	SIGINT	0%
		HUMINT	50%	Stealth	10%
Artillery	0%	Law	30%	Surgery	0%
Athletics	55%	Medicine	0%	Survival	10%
Bureaucracy	55%	Melee Weapons	30%	Swim	40%
Computer Science	0%	Military Science:	0%	Unarmed Combat	70%
Craft:	0%			Unnatural	0%
		Navigate	10%	Languages & Other Skills:	
Criminology	10%	Occult	10%		
Demolitions	0%	Persuade	45%		
Disguise	10%	Pharmacy	0%		
Dodge	50%	Pilot:	0%		
Drive	20%				
Firearms	30%	Psychotherapy	10%		

THIS IS A WORK OF FICTION

PERSONAL

NAME AND RANK Airman Basic Carlos Herrera	PROFESSION AND EMPLOYER Fuels, Platte AFB

SEX ☐ F ☑ M ☐ ________	AGE 19	PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION Hispanic. Good-looking but contemptuous. Garish gang tattoos.

REMARKS

PERSONAL DETAILS

You joined the Air Force to escape the scrutiny of the local law enforcement in your hometown of Houston, Texas. You had a long juvenile record that included auto theft, vandalism, and violent crime. Had the Air Force known, the recruiters would have turned you away. But the juvenile records were sealed. You had discipline problems at basic training and at technical school. They sent you to Platte AFB on the theory that putting you out of the way meant you could get in the least trouble. We'll see.

GEAR AND NOTES

RESTRIC
TOP SECRET//ORCON//SPECIAL ACCESS
REQU D-DELTA GREEN

SPECIAL TRAINING	SKILL OR STAT USED

EQUIPMENT

WEAPONS	SKILL %	DAMAGE	ARMOR PIERCING	RANGE
Unarmed	60%	1D4		
Lock-blade knife	60%	1D4+1	3	

ARMOR

Body armor reduces the damage of all attacks except Called Shots and successful Lethality rolls.

INJURIES

WOUNDS AND AILMENTS

Has First Aid been attempted since the last injury? ☐ If yes: only Medicine, Surgery, or long-term rest can help further

STATISTICAL DATA

STATISTICS	SCORE	×5	DERIVED ATTRIBUTES	MAX	CURRENT
Strength (STR)	14	70%	Hit Points (HP)	15	
Constitution (CON)	15	75%	Willpower Points (WP)	5	
Dexterity (DEX)	10	50%	Sanity Points (SAN)	99	25
Intelligence (INT)	8	40%	Breaking Point (BP)		20
Power (POW)	5	25%			
Charisma (CHA)	10	50%			

PSYCHOLOGICAL DATA

BONDS	SCORE
	10
	10
	10
	10

MOTIVATIONS AND MENTAL DISORDERS

INCIDENTS OF SAN LOSS WITHOUT GOING INSANE

Violence ☐ ☐ ☐ *adapted* Helplessness ☐ ☐ ☐ *adapted*

SKILLS

Accounting	10%	First Aid	10%	Ride	10%
Alertness	45%	Forensics	0%	Science:	0%
Anthropology	0%	Heavy Machinery	10%		
Archeology	0%	Heavy Weapons	0%	Search	40%
Art:	0%	History	10%	SIGINT	0%
		HUMINT	10%	Stealth	60%
Artillery	0%	Law	0%	Surgery	0%
Athletics	55%	Medicine	0%	Survival	10%
Bureaucracy	10%	Melee Weapons	60%	Swim	20%
Computer Science	0%	Military Science:	0%	Unarmed Combat	60%
Craft: Mechanic	35%			Unnatural	0%
		Navigate	10%	Languages & Other Skills:	
Criminology	30%	Occult	10%	Spanish	50%
Demolitions	0%	Persuade	35%		
Disguise	10%	Pharmacy	0%		
Dodge	60%	Pilot:	0%		
Drive	50%				
Firearms	30%	Psychotherapy	10%		

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PERSONAL

NAME AND RANK Airman First Class Sheri J. Sims	PROFESSION AND EMPLOYER Air Traffic Control, Platte AFB

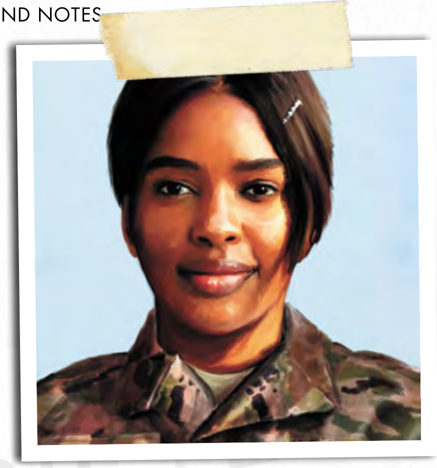
SEX ☑ F ☐ M ☐ ________	AGE 23	PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION Black. Tall. Attractive. Straightened hair pinned up on duty.

REMARKS

PERSONAL DETAILS

When you refused to submit to your ROTC instructor's sexual advances, he ensured you flunked out and didn't receive your officer's commission. Even worse, you had to finish your service requirement as an enlisted person. You took the Air Force and the ROTC program to court but the suit failed spectacularly. You made a lot of enemies. They portrayed you as a malcontent who was trying to use the courts to strike a blow for radical feminism. Getting sent to Platte AFB as a punishment detail was no surprise. You're determined to get through it and leave the Air Force behind. You have an unpretentious and natural demeanor. You wear glasses when you read.

GEAR AND NOTES



ORCON//SPECIAL ACCESS
DELTA GREEN

SPECIAL TRAINING	SKILL OR STAT USED

EQUIPMENT

WEAPONS	SKILL %	DAMAGE	ARMOR PIERCING	RANGE
Unarmed	40%	1D4–1		
Pepper spray can	65%	stun		

ARMOR

Body armor reduces the damage of all attacks except Called Shots and successful Lethality rolls.

INJURIES

WOUNDS AND AILMENTS

Has First Aid been attempted since the last injury? ☐ If yes: only Medicine, Surgery, or long-term rest can help further

STATISTICAL DATA

STATISTICS	SCORE	×5	DERIVED ATTRIBUTES	MAX	CURRENT
Strength (STR)	10	50%	Hit Points (HP)	11	
Constitution (CON)	11	55%	Willpower Points (WP)	12	
Dexterity (DEX)	13	65%	Sanity Points (SAN)	99	60
Intelligence (INT)	12	60%	Breaking Point (BP)		48
Power (POW)	12	60%			
Charisma (CHA)	14	70%			

PSYCHOLOGICAL DATA

BONDS	SCORE
	14
	14
	14

MOTIVATIONS AND MENTAL DISORDERS

INCIDENTS OF SAN LOSS WITHOUT GOING INSANE

Violence ☐ ☐ ☐ *adapted* Helplessness ☐ ☐ ☐ *adapted*

SKILLS

Accounting	10%	First Aid	10%	Ride	10%
Alertness	60%	Forensics	0%	Science:	0%
Anthropology	0%	Heavy Machinery	10%		
Archeology	0%	Heavy Weapons	0%	Search	40%
Art:	0%	History	25%	SIGINT	40%
		HUMINT	35%	Stealth	10%
Artillery	0%	Law	10%	Surgery	0%
Athletics	30%	Medicine	0%	Survival	10%
Bureaucracy	40%	Melee Weapons	30%	Swim	35%
Computer Science	60%	Military Science: Air	40%	Unarmed Combat	40%
Craft: Electronics	50%			Unnatural	0%
		Navigate	30%	Languages & Other Skills:	
Criminology	10%	Occult	10%		
Demolitions	0%	Persuade	35%		
Disguise	10%	Pharmacy	0%		
Dodge	30%	Pilot:	0%		
Drive	40%				
Firearms	30%	Psychotherapy	10%		

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PERSONAL

NAME AND RANK Senior Airman Joshua N. Utecht	PROFESSION AND EMPLOYER Fire Protection, Platte AFB	
SEX ☐ F ☑ M ☐ ________	AGE 25	PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION White. Brown hair and eyes. Tall and fit but wall-eyed and self-conscious.

REMARKS

PERSONAL DETAILS

You're an experienced and competent firefighter who can't stay out of trouble. You were Staff Sergeant Campbell until insubordination cost you your rank. Now you're stuck at Platte AFB, waiting for your last year to run out so you can be discharged and look for work with a municipal fire department. You're sensitive about your looks. And you tend to act before thinking. All that together means you get in fights easily.

RESTRIC
TOP SECRET//ORCON//S
REQU
-DELTA

GEAR AND NOTES

SPECIAL TRAINING	SKILL OR STAT USED

EQUIPMENT

WEAPONS	SKILL %	DAMAGE	ARMOR PIERCING	RANGE
Unarmed	60%	1D4		

ARMOR

Body armor reduces the damage of all attacks except Called Shots and successful Lethality rolls.

INJURIES

WOUNDS AND AILMENTS

Has First Aid been attempted since the last injury? ☐ If yes: only Medicine, Surgery, or long-term rest can help further

STATISTICAL DATA

STATISTICS	SCORE	×5	DERIVED ATTRIBUTES	MAX	CURRENT
Strength (STR)	15	75%	Hit Points (HP)	14	
Constitution (CON)	13	65%	Willpower Points (WP)	8	
Dexterity (DEX)	11	55%	Sanity Points (SAN)	99	40
Intelligence (INT)	8	40%	Breaking Point (BP)		32
Power (POW)	8	40%			
Charisma (CHA)	7	35%			

PSYCHOLOGICAL DATA

BONDS	SCORE
	7
	7
	7
	7

MOTIVATIONS AND MENTAL DISORDERS

INCIDENTS OF SAN LOSS WITHOUT GOING INSANE

Violence ☐ ☐ ☐ *adapted* Helplessness ☐ ☐ ☐ *adapted*

SKILLS

Accounting	10%	First Aid	60%	Ride	10%
Alertness	50%	Forensics	0%	Science:	0%
Anthropology	0%	Heavy Machinery	50%		
Archeology	0%	Heavy Weapons	0%	Search	50%
Art:	0%	History	10%	SIGINT	0%
		HUMINT	10%	Stealth	10%
Artillery	0%	Law	0%	Surgery	0%
Athletics	60%	Medicine	0%	Survival	10%
Bureaucracy	10%	Melee Weapons	40%	Swim	20%
Computer Science	0%	Military Science:	0%	Unarmed Combat	60%
Craft: Mechanic	35%			Unnatural	0%
		Navigate	10%	Languages & Other Skills:	
Criminology	10%	Occult	10%		
Demolitions	35%	Persuade	20%		
Disguise	10%	Pharmacy	0%		
Dodge	50%	Pilot:	0%		
Drive	40%				
Firearms	40%	Psychotherapy	10%		

THIS IS A WORK OF FICTION

PERSONAL

NAME AND RANK
Senior Airman Jerry S. Young

PROFESSION AND EMPLOYER
Security Forces, Platte AFB

SEX
☐ F ☑ M ☐ ________

AGE 23

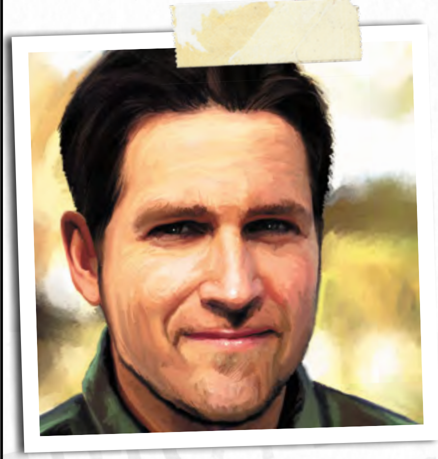
PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION
White. Tall, muscular. Brown hair. Hazel eyes in narrow slits.

REMARKS

PERSONAL DETAILS

You're in the Air Force version of military police, Security Forces. You transferred to Platte because you brutally beat an Air Force colonel during an arrest. You got a transfer rather than a bad-conduct discharge because the colonel had been in the process of beating up his wife. You were the first officer on scene and you couldn't resist giving the colonel a taste of his own medicine. The wing commander suspected that the colonel didn't resist arrest as much as you claimed, but the colonel's wife backed up your version. You narrowly escaped serious disciplinary action. Now you hope you can get out of Platte soon and get your career back on track.

GEAR AND NOTES



RESTRICTED
SECRET//ORCON//SPECIAL ACCESS
REQUIRED-DELTA GREEN

SPECIAL TRAINING	SKILL OR STAT USED

EQUIPMENT

WEAPONS	SKILL %	DAMAGE	ARMOR PIERCING	RANGE
Unarmed	60%	1D4+1		
Nightstick	60%	1D6+2		

ARMOR

Body armor reduces the damage of all attacks except Called Shots and successful Lethality rolls.

INJURIES

WOUNDS AND AILMENTS

Has First Aid been attempted since the last injury? ☐ If yes: only Medicine, Surgery, or long-term rest can help further

STATISTICAL DATA

STATISTICS	SCORE	×5	DERIVED ATTRIBUTES	MAX	CURRENT
Strength (STR)	17	85%	Hit Points (HP)	15	
Constitution (CON)	13	65%	Willpower Points (WP)	13	
Dexterity (DEX)	10	50%	Sanity Points (SAN)	99	65
Intelligence (INT)	12	60%	Breaking Point (BP)		52
Power (POW)	13	65%			
Charisma (CHA)	11	55%			

PSYCHOLOGICAL DATA

BONDS	SCORE
	11
	11
	11

MOTIVATIONS AND MENTAL DISORDERS

INCIDENTS OF SAN LOSS WITHOUT GOING INSANE

Violence ☐ ☐ ☐ *adapted* Helplessness ☐ ☐ ☐ *adapted*

SKILLS

Accounting	10%	First Aid	50%	Ride	10%
Alertness	50%	Forensics	0%	Science:	0%
Anthropology	0%	Heavy Machinery	10%		
Archeology	0%	Heavy Weapons	0%	Search	40%
Art:	0%	History	10%	SIGINT	0%
		HUMINT	30%	Stealth	30%
Artillery	0%	Law	20%	Surgery	0%
Athletics	50%	Medicine	0%	Survival	40%
Bureaucracy	10%	Melee Weapons	60%	Swim	20%
Computer Science	0%	Military Science:	0%	Unarmed Combat	60%
Craft:	0%			Unnatural	0%
		Navigate	10%	Languages & Other Skills:	
Criminology	10%	Occult	10%		
Demolitions	30%	Persuade	30%		
Disguise	10%	Pharmacy	0%		
Dodge	30%	Pilot:	0%		
Drive	50%				
Firearms	50%	Psychotherapy	10%		

THIS IS A WORK OF FICTION

// Kali Ghati //

“Death awakens the Sleeper.”

// Kali Ghati //

By Shane Ivey

The Agents

The Agents are all soldiers, intelligence officers, federal agents, or civilian contractors in Afghanistan. Players may use the pregenerated Agents found in this scenario or create their own. Thanks to Delta Green's machinations, all have been in Afghanistan longer than they ever planned. Delta Green has always had fewer agents in Afghanistan than you'd think. They expect to be sent home soon. But now, they have a mission. Again.

The following document is for the Handler's eyes only.

The Operation

The Agents are on a helicopter bound for U.S. Army Forward Operating Base (FOB) Turner, in the remote mountains of Paktika province. It's just south of the Hindu Kush mountains near Pakistan.

The Agents received verbal orders from a Delta Green control officer at Hamid Karzai International Airport before they set off. A summary is on page 39. Copy it for the players or allow them to take notes reflecting the Agents' memorization of the instructions.

Background

Tim Ellis was in Delta Green too long. The stresses of his work with the group slowly burned away his marriage and all his relationships in the real world; and the dangers of Delta Green operations killed or crippled the fellow Agents who knew him. His Delta Green control officer recommended that the group take him out of rotation as a psychological casualty. They didn't. Agents were too scarce in Afghanistan. But they put him somewhere quiet.

Delta Green arranged for the CIA to station Ellis at FOB Turner, ostensibly to watch for Taliban activity. Delta Green instructed him to investigate rumors of Kali Ghati, a haunted village; to report what he learned to his control officer; and to take no further action.

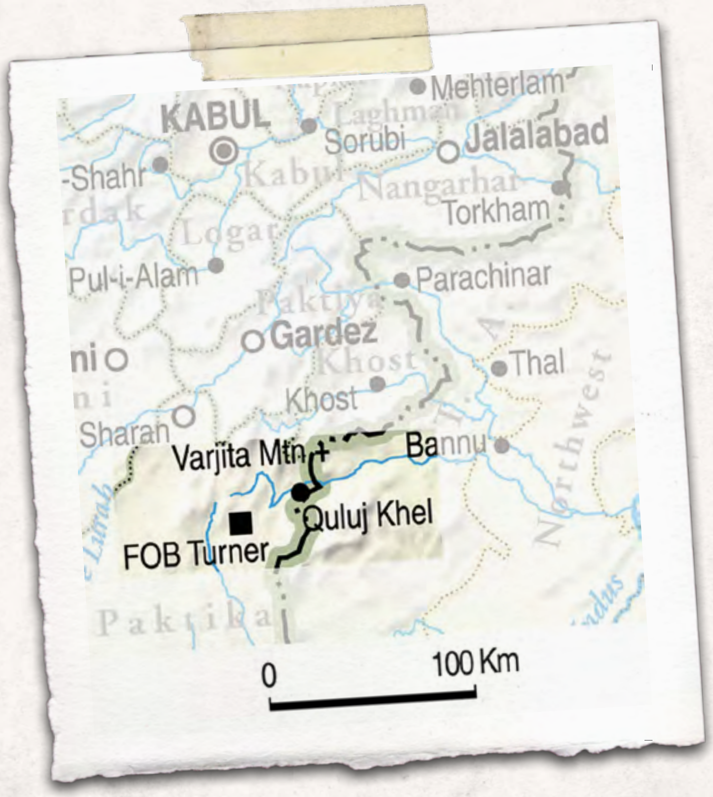
Weeks passed. In the relative calm of FOB Turner, Ellis grew obsessed with Kali Ghati. Finally he destroyed his notes and set out on foot for the village. He came face to face with the old power over which the village was built, and he was lost.

There are real-world places called Kali Ghati. None are related to the fictional locale in this scenario.

FOB Turner

Forward Operating Base Turner stands in the mountains of the Sar Hawza district of Paktika province, easternmost Afghanistan. It's a rough, rocky area broken up by steep river valleys, once heavily forested but now sparse from years of deforestation. Scrub brush and scraggly trees cling to the dusty ground where muddy creeks flow. It's summer, hot and thirsty.

FOB Turner has been in the process of standing down for months. Only about 60 U.S. soldiers remain in huts built for a thousand, organized in two platoons, commanded by Capt. Byers and two lieutenants.



About 120 Afghan National Army (ANA) soldiers have moved into FOB Turner and are being prepped and trained by the American troops. They live on the other side of the FOB.

There's been an uneasy ceasefire with the regional Taliban. Things were peaceful for the last few months—until this week.

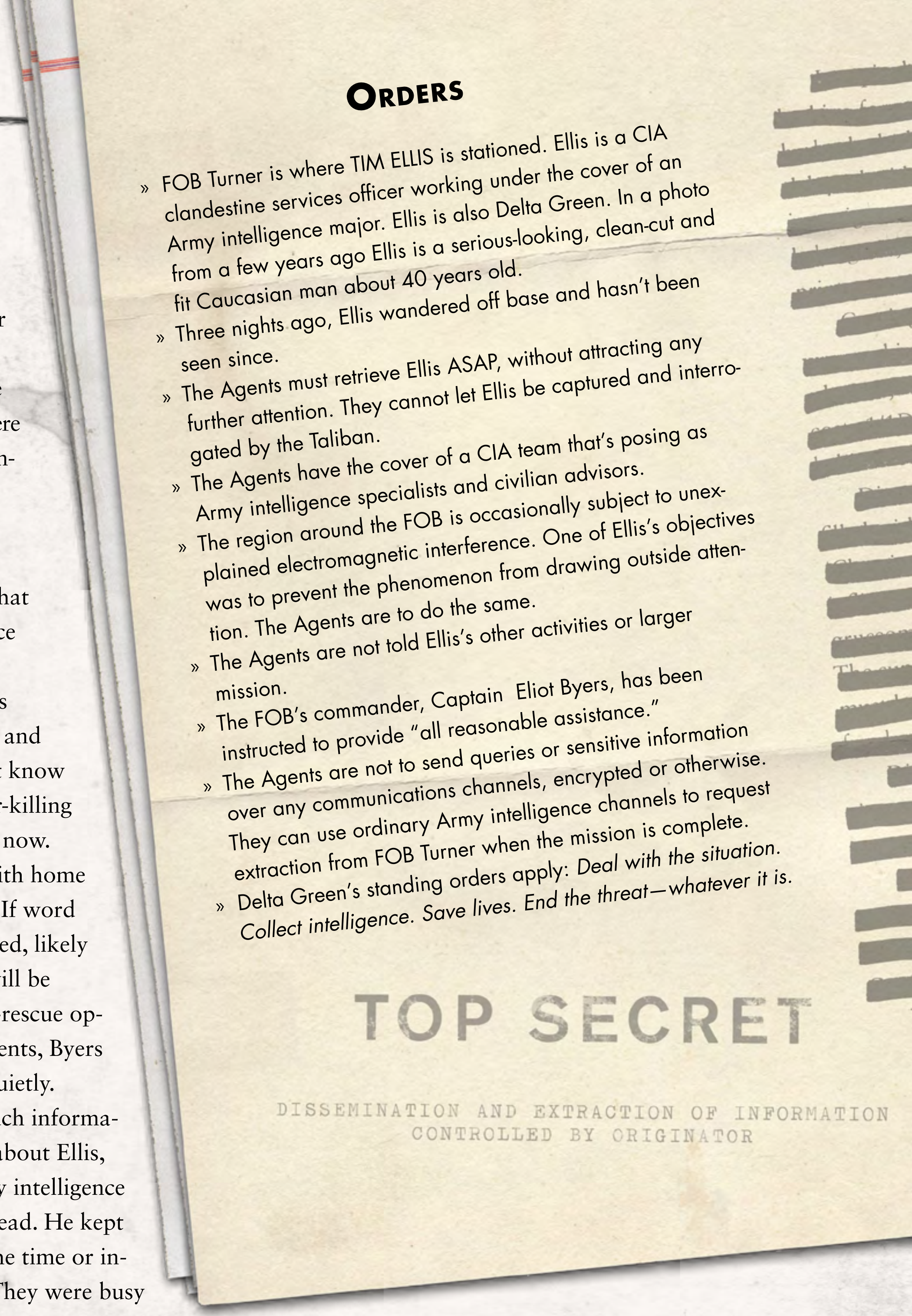
Captain Byers

Byers oversees the one company that remains in FOB Turner, which once housed a thousand men.

Ellis's wandering off has Byers and his two lieutenants (Jacobsen and Castro) rattled. The officers didn't know Ellis well, but they expect a career-killing media shitstorm to begin any day now. The base's soldiers are in touch with home on phones and laptops every day. If word gets out that an officer has vanished, likely into the hands of the Taliban, it will be trigger a monumental search-and-rescue operation. Even moreso than the Agents, Byers wants this resolved quickly and quietly.

But the officers can't offer much information. They knew next to nothing about Ellis, only that he was supposedly Army intelligence but was almost certainly CIA instead. He kept to himself, and they didn't have the time or inclination to keep an eye on him. They were busy with the handover and keeping the men in line, and they had orders to leave him alone.

Byers put guards on Ellis's hut after Ellis vanished. No one has been in Ellis's hut since then.



Orders

- FOB Turner is where TIM ELLIS is stationed. Ellis is a CIA clandestine services officer working under the cover of an Army intelligence major. Ellis is also Delta Green. In a photo from a few years ago Ellis is a serious-looking, clean-cut and fit Caucasian man about 40 years old.
- Three nights ago, Ellis wandered off base and hasn't been seen since.
- The Agents must retrieve Ellis ASAP, without attracting any further attention. They cannot let Ellis be captured and interrogated by the Taliban.
- The Agents have the cover of a CIA team that's posing as Army intelligence specialists and civilian advisors.
- The region around the FOB is occasionally subject to unexplained electromagnetic interference. One of Ellis's objectives was to prevent the phenomenon from drawing outside attention. The Agents are to do the same.
- The Agents are not told Ellis's other activities or larger mission.
- The FOB's commander, Captain Eliot Byers, has been instructed to provide "all reasonable assistance."
- The Agents are not to send queries or sensitive information over any communications channels, encrypted or otherwise. They can use ordinary Army intelligence channels to request extraction from FOB Turner when the mission is complete.
- Delta Green's standing orders apply: *Deal with the situation. Collect intelligence. Save lives. End the threat—whatever it is.*

TOP SECRET

DISSEMINATION AND EXTRACTION OF INFORMATION
CONTROLLED BY ORIGINATOR

[redacted]

Who Saw What

No one saw Ellis leave the base. The perimeter guards pay attention to the grounds outside, not the chance of people trying to get out. The camp has security cameras, but the whole region is subject to electromagnetic interference that sometimes makes electronics iffy. Byers can show the Agents camera footage that sees Ellis pacing outside his hut at 2258 hours; then there's interference with the video signal for nearly a minute; then Ellis is gone.

The Interference

The officers think the electromagnetic surges come from magnetic ore deposits. They've asked the brass for investigation and been told that there is no interference and they should take better care of their

>>Characters at FOB Turner

Name	Function	Attitude
Capt. Eliot Byers	Commander, FOB Turner	Angry, resentfully helpful
1st Lt. Bill Castro	Second in command	Angry, frustrated
2nd Lt. Erik Jacobsen	Third in command	Angry, frustrated
Sgt. Ryan Harding	Squad leader; assigned to guide and assist the Agents	Warily helpful
Sgt. Helen Moore	Supply specialist	Deeply loyal to anything that makes her job easier—and to nothing else
Sgt. Zucker Sams	Communications specialist	Curious, helpful
Spc. Douglas Booker	Medic	Warily helpful
Spc. Thomas Bryant	Driver	Warily helpful
Pvt. Samantha Boko	Guard at Ellis's hut	Warily helpful
Pvt. Cole Rosenberg	Guard at Ellis's hut	Angrily impatient; expects this to turn into a dangerous, sprawling catastrophe of a manhunt
Yasim Rahimi	Interpreter	Helpful until Kali Ghati comes up

equipment. U.S. troops cycle through yearly; none has stayed long enough to investigate in depth.

Talking to the Afghans

Byers does not want any surprises with his ANA counterparts. Any communications with the Afghans on base must be conducted in the presence of himself or one of his lieutenants. The Agents need a **Persuade** roll at a –20% penalty to change his stance. The base employs a civilian interpreter, Yasim Rahimi, who lives on the Afghan side.

Getting Equipment

If the Agents need gear, Byers offers what he can spare. Each member of the team can get three items of Standard expense and one item of Unusual expense. With a **Bureaucracy** roll the Agents can requisition a Major-expense piece of equipment or an equivalent restricted item. Each attempt after the first is at a –20% penalty.

Transportation

Byers has already put two vehicles on standby, armored trucks called MRAPs: "mine-resistant ambush protected." One has a driver for the Agents, another has a squad of five soldiers to back them up. Byers is adamant about never sending only one MRAP out; the vehicles are tremendously expensive and they drive in pairs to protect each other. Talking him into letting the Agents take just one without an escort requires a **Military Science (Land)** or **Persuade** roll at –20%.

What Ellis Left Behind

Ellis's hut was in the officers' section of the base. The officers have kept it under guard and the guards have been diligent, knowing people from high up will be coming through and looking to blame someone for whatever Ellis screwed up.

The hut is Spartan. It smells like bleach. Beneath the carefully-made bunk lies a large canvas bag with the U.S. State Department seal and a "Diplomatic Pouch" logo and a warning to not open it without permission.

The Agents can easily break the lock to open the diplomatic bag. It holds a few castoff gun-cleaning supplies, 18 used 9mm shells, the wreckage of a laptop computer, the somewhat charred remains of

>>Clues From Ellis's Laptop

Clue	Time Required (each)	Skill Required (Each)
First answer	1 hour	**Computer Science** or **SIGINT** 20%
Second answer	2 hours	**Computer Science** or **SIGINT** 20%
Third answer	3 hours	**Computer Science** or **SIGINT** 60%, or both 40%
Fourth answer	4 hours	**Computer Science** or **SIGINT** 80%, or both 60%
Fifth answer	5 hours	**Computer Science** or **SIGINT** 90%, or both 80%
Sixth answer	6 hours	**Computer Science** and **SIGINT** both 90%

>>Clues From Ellis's Notebook

Clue	Time Required (each)	Skill Required (Each)
First answer	1 hour	**Forensics** and **SIGINT** add up to 20%
Second answer	2 hours	**Forensics** and **SIGINT** add up to 40%
Third answer	3 hours	**Forensics** and **SIGINT** add up to 60%
Fourth answer	4 hours	**Forensics** and **SIGINT** add up to 80%
Fifth answer	5 hours	**Forensics** and **SIGINT** add up to 100%
Sixth answer	6 hours	**Forensics** and **SIGINT** add up to 120% or more

a notebook, and a small mountain of empty mouthwash bottles. A sniff with **Forensics** or **Pharmacy** 30% says the bottles were filled with contraband alcohol, forbidden to U.S. personnel, and a touch of food coloring for deniability. Ellis used his diplomatic cover to smuggle the booze on base.

Close inspection of the floor finds it was recently scrubbed with bleach. Closer study finds it bore long stains that might have been letters. Examining it with **Forensics** 40% and the right chemicals or a UV lamp reveals the shapes of the stains, blood that dried thoroughly before the half-hearted cleaning: In Ellis's finger-painted writing, the stains spell out "Kali Ghati" and "Death Awakens the Sleeper." If the Agents search the base's trash they can eventually find the bleach bottle and stained rags that Ellis used to clean up.

Ellis's Laptop and Notebook

Ellis's computer is in pieces since he shot it several times with a silenced pistol. **Craft (Microelectronics)** at 50% or higher can repair its damaged hard drive enough to piece some remnants together, taking four hours. Or the Agents can have Sgt. Sams from the Communications Hut do it, which takes 12 hours, if they don't mind the risk of Sams seeing something Delta Green would rather keep hidden. Once the laptop is repaired the Agents can decipher files with **Computer Science** or **SIGINT**.

Ellis kept a notebook where he wrote in a simple cipher for privacy. He drunkenly burned the notebook in a steel trash can. **Forensics** with the right tools can piece some charred remnants together; **SIGINT** can decrypt passages.

The greater their skills and the more time they spend, the more the Agents can learn. Each question takes longer to answer than the last; see the **CLUES FROM…** tables.

Answers follow. They can be gained in any order; customize them to the course of the Agents' research. This is an investigative scene so no rolls are required, only asking questions and having the necessary skill.

What Was Ellis Doing?

Ellis was pursuing rumors of supernatural activity in the region going back to the British occupation and before. He was particularly studying a rumored, perhaps mythical place called Kali Ghati ("Black Valley").

What Is Kali Ghati?

Kali Ghati is supposedly a village in the shadow of Varjita Mountain, which is about 40 km east of FOB Turner. That's a tribal area right on the Pakistan border, well outside the small area where the Americans at FOB Turner are allowed to operate.

How Was Ellis's Mood?

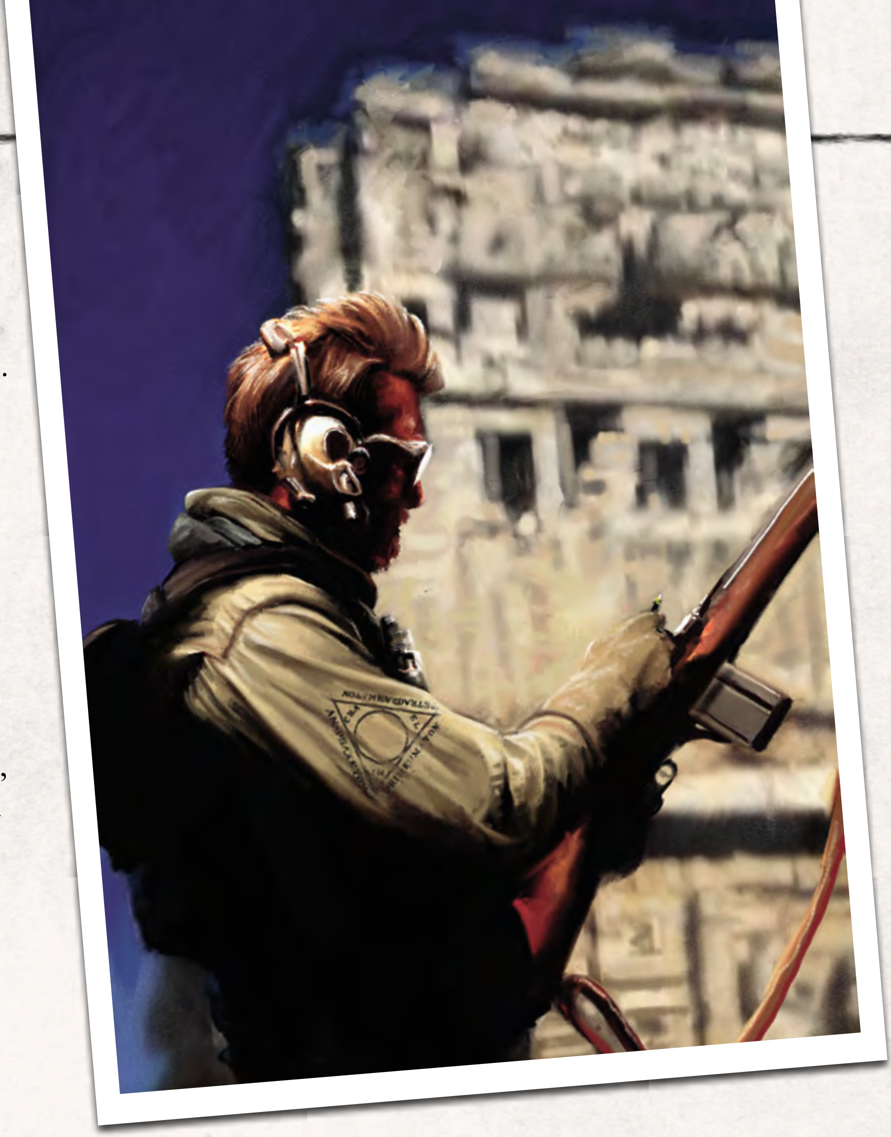
Ellis was increasingly depressed and suicidal. Isolation, the dissolution of his marriage and estrangement from his son, deepening alcoholism, and steeping himself in unnatural lore all wore him down.

Who Are the People of Kali Ghati?

According to the nearby villagers of Quluj Khel, the Kali Ghati people aren't Muslim, Christian or Hindu. They worship an old dragon-god that has no name. They claim their dragon-god is older and mightier than Allah. When there's no moon they do terrible, blasphemous things before an ancient golden idol. (For the Agents in FOB Turner, the new moon was 10 days ago.) They've lived in the Black Valley longer than anyone knows. The Zunbils, an ancient people whose draconic idol they stole (Zun was a sun god related to Shiva), shunned them a thousand years ago. The Muslims of Afghanistan shun them now. Ellis speculatively identified the Kali Ghati dragon-god with fringe myth-cyles of ascended spiritual masters from prehistory.

What Did Ellis Learn from Old British Sources?

There are scans from Victorian-era British histories of the region that mention Kali Ghati in passing. One author scanned extensively, Col. Arthur Blythe-Merriweather, describes a Kali Ghati guru who explored states of consciousness that led to immortality but could be achieved only by near-death experience. The guru reportedly repeated a mantra in the "native language" of Kali Ghati, said to be unrelated to Urdu or Pashto. The reproduced pronunciation is gibberish. The author translates it as "Death awakens the sleeper." The author also said the village vanished altogether when he departed. **Occult** 40% recognizes the author as a notorious opium addict who spent years in Broadmoor Criminal Lunatic Asylum; it's not clear from the text whether he ever went anywhere near Kali Ghati, let alone spoke to the supposed guru.



Why Did Ellis Leave the Base?

Ellis became obsessed with seeing Kali Ghati for himself. Not wanting to put anyone else at risk, he decided to go alone.

The Americans

The American soldiers are deeply frustrated and dispirited. Their army has spent ten years "mowing the grass," clearing up the Taliban in one area only to have them return as soon as the Americans move on. They are leaving the place barely changed from when they came. They feel like they've been fighting and dying just to help some politicians and administrators look good back home. The Taliban are just waiting for them to leave before they take over again.

Off duty, the American soldiers do anything they can to stave off boredom. They watch movies, play video games, work out, play football, talk to family over the Internet, complain about their officers, and count down the days until they cycle home.

The Americans and the ANA troops have little to do with each other outside of training. There have not been any "Green on Blue" attacks between Americans and their Afghan allies here, but they happen elsewhere from time to time. Every time the Americans meet with the Afghans, an American officer is present and one American soldier is designated as "guardian angel" to keep an eye out for ambush. The Americans dislike Afghan military culture. They say the ANA soldiers smoke hash all the time and many become sexually liberated or sexually abusive on their night off; the Americans mock it as "Man-Love Thursday."

About the Region

Patrolling the area around FOB Turner is frustrating. Inexplicable electromagnetic surges interfere with GPS and comms. Land mines dot the roads. The villages don't want anything to do with the ANA or the Americans or the Taliban. They placate all three, but expect that soon the Americans will go home and the Taliban will take over again.

About Ellis

The American soldiers all instinctively act dumb when asked about Ellis. Privately, they expect that if he wandered off it will mean danger and trouble for them. They don't feel like they owe him anything, and they don't want to be associated with anyone who fucked up that profoundly. Adjust their reactions according to the **CHARACTERS AT FOB TURNER** table on page 4.

Getting them to loosen up requires one of the following approaches.

- » A friendly Agent with **CHA** 13, or in most cases 10 for an Agent of the opposite sex.
- » Speaking to soldiers singly, away from officers.
- » Convincing them that they're speaking anonymously or that nobody but Ellis will take the blame for this fiasco.

If the Agents manage that, they learn:

- » The American soldiers all recognized Ellis was CIA. They just didn't know why he was stuck here where everything was winding down.
- » Two soldiers, Spc. Bryant and Spc. Booker, talked to Ellis more—probably more than they should have. Bryant drove Ellis around the area sometimes in one of the base's old Humvees.

Bryant and Booker

Bryant and Booker are buddies. Booker treats Bryant like a kid brother. Both come from Philadelphia. They look out for each other and they are even more paranoid than the other soldiers.

Specialist Bryant is a short, skinny driver and mechanic, a grinning kid from the city. Anyone with **HUMINT** 30% or more gradually realizes Bryant is shockingly smart, amazingly quick on the uptake, but with no money or discipline for college he uses all that intelligence on videogames and cars.

Specialist Booker is a brawny medic, a high-school linebacker who quit college when his football scholarship ran out and his young wife left him. He plans to be an EMT back home.

Bryant and Booker readily say what the Agents already know, that Bryant occasionally drove Ellis around to look at the area and speak to villagers. Ellis would drive out and confirm the location of hills and valleys and roads on the maps. Bryant drove Ellis most often to a village called Quluj Khel, about an hour's drive northeast near the border.

Getting them to open up more than that needs careful handling and **Persuade** 60%, or 40% for a female Agent. Bryant and Booker are especially wary of admitting that they drank alcohol with Ellis on base.

It's strictly against Army regulations. Ostentatiously ignoring signs of rulebreaking will go a long way.

Why They Fraternized With Ellis

Boredom. Sometimes they managed to cheer Ellis up.

About Kali Ghati

In his drunkest moments Ellis talked about finding Kali Ghati, the "Black Valley." He said some Afghans and old British writers said it was hidden in the mountains to the east, but it's not on any maps and most experts think it's a myth. Supposedly it lay under Varjita Mountain, which stands about 40 km north of FOB Turner. But those were just rumors. They don't think Kali Ghati is really out there. The Taliban would have destroyed it or taken it over by now.

Ellis's Interest in Kali Ghati

At first, Ellis sounded like he planned to drone-strike Kali Ghati into oblivion if he ever found it. He would never say why. Later, he said the old stories said people in Kali Ghati lived forever in perfect peace. He wanted to see it with his own eyes and was convinced the time would soon be right.

About Quluj Khel

Bryant says the Quluj Khel villagers were always friendly. He doesn't know the language so he doesn't know what they talked about, but he heard "Kali Ghati" from time to time. He got the impression that the villagers claimed they never heard of it, and that they were lying through their teeth.

Ellis's Strange Dreams

An interviewer with **HUMINT** 40% realizes Booker is holding something more back about Ellis that he doesn't want to say. The Agents can get him to open up by pressing him with a **Persuade** roll (there's a +20% bonus for a female Agent, but there's a −20% penalty if Booker knows the Agents already pushed Bryant too hard), or convincingly threatening him or Bryant with trouble for fraternizing with Ellis. If the Agents succeed, Booker describes Ellis telling him about dreams of unseen droning sounds that weren't sounds, voices that weren't voices. Clearly he was cracking up. He talked way too crazy for an Army intel officer, let alone CIA.

A Drone to Varjita

If the Agents request a surveillance drone to examine Varjita Mountain, it's denied. Ellis already sent one over Varjita. An electromagnetic surge shorted out the drone a mile from base, and it was never seen again. There's no hope of finding the wreckage in the tumbled terrain. The Army won't send another. The Agents are welcome to look at the footage. It's profoundly uninformative.

If one of the Agents has the **Pilot (Drone)** skill they might have brought one their own, maybe one of the little Pumas popular among special forces. If in doubt, allow them a **Military Science (Land** or **Air)** or **Bureaucracy** roll to see if they procured one before setting out. If they send it out looking for Kali Ghati, the operator must make a 50% **Luck** roll once an hour. On the first failure to signal cuts out for good and the drone is lost. Until then, the operator can roll **Pilot (Drone)** once an hour to find what looks like a village beneath Varjita Mountain; then an Agent can roll **Navigate** to plot the course on a map.

Ellis on Religion

An interviewer with **HUMINT** 50% realizes Bryant is holding something back that he doesn't like talking about. If an Agent makes any effort to establish a rapport with Bryant, Bryant relates a conversation he and Ellis had while drinking the last of Ellis's illegal vodka. Ellis told him that he didn't believe in God, the one God of Judeo-Christian traditions, because he knew there wasn't just one. He said we're surrounded by gods, all the time, but we never know it. He said he just wanted to see them, just once, before he died. Bryant could feel what Ellis meant, the sincerity of it, and it creeped him out.

The Afghans on Base

The ANA soldiers were sent from another province so their families wouldn't be at heightened risk from the Taliban. By American military standards the ANA are mostly amateurs who don't take their mission seriously. Corruption and drug abuse are rampant. Byers wants one of his lieutenants present any time the Agents speak to them.

Yasim Rahimi, a civilian interpreter who works for the Americans, is from a neighboring province and knows a little more about the area.

» Most of the Afghans have heard vague rumors of Kali Ghati. It's a bogeyman kind of place, the Black Valley where evil spirits live. It's not Taliban and it's not ANA. It's not on any maps. It probably doesn't really exist.

» Rahimi tries to play dumb and avoid discussing Kali Ghati. If the Agents press him, they find he wants absolutely no part of looking for it. He says without evidence but with deep conviction that everyone knows Kali Ghati is cursed and blasphemous. To seek out a place like that is to tempt the wrath of God. **HUMINT** 50% notices that such a strong assertion is strange, because Rahimi doesn't otherwise seem especially religious. But the rumors of Kali Ghati chilled him. He'll go along with the Agents to investigate it only if the officers at FOB Turner order him. Once outside the FOB, he stays with the Americans at all times. The only thing he likes less than going to Kali Ghati is being left outside the FOB alone.

Quluj Khel

The nearest village to FOB Turner is Quluj Khel, home to the Quluj clan, an offshoot of a larger network of clans mostly found in northern provinces. From FOB Turner it's two or three hours' drive northeast through rough hills that are unusually sparsely populated. Like Varjita Mountain nearby, it's on the Pakistan border in tribal areas that are off-limits to the Americans.

Quluj Khel is a hillside sprawl of poor stone houses and ramshackle huts. The village elder, Zahir Quluj, welcomes the Agents and sets out tea and snacks. He and the other villagers take all the time they need to answer questions. They can also offer clues that the Agents may have overlooked back at the base.

About Americans

The villagers have had good relations with the Americans until now, and even with the ANA soldiers moving into the American base from far away. They spoke with Ellis several times, sometimes accompanied by Bryant as driver. Other soldiers have come to Quluj from time to time bringing Rahimi as translator.

About the Taliban

The villagers have never had ties to the Taliban. They're so isolated that they have little notion of belonging to a broader nation at all.

About the Disappearance

At first the villagers convincingly claim complete ignorance about Ellis's disappearance. They say Ellis seemed like a friendly man, and he always brought gifts. They'll be sure to keep an eye out for him if he's lost.

About Kali Ghati

The villagers staunchly claim never to have heard the words "Kali Ghati." Bryant, if he's with the Agents, says that's bullshit. He heard them talk to Ellis about Kali Ghati plenty of times. The villagers say he must be mistaken and encourage him to have more tea.

An Agent with **HUMINT** at 60% (or 40% if the Agent also knows **Foreign Language** (**Pashtun**) at 20% or more) can tell that the villagers are lying.

HUMINT 70% (or 50% with **Pashtun**) can tell something of their mood while lying. They're not hostile or resentful. They're afraid.

Pressing Them on Kali Ghati

Pressing them further requires an **Anthropology** or **Persuade** roll. If it fails, they stubbornly deflect the questions, pretending not to understand. If it succeeds, they admit fearfully that a few of their men from time to time have joined a band of fighters who stand against Kali Ghati.

The fighters don't attack Kali Ghati directly, because only a fool would do such a thing. For one thing, the village is hard to find. A man can wander around the mountain until he starves and see nothing. Other times, the path to the evil place is plain. So the fighters keep watch. They make sure the haunted village and its people don't spread their evil, and they keep strangers away from it.

The fighters live in hidden camps. Sometimes they come to a village to demand food and ammunition, or to recruit a new young man. Nobody in Quluj Khel has seen them in more than a year.

The villagers absolutely deny that these fighters could have abducted Ellis.

If the Agents take this news back to FOB Turner, Captain Byers begins working with the ANA commander to plan another visit to the village, this time to question the villagers harshly in order to hunt down the fighters. The Agents will be long gone by then.

The Road to Kali Ghati

If the Agents set out for Kali Ghati, Capt. Byers sends them in a 20-ton Cougar 6×6 MRAP with eight seats. It sports an M2 heavy machine gun through a hatch on top. He sends Spc. Bryant as driver and mechanic to look after the Cougar, Spc. Booker as medic, and Yasim Rahimi as interpreter if the Agents request him. The Agents can designate a team leader as commander to sit in the front passenger seat.

Byers sends a 4×4 MRAP as escort with Sgt. Ryan Harding commanding, a specialist driving, and four soldiers in the back. Byers wants all the men back. He *needs* the MRAPs back. He can't replace them. The Agents can try to tell Byers to not send the backup MRAP, but he's stubborn. It'll require a **Persuade** or **Military Science** (**Land**) roll at a –20% penalty.

Communications

Every member of the team has an encrypted radio so they can talk to each other without eavesdroppers understanding. The team is designated by the callsign **BEACON**. The commander is **BEACON ONE**, the deputy commander is **BEACON TWO**, the rest are **BEACON THREE**, **BEACON FOUR**, and so on. Encourage the players to write their callsigns on their character sheets.

The FOB soldiers have combat air support on call. The team leader has the codes. But this is a Delta Green operation. That means keep everything secret. Minimize exposure.

Every time someone tries to use a radio, he or she must make a **Luck** roll, a 50% chance. If it fails, the electronics go nuts from some bizarre electromagnetic surge. The radio is permanently fried. The first time it happens, there's a howl of feedback that warbles oddly like a voice screaming gibberish. The third time a radio dies, and each time after that, costs 0/1 **SAN** from the unnatural, with maximum of 1 **SAN** lost per Agent.

The Ambush

The Afghanistan mountain road blazes in the summer sun. They two armored vehicles are driving through a ravine that rises sharply on either side and opens into a wider hillside about one kilometer ahead. The road is isolated, stark, barren, and blazing. The vehicle smells of dust, diesel fumes, and stale sweat.

Let the Agents decide whether their vehicle is leading or following. Let them decide whether they have the hatch open and someone manning the M2 machine gun. Tell them that if they have someone up there on the gun, they may have better situational awareness but the gunner is at a little more risk.

About three hours into the four-hour drive, Kali Ghati is 5 to 10 km east. The FOB is 30 km west.

See who has the best **Alertness:** the driver, the commander in the front passenger seat, or the gunner up top with the M2 (if there is one). Whoever has the best **Alertness** can make a test at –20%. If it succeeds, he or she spots a glint of metal in the dirt road far enough ahead to sound a warning. The driver stops the vehicle and backs away. Everyone turns off radios (radios are used to trigger bombs) and scans for ambushers and other bombs. The team is being attacked; proceed as in **TURN BY TURN** (this page), but adapt it to both vehicles being intact.

If the **Alertness** test fails, there's a massive blast from a buried improvised explosive device (IED). The Agents' MRAP lurches and rolls onto its side and onto its top, tumbling the Agents inside. (Search YouTube for "IED explosion flips MRAP in Afghanistan.")

If someone was in the hatch manning the machine gun, he or she must make a **Dodge** roll to duck safely inside as the MRAP rolls. Otherwise the gunner suffers a 30% Lethality hit from being crushed. The machine gun is destroyed.

The Cougar is an armored personnel carrier built to protect the passengers from even very heavy mines. It works. As the Agents shout at each other in the darkness it sounds like nobody inside is hurt. But the upended Cougar has problems. Beneath the ringing of their ears the team can hear its engine grinding unhealthily. They can smell fuel and smoke.

Each Agent suffers a 0/1 **SAN** loss from violence.

There are three firing ports on each side of the passenger compartment. The ports are at crazy angles, half in the dirt and half looking into the sky. Above the passenger compartment is the machine-gun hatch, blocked with the MRAP on its top. Thanks to the impact and the roll, the double doors in back are jammed shut too.

The only way out is through the crew doors in front. The team needs to take turns and it's a grindingly slow process. Equipment has spilled everywhere.

The team's escort rolls to a stop 80 meters away.

Turn by Turn

Here we assume the Agents were in the second MRAP and it got flipped by the bomb. Adjust the details as necessary.

Yasim Rahimi

Army interpreter, age 45

STR 14 **CON** 11 **DEX** 6 **INT** 15 **POW** 11 **CHA** 16

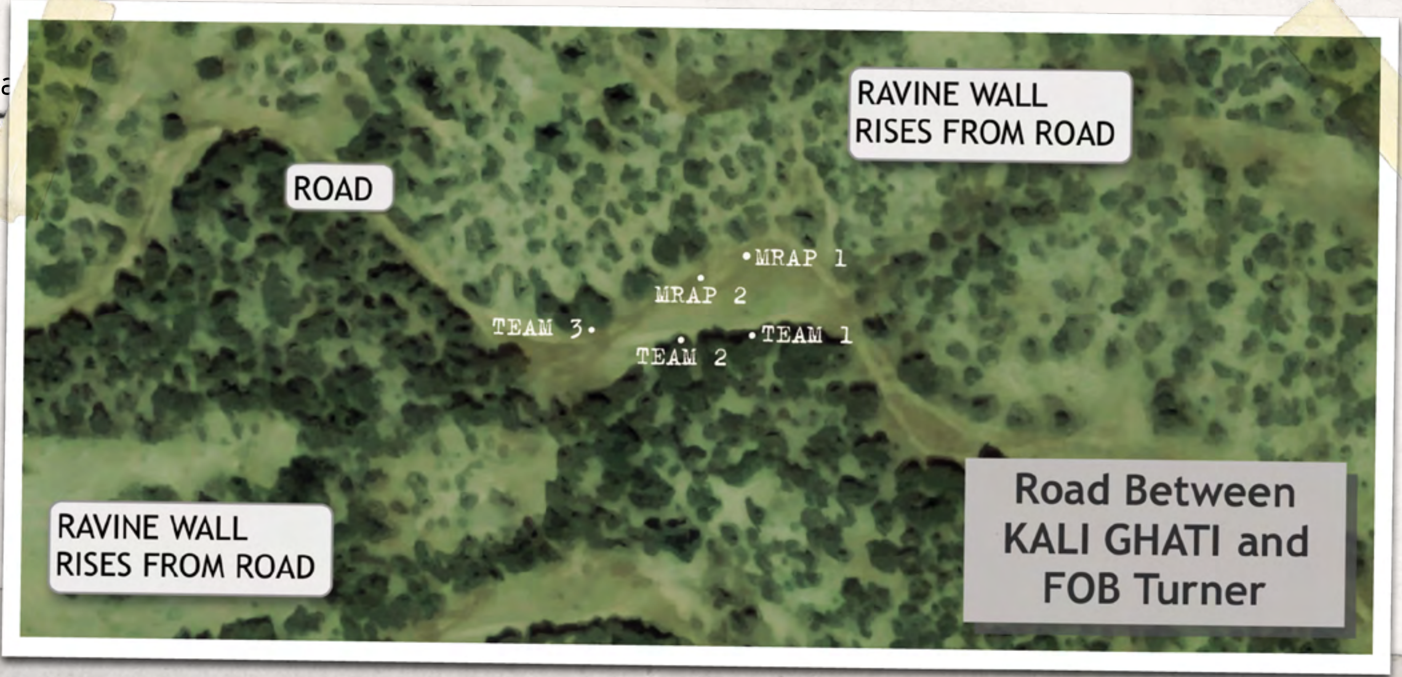
HP 13 **WP** 11 **SAN** 55 **BREAKING POINT** 44

SKILLS: Anthropology 20%, Art (Journalism) 50%, Bureaucracy 50%, Criminology 50%, Dodge 60%, Foreign Language (English) 40%, Foreign Language (Urdu) 40%, Foreign Language (Arabic) 40%, Foreign Language (Russian) 40%, History 40%, HUMINT 60%, Persuade 50%, Stealth 50%.

ATTACKS: *Unarmed* 40% (Damage 1D4).

NOTES: Rahimi's native language is Pashtun. As long as things are calm, Rahimi is helpful and friendly. He uses American slang badly and talks about moving to New York City like his cousin. He studied to be a journalist and hopes to write about Afghanistan for the American press. But he is even more reluctant to be here than any of the soldiers. Everyone from this region has told him that Kali Ghati is blasphemous and cursed. Rahimi was never devout, but the local tribes' deep certainty infected him. He takes every opportunity to recommend forgetting Kali Ghati and going back to the base.

EQUIPMENT: Tactical body armor and helmet worth 6 points of protection; hand-held radio to listen in on Taliban communications.


ROAD
RAVINE WALL RISES FROM ROAD
MRAP 1
MRAP 2
TEAM 3
TEAM 2
TEAM 1
RAVINE WALL RISES FROM ROAD
Road Between KALI GHATI and FOB Turner

Spc. Thomas Bryant

Army driver, age 20

STR 8 **CON** 12 **DEX** 14 **INT** 16 **POW** 11 **CHA** 14

HP 10 **WP** 11 **SAN** 55 **BREAKING POINT** 44

SKILLS: Alertness 70%, Athletics 40%, Craft (Mechanic) 60%, Craft (Electrician) 20%, Drive Auto 60%, Drive Heavy Machine 60%, Firearms 40%, First Aid 30%, Heavy Weapons 40%, Military Science (Infantry) 30%, Navigate 60%, Persuade 30%, Search 40%, Stealth 30%, Unarmed Combat 50%.

SPECIAL TRAINING: Hand Grenades (Athletics).

ATTACKS: *M4 carbine* 40% (Damage 1D12 or Kill Damage 10%).

M9 pistol 40% (Damage 1D10).

M67 hand grenade 40% (Lethality 15%).

M9 bayonet 30% (Damage 1D6−1).

Unarmed 50% (Damage 1D4−2).

NOTES: Bryant is a scrawny, acerbic kid from downtown Philadelphia, surprisingly smart but deeply, deeply lazy. He is not at all happy to be here. He's looking forward to going home as soon as they finish handing over the FOB to the Afghan National Army. He has no interest in adventuring down IED Alley. As soon as the ambush winds down, he is all for turning around and hiking back to the FOB. Bryant is very sharp and follows orders pretty well but is primarily interested in survival. If he comes under fire he takes cover and keeps his head down unless motivated by an Agent with a persuasive argument and a CHA test.

EQUIPMENT: M4 carbine, M9 bayonet, Beretta M9 pistol, six M67 hand grenades, six spare M4 magazines, and two spare pistol magazines; tactical body armor and helmet worth 6 points of protection.

Spc. Douglas Booker

Army medic, age 24

STR 16 **CON** 14 **DEX** 15 **INT** 14 **POW** 13 **CHA** 13

HP 15 **WP** 13 **SAN** 65 **BREAKING POINT** 52

SKILLS: Alertness 50%, Athletics 60%, Dodge 40%, Drive Auto 40%, Firearms 40%, First Aid 50%, Foreign Language (Pashto) 20%, Heavy Weapons 40%, Medicine 40%, Military Science (Infantry) 30%, Navigate 40%, Persuade 30%, Pharmacy 40%, Psychotherapy 30%, Science (Biology) 20%, Search 60%, Unarmed Combat 60%.

SPECIAL TRAINING: Hand Grenades (Athletics).

ATTACKS: *M4 carbine* 40% (Damage 1D12 or Kill Damage 10%).

M9 pistol 40% (Damage 1D10).

M67 hand grenade 60% (Lethality 15%).

M9 bayonet 30% (Damage 1D6+1).

Unarmed 60% (Damage 1D4).

NOTES: Booker's no happier about the situation than Bryant. But he does his best to keep people alive. Booker was a football star in college, but quit when the scholarship ran out and his wife left him. He's good-looking and friendly, dependable, and he looks out for people. But he has a surprising mean streak when he gets angry.

EQUIPMENT: M4 carbine, M9 bayonet, Beretta M9 pistol, six M67 hand grenades, six spare M4 magazines, and two spare pistol magazines; tactical body armor and helmet worth 6 points of protection; medic's bag.

The first few turns pass with the other MRAP slowing to a stop and looking for targets. The team in the overturned MRAP gets their bearings and begins to fear the combined smells of gasoline fumes and smoke.

The MRAP's hull provides 20 points of armor, but that should comfort no one. Tell the players explicitly that SOP is clear: *Get the fuck out of the vehicle before rockets start pouring in.*

The driver and team leader can awkwardly shove the heavy front doors open and crawl out. They'll be leaving their rucksacks behind unless they feel like they have the luxury to start handing them out from inside.

During the action, players with noncombatant Agents can play American soldiers if they like.

TURNS 1–4: In each combat turn there's time for two Agents to crawl out of the wreck. Instead of leaving, one can attempt a **STR** or **DEX** test to hand out a rucksack full of equipment (including water!) or to find and hand out a first aid kit. If the test fails, the Agent is hung up or stumbles. Nobody can get through the door until he or she moves.

Once out of the wreck, an Agent can look around from behind the cover of the MRAP, ready a weapon, or run over to rocks beside the road about 10 meters away on either side. The rocks give 10 points of armor.

If an Agent pauses to look around, a **Military Science (Land)** roll predicts the most likely locations of ambushers. The players must choose who makes the roll—which one they're going to listen to. If other Agents with **Military Science** are also scanning, that gives a +20% bonus. If the **Military Science** test succeeds, the spotter can point out suspected rocks and gaps. If it fails, the Agents and NPCs are looking in the wrong places.

If it succeeds, in the next turn every Agent who paused to watch those spots can attempt an **Alertness** test. The first success spots a fighter hiding in rocks at the top of the ravine, about 150 meters away. A second success spots yet another about 50 meters from the first. The third success spots another in rocks at the side of the road, 100 meters behind the Cougar. Three groups of foes are attacking. If a group goes unnoticed, each Agent who is outside and on watch, rather than attacking or otherwise focusing on something difficult, can roll **Alertness** again to spot its movement.

The fighters in each group usually stay five to ten meters apart. A hit with a Kill Radius of 5 meters typically affects one of them. A 10-meter Kill Radius affects two or three.

The ambushers on the road leapfrog from rock to rock. Watchful Agents can see them getting closer, wild-eyed and screaming. As a broad average the group moves about 10 meters per turn. As a rule of thumb, three fighters on the road shoot in a given turn. But their goal

>> Ambush Team 1 (RPG Team, North)

Name	HP	Weapons
Farah Nagi (leader)	10	RPG-7, spare rocket, AK-47, 3 grenades
Alim Sattari	10	AK-47, 2 RPG rockets, 3 grenades

>> Ambush Team 2 (Machine Gune Team, South)

Name	HP	Weapons
Abdul Abdullah (leader)	10	AK-47, box of machine-gun ammo, 3 grenades
Mu'taskim Sherkhanzai	10	PK machine gun, 3 grenades

>> Ambush Team 3 (Assault Team, Road)

Name	HP	Weapons
Anass Wahidi (leader)	10	AK-47, 3 grenades
Fariad Gulzar	10	AK-47, RPG rocket, 3 grenades
Jawid Durani	10	RPG-7, spare rocket, AK-47, 3 grenades

AFGHAN FIGHTERS' SKILLS *Drive Auto 30%, Firearms 30%, Heavy Weapons 30%, Persuade 30%, Ride 30%, Stealth 40%, Survival 50%, Unarmed Combat 40%*

>> Weapon Stats

Weapon	Base Range	Ammo	Damage	Armor Piercing	Lethality	Kill Radius
M2 HMG	400 m	200 (belt)	n/a	5	20%	3 m
M4 carbine	100 m*	30	1D12 if not on full auto	3	10% if on full auto	1, 2, or 3 m if on full auto
* The M4 carbine is equipped with an advanced combat optical gunsight. This allows a +20% bonus to hit if the shooter has taken no damage since his or her last action, and doubles an attack's base range if the shooter spent the previous turn taking the Aim action.						
M9 bayonet	n/a	n/a	1D6 (1D8 if fixed)	3	n/a	n/a
M249 SAW	200 m	200 (belt)	n/a	3	10%	3 m
M203 GL	150 m	1	n/a	0	15%	10 m
Hand grenade	20 m	n/a	n/a	0	15%	10 m
M9 pistol	15 m	15	1D10	0	n/a	n/a
PK machine gun	300 m	200 (belt)	n/a	3	15%	3 m
AK-47 assault rifle	100 m	30	1D12+1 if not on full auto	3	10% if on full auto	1, 2 or 3 m if on full auto
RPG-7	200 m	1	n/a	20*	30%	10 m

** The RPG-7's Armor Piercing value applies to a direct hit only, not to targets in its Kill Radius.*

is not really to close in and kill the Americans on the ground, just to distract them while the RPGs take aim from the ridge.

Three soldiers disembark from the other MRAP. Its driver pulls it behind low rocks for partial cover. Its commander tries to use the radio with no luck.

TURN 5: The ambushers open fire to distract or suppress the Americans. From the ridge comes the rattle of two AK-47s firing and the more rapid bursts of a PK machine gun, concentrating on the lead MRAP. In a given turn, one ambusher from each team is attacking and the others are taking cover or reloading.

The fighters in the ravine by the roadside close in, leapfrogging from rock to rock for cover.

Starting this turn, at the end of every turn one of the Agents must make a **Luck** roll, a 50% chance. If it fumbles, the fire in the overturned MRAP reaches its fuel tanks and explodes. That kills anyone inside it and does 20% Lethality in a 10-meter radius.

TURN 6: The M2 atop the other MRAP thumps heavily, returning fire. Don't bother rolling for it or the fighters attacking it. Just describe their action as you like. Roll dice only for the Agents and their own attackers. The fighters in the ravine continue to close in. In any given turn, three fire to suppress the Americans while the other three move up.

On the ridge, the fighters who bear rocket-propelled grenade launchers take aim at the other MRAP. An Agent who is specifically watching and taking stock rather than attacking, or who is attacking targets on the ridge, or who succeeded at **Military Science** earlier, can spot the RPGs with an **Alertness** test before acting and point them out to others. The fighters aiming RPGs don't have the benefit of cover.

TURN 7: Unless the Agents dealt with the fighters who have RPGs, there's the *whoof* of rocket-propelled grenades firing from the ridge at the other MRAP. Roll for these. They spent last turn aiming (+20%) and their target is large (+20%) but it has partial cover requiring a called shot (–20%), so each has a 50% chance to hit.

The first hit damages the MRAP with an ugly *crump* sound. The M2 gunner suffers 30% Lethality from the blast. A second hit disables the MRAP and does blast damage to the gunner again, and to the driver and commander inside. A third hit destroys the MRAP in an explosion of black smoke and igniting fuel and kills everyone inside. Seeing comrades suffer like that triggers a 0/1 **SAN** loss from helplessness, or 0/1D4 if three or more rockets hit. NPC soldiers who see it scream in shock.

TURN 8+: The fighters' goal is to leave the Americans stranded on foot. If they succeed, they all attempt to break contact and retreat. They expect the stranded Americans to retreat back to the base rather than continuing on to Kali Ghati.

The Fighters

There are seven ambushers, all men from villages around the region. They act in three teams: two teams on the ridge and a larger team on the road, closing in from behind.

These fighters are desperate to keep the Americans out of Kali Ghati. All are adapted to Violence. They often ignore suppression. Any Agent with **HUMINT** at 30% or higher finds their fanaticism surprising.

But they're only human. If two teams are wiped out, the survivors hunker down in fear and then retreat the next turn.

Now What?

One of the MRAPs may be fucked, or maybe both. The FOB will need to come out with other MRAPs to tow the wreck home. Barring that, SOP says to remove all communications gear and sensitive electronics and destroy the interiors with thermite charges. Either way, Byers is not likely to loan another one. (If the Agents take that route, it takes a **Persuade** test at −20% to convince Byers that risking yet another MRAP is "reasonable assistance".)

But those are all problems for later. Radio, satphone and GPS signals are a mess. The electronics are prone to frying for no reason. The team reported in for the patrol log not long ago, but it'll be hours before a new patrol comes looking.

They can go on to their objective and complete the mission or go back to the FOB. Kali Ghati is about 10 km away. The FOB is 30 km the other direction.

On foot they can average about 3 km per hour on the road, or 2 km per hour with wounded. Or they could leave the road and go the hills to reduce the chance of another encounter, but that will at least double the travel time.

If the second MRAP is still functional, they can probably reach Kali Ghati in another hour or so, assuming there's a clear path when they get close. (If it took only one RPG hit, the Agents or soldiers can get it working with a **Craft** (**Mechanic**) roll.)

Every Agent knows what Delta Green would say: *Finish the mission before things get any worse.*

As they decide, they can deal with casualties, talk to their escorts, and interrogate captives.

Sundown is at 1900. Keep track of the hours. The drive from the FOB to Varjita Mountain was expected to take four hours. The ambush struck three hours in. Interviewing captives takes an hour. During that hour, Booker or an Agent can make **First Aid** tests to treat the wounded.

In the heat and carrying armor and gear, each Agent must roll **Survival**. Exhaustion sets in after half CON in hours if the Agent's **Survival** test succeeds, or a quarter CON in hours if it fails. Round up at 0.5.

The Troops

Bryant and Booker yell at the Agents for making them and all their dead friends leave the FOB and get ambushed again so close to the end of their tour. The soldiers are angry, afraid, and grieving. Deep down, though, Booker still wants to bring Ellis home. Bryant is far more interested in remaining in one piece: "Ellis went that way, right up IED Alley. I'm done with him." But he stays with his buddy.

Captives

If the Agents interrogate a captive Afghan fighter—perhaps between dying gasps from a horrible abdominal wound—he warns them away from Kali Ghati. That's why his people attacked the earlier patrol. These fighter are not Taliban; they're men from villages in the region who know that Kali Ghati is cursed. And it's a curse like poison—it spreads. It will spread to the Americans if they go there.

The captives admit woefully that they spent their entire local force on the ambush. There won't be more insurgents coming unless the nearest Taliban heard of the trouble and come to investigate.

The captives urge the Americans to shun Kali Ghati. If their foolish soldier went there, let him suffer whatever awful things those pagans do to strangers.

Interrogating the captives for intelligence on the Taliban or other insurgents takes hours because the captives don't want to share that information. Whatever information they provide may interest Captain Byers back at the FOB, but doesn't pertain to this mission.

Varjita Mountain

Do they approach the Black Valley on tracks through the hills or along the road? The road is faster but more dangerous. Where there's one IED, there's usually another.

If the Agents insist on waiting for help from the FOB or from air support despite comms being down, it turns out the captives were wrong. The Agents spot a swarm of machine-gun-mounted pickup trucks approaching on the goat tracks: Taliban fighters came to the area after hearing about the earlier attack and are investigating smoke from the ambush. Time to move.

The Agents' GPS and even their compasses sporadically give them trouble. The compass needle sometimes claims that "east" is on the wrong side of the morning sun. Electronics warble and surge and spark.

If they follow the road on foot, they find a path up Varjita Mountain in 1D4+1 hours, or 2D4 if they're carrying casualties. (Or do they leave the casualties with the wrecks to be picked up by a later patrol or the Taliban?) If they plotted the village's location on a map using a drone in the section **A DRONE OVER VARJITA,** halve the times.

In an MRAP it takes only an hour to reach the path up Varjita. But the vehicle's commander must make a **Luck** roll, a 50% chance. If it fails, the vehicle hits another damned mine. Everyone inside suffers 1D10 damage; their body armor protects them. The vehicle is demolished. This time, there's no follow-up ambush.

If on foot, they might leave the road and go into the hills following goat trails to avoid another ambush. The team leader must roll a **Navigate** test every 1D4+2 hours to stay on track, or every 2D4 hours if carrying casualties. There's a +20% bonus if another Agent with **Navigate** at 40% or better double-checks the leader's work. If it succeeds, the navigator realizes that his or her sense of direction is being screwy. The sun is right over there; it's morning; that should give you some idea of east. But it's hard to stay going the right direction. Each **Navigate** test that fails consumes those hours without progress and brings them that much closer to exhaustion. Resolve this wandering quickly at the table; use it play up the Agents' increasing desperation, thirst, and fatigue as the long hours pass and they come nearer to Kali Ghati.

In the Black Valley

From the hills or the road, the path up and beyond the mountain is a steep climb up huge rocks among weeds and scrubby grass. It doesn't call for a roll unless someone is badly encumbered—for example, by carrying a casualty. In that case, it requires an **Athletics** test. Failure means a tumble for 1D6 damage. Armor doesn't reduce that damage.

Over this spur of the mountain, the path leads into a valley. A small village squats at the far end, two kilometers away, in the shadow of limestone cliffs: Kali Ghati.

Not long after the team enters the valley, Agents notice changes in the plant life. The grasses and bushes are ugly and diseased-looking. An Agent with **Science (Biology)** at 40% or better recognizes that they're suffering from some subtle fungal ailment. The team can take samples, but needs a lab to discern details. (The fungus, it turns out, is utterly unrecognizable, built on a structure other than DNA, and quite impossible. Studying it and learning that, perhaps as a pursuit between missions, costs the researcher 1 **SAN** from the Unnatural. It's a fantastic scientific discovery if the Agent cares to publicize it. Surely Delta Green won't mind, right?)

WHAT IF THE AGENTS QUIT?

That's always a risk when Delta Green operations go bad. Who could blame the Agents for wanting to leave Ellis to his own devices?

Delta Green, that's who. If the Agents quit the mission, they each individually have a long and unpleasant debriefing with their control officer. Delta Green has a mission that's life or death for humanity; it needs Agents who are willing to put everything on the line for that mission, even when they don't understand or don't like their orders. And so on. Most likely, this results in the Agents being dumped from the program with dire reminders to never say a word about it to anyone. Whether Delta Green comes back to the former Agents later is up to you.

Getting kicked out of the official Delta Green program may earn an Agent a recruitment pass from some rival conspiracy.

It's unsettlingly quiet in the valley, silent most of the time. But occasionally, a wail that's either ecstatic or despairing comes crying from the direction of the village and slowly dwindles.

If the Agents or their scouts settle in somewhere hidden to watch and observe, time passes quietly. The village at the far end of the valley is ancient and decaying. Wooden buildings with mud mortar slowly rot in the shadows of the cliffs. Sickly goats wander in and out of rickety pens. No trouble awaits the intruders in the valley or the village.

The Village

Approaching the village the Agents smell an odor of mold and rot and lye.

Letters are carved around every crumbling doorframe. Anyone with 20% or more in **Foreign Language (Hindi)** or **(Urdu)** recognizes it as an old, debased form of Hindi. Anyone with 40% or more can read the letters. They describe an ancient priest who has lived under the ground forever and knows the ways of the stars and all the worlds and the future.

Again they hear the long wail. Pursuing it they find a withered villager in the grip of ecstatic delirium, supposedly communing with unseen spirits.

But most of the villagers welcome the newcomers openly and with smiles. They speak an ancient dialect of Urdu, heavy with Hindi phrases. As far as they're concerned this is a friendly visit—grounds for a "shura," a tribal meeting. It's a tradition common in the region.

The Agents see no children. There are fewer than a dozen, all kept behind locked doors. The people of Kali Ghati have living, healthy children very rarely.

In the middle of the village is a little temple. Inside, worn with countless years, an ancient golden statue of a dragon with ruby eyes sits on a pedestal. Anyone with a **History** skill of 60% or more—or anyone who has both **History** and **Urdu** at 40%—recognizes the ancient sun-god Zun.

The village leader is an ancient woman named Badaa Bahan. Anyone who speaks **Urdu** or **Hindi** at 20% or higher recognizes the name as meaning "Elder Sister." It might be an honorific, but she says she has no other name. She offers green tea outside her house, in sight of the temple, and answers questions willingly.

About Ellis

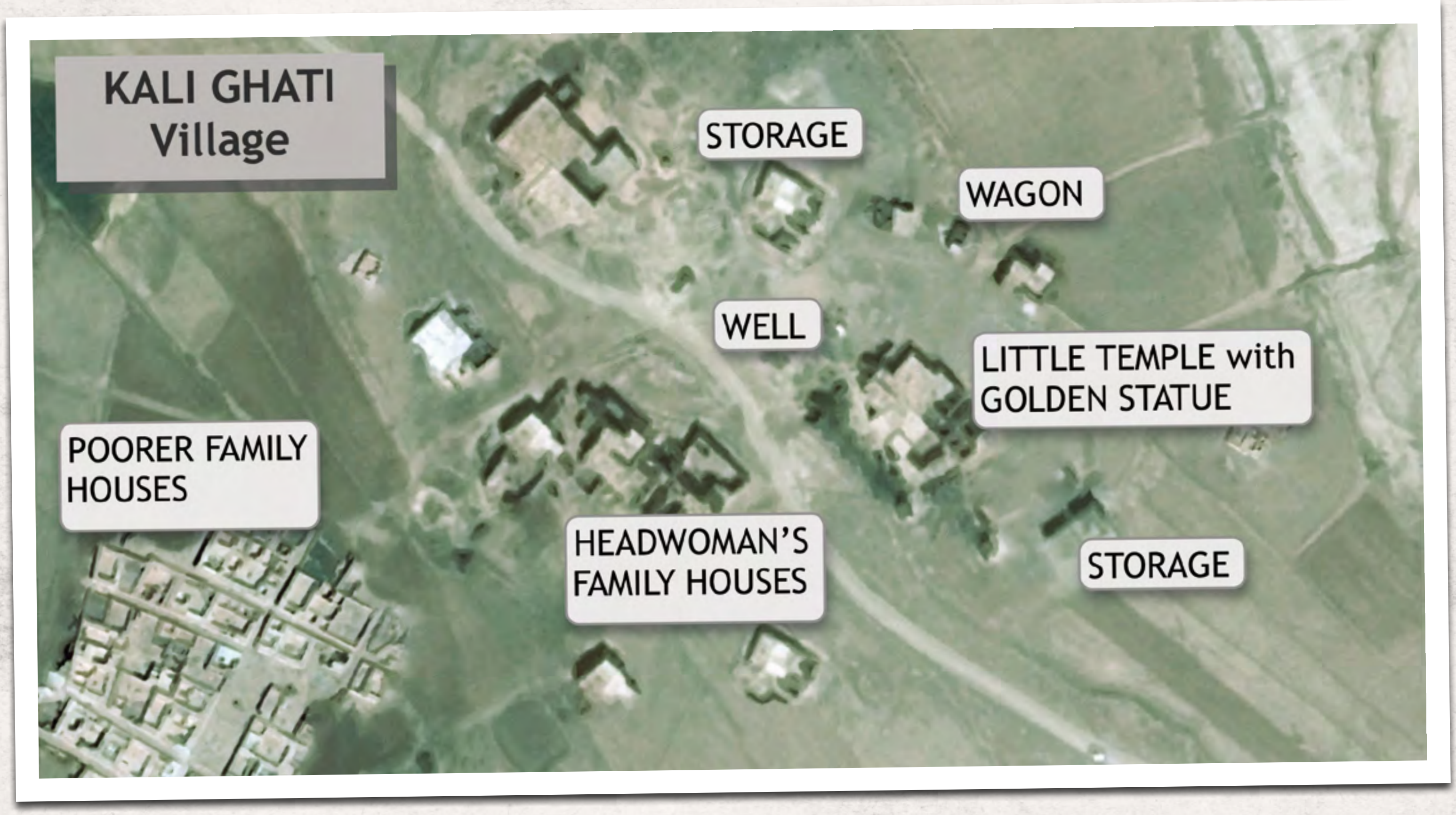
The villagers recognize Ellis from a photo or description. They say he came to Kali Ghati a couple of days ago. He was dehydrated and sick, and seemed lost, but said he came seeking wisdom. They took him up the hillside into the temple to recover.

About the Taliban

The villagers' word for the Taliban, other Afghan outsiders, and Americans alike is "Navaganatuk," meaning "newcomer." They say the big Navaganatuk (the Americans) sometimes fight the hairy Navaganatuk (the Taliban or other Afghans). They don't know why.

About the Carvings

The villagers say they revere a sleeping god who is also a servant of higher masters. He lives in the temple on the cliff. He has no name, so they call him Baabaajaan, "revered old man." His masters are themselves but priests of forgotten gods greater still. When all the great priests fully awake, they can teach their lowly human followers the names and ways of the true gods of the universe.



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About the Idol

If the Agents ask whether the golden dragon represents Zun, that strikes the villagers as immensely funny. "That young god!" Badaa Bahan calls Zun, whose worship died a thousand years ago. The idol may have been made to look like Zun, but they have kept it as a sign of their own god-priest, master of the air and the earth. Their god-priest lives in the temple on the cliff. That's where they took the other Americans for healing and for wisdom.

Threatening the Villagers

If the Agents threaten the villagers or interrogate them more forcefully, they don't get more coherent. The strongest emotions, fear and pain and joy and rage, are all one to them and send them into singing reveries.

Are These People Crazy?

An Agent who looks for signs of insanity and makes a **Psychotherapy** roll finds it in spades.

Closer Questioning

Taking the time to question the villagers more closely yields interesting results.

Is Ellis Still Alive?

"Yes. He is with Baabaajaan. So are we. So are you. We all will live forever with Baabaajaan."

Is There Really a God-Priest in the Temple?

Of course. "Baabaajaan has been there since the world was young. He will be there to help us see the light of reality when all the gods wake up."

What Specifically Is the 'God-Priest'?

"Baabaajaan is light and darkness. Earth and water. Wind and fire. Time and timelessness. Life and death. The great dragon of truth." (Any of the villagers can go on like this for hours.)

What Will Happen If We Go Into the Temple?

"Perhaps you will share the glory and wisdom of Baabaajaan. Or perhaps you will find only the healing of silent contemplation."

What Will Happen If We Kill All You Evil Cultists Here and Now?

"We will live forever in the bosom of Baabaajaan." (The villagers seem enthusiastic about that.)

What Is the Meaning of "Death Awakens the Sleeper"?

"Most of us are asleep even when awake! Baabaajaan teaches that only the most important, sometimes frightening events wake us up and make us truly alive." (**HUMINT** 60% can tell that's not the whole story, but nothing can get more of it out of them.)

What to Do Next

If the Agents need any prodding, any remaining troops from the FOB insist on bringing Ellis out of the cliff-top temple. If any Agents refuse to go in, let the players take the roles of the poor NPCs going underground in their stead. Or see page 16 for **WHAT IF THE AGENTS QUIT?**

If the Agents or their allies are hurt or exhausted, the villagers happily give them a house to rest and plenty of foul-tasting food and tea for refreshment.

If the Agents ask to go to the temple, the villagers agree willingly. They send a sturdy man for each Agent to help with the difficult climb.

On the Cliffs

The entrance to the temple sits on a height of limestone cliffs overlooking the valley. Reaching the top takes two hours on a treacherous path.

It doesn't require a roll unless the Agents are wearing body armor and carrying weapons while climbing and refused to let the villagers send two men each to help them climb. In that case, each Agent must make an **Athletics** test. Failure leaves the Agent exhausted. Fumbling a test means slipping. The Agent can attempt a **DEX** test to catch the rocks. Failing that means a fall of 1D10×3 meters onto rocks.

At the top of the climb, a peak overlooks the village on one side and the sprawling mountainside on the other. It's airy and starkly beautiful, a dizzying emptiness of sky all around contrasting with the dark hidden valley of the village below.

The "temple" entrance is an uneven crack in the limestone about two meters across and six high. A **Science (Geology)** skill of 30% or better recognizes that it formed naturally in a tectonic movement long ago. Ancient Hindu statues stand broken and defaced. The villagers say they have always been that way.

Beyond the threshold, human-scale steps have been carved roughly by hand over countless years. They descend between sheer walls of uncarved stone, unevenly, farther and farther. Light from above is soon lost.

After descending for a while, one of the Agents realizes that the quality of the stone on either side has changed. The stone is no longer limestone sheared apart in some unknown convulsion of the earth. It's a strange, unknown, green-black substance. A **Science (Geology)** skill of 50% or better reveals, disturbingly, it's a substance not known to geology. The limestone had been the ocean floor in the Mesozoic or Paleozoic eras. This black stone is not bedrock. It's cold and damp to the touch and seems to leave naked fingers dry as if it sucked the oil from the surface of skin. All of that costs 1D4 **SAN** from the unnatural for the geologist and 0/1D4 for anyone he or she tells. Losing zero **SAN** probably means denial; surely the "expert" is wrong.

Close Air Support

The Agents may want to just call in an air strike as soon as they lay eyes on Kali Ghati. But even if their comms are not all be fried due to interference, their Delta Green control officer won't hear of it. The Agents are there to bring Ellis back or confirm his death. Delta Green will not bomb a village just because the Agents are spooked.

Typical Village Guide

Likely names: Abdul, Azhar, Bilal, Ghulam, Javed, Shahid

STR 12 **CON** 14 **DEX** 13 **INT** 9 **POW** 9 **CHA** 9

HP 13 **WP** 9 **SAN** 0 **BREAKING POINT** n/a

SKILLS: Alertness 50%, Athletics 60%, Dodge 40%, Melee Weapon 50%, Navigate 60%, Stealth 60%, Survival 60%, Unarmed Combat 50%.

ATTACKS: Hatchet 50% (Damage 1D6+1).

Long knife 50% (Damage 1D6, AP 3).

Unarmed 50% (Damage 1D4−1).

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Where

The first seam the Agents spot in the black stone might be construed as a crack. The next, and then a joining of two, clearly mean they were constructed. But how? The blocks are vast; they must weigh a hundred tons each, impossibly deep beneath the cliffs. That's another 0/1D4 **SAN** loss from the unnatural. In some forgotten epoch they must have shifted in the convulsions of the earth and revealed the gap that became this stairway.

The Guides

At the top of the stairs, the guides from the village prepare a camp and say they will wait for the visitors to return. If a player specifically says an Agent is watching the villagers closely, the player can make a **HUMINT** roll to sense that the villagers are up to something. There's a barely subdued, excited sense of expectation or anticipation about them.

If the Agents leave guards with them, the villagers do not object.

After a long while, about when the Agents who went below are at the bottom of the stairs, their guides from the village set out down the stairs after them. If the Agents left guards, the guides try to ambush them, pin them down, and cut their throats.

If the Agents refused to allow guides to come with them and left guards behind, a gang of villagers attempts to sneak up on them. Make an opposed test of the guards' best **Alertness** against the villagers' **Stealth** to avoid surprise.

The Shunned Temple

When the stairs end at last, the Agents find themselves in a vast chamber, one of many. The walls and floor are shaped in vast curving, spiking designs that seem to fold into each other in bizarre ways that hurt the eye and mind. Anyone who succeeds at any **Art** skill test while pondering these designs loses 1/1D4 **SAN** from the unnatural.

Anyone using night-vision goggles notices baffling patterns in the green-black rock that are invisible to flashlights and the naked eye; the stone reflects differently in infrared. A **History** or visual **Art** skill of 50% or better discerns symbology: stars flaring to supernova, and living things of uncertain form and size flying between them; the passage of epochs of time; the Earth itself, its continents merged into one. An **Unnatural** skill of 15% or better recognizes elements of the absurd myth-cycles of forgotten Xoth, a far-off star said to be home to alien beings who came to Earth when life as we know it was primitive.

If an Agent narrates these discoveries, companions notice his or her voice growing breathless, captivated by a sense of awe, excitement and hunger. The speaker unwittingly glories in the conquests of the mythic winged things from the stars. Bringing this to the breathless Agent's attention costs that Agent 0/1D4 **SAN** from helplessness.

Openings 30 meters tall lead from one chamber to the next. Huge stone protrusions and shapes defy meaning. Proportions are wrong, as are the angles of the floor and walls. Approaching a great gaping doorway, an Agent instead finds himself touching a wall that should have been far to the right. **SAN** loss from the unnatural: 0/1.

The air is thick with smells of acid, mold and rot.

Ellis Sings

As they explore, the Agents hear the voice of Ellis, the missing man, farther onward, screaming. If they come closer they realize his voice is singing, but it's terribly cracked from strain or misuse.

They find him in a huge chamber. Ellis kneels in darkness—he is nude and has no light with which to see—before an angular black stone slab high as a barn. Atop the slab lies a Shape. Each Agent must roll **Alertness**. Failure means the Agent's eyes stay on Ellis and avoid focusing upward, at least for now. Success sees what's there.

It's vast as a hill. Bulging scaly flesh seems alternately grey-black-green streaked with white veins or the other way around in a polypus riot of pulsing slime. Anyone viewing it in infrared sees hints of its bulk that seem to overlap with what can be seen with the naked eye and that fade into nothingness along impossible curves and angles. The **SAN** loss from the unnatural is 1/1D10.

Lost in madness, Ellis tries to awaken the thing which lies before him. If the Agents take the time to talk, Ellis stops singing and turns. He says that when the villagers brought him here the Sleeper awakened for a moment, only a moment, enough to touch Ellis's mind. He exulted helplessly, fascinated, horrified, rejoicing. The shape soon stilled and slumbered again. The villagers left him here, recognizing him as one of their own. He's been trying to awaken the Sleeper ever since.

It requires no skill to see his insanity. He holds an ancient knife. His body is covered in bloody cuts from it.

"Blood will awaken Him," he croaks, dizzy with relief. He staggers toward the Agents, meaning to sacrifice the nearest for another touch of his god's mind.

In the second combat turn, the villagers who stalked them make their appearance unless the Agents left guards who stopped them. The villagers shout and revel in murderous joy. If anyone dies they are ecstatic, but they want to make sure the strangers die first.

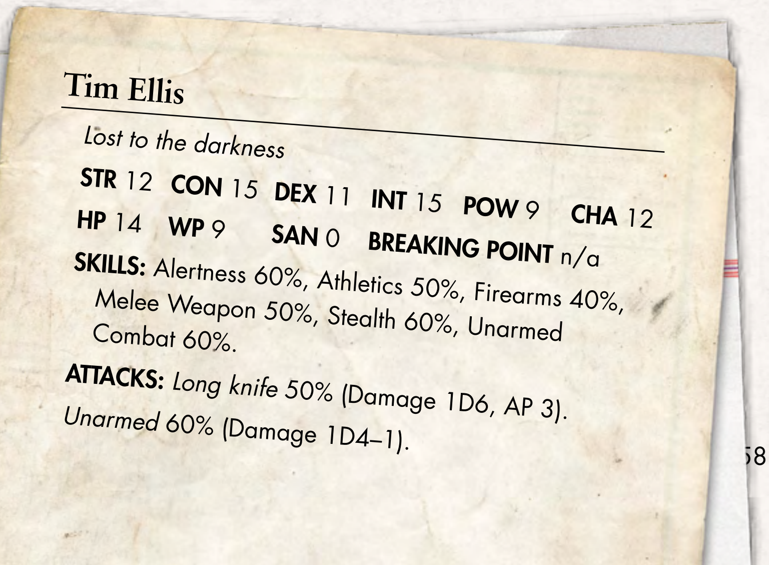
» When one human being dies here, the Shape stirs. A flap unfolds like a claw or a wing. Everyone notices this in a moment of unwilling silent awe.

» When a second human being dies here, thirteen glistening green eyes open. Then, to those with ears to hear, it speaks.

The God-Priest Speaks

The god-priest was already catatonic, the stars not being right, when its city and temple and tomb collapsed in an upheaval of the earth long before dinosaurs or trees evolved. It has only occasionally stirred in the aeons since.

The presence of the god-priest exerts a strange force on the region. Worshippers built Kali Ghati to be near it, to feel the touch of its impossible thoughts. Over millennia they became as entangled with its dreams as with the Earth that bore them. Often they



Tim Ellis

Lost to the darkness

STR 12 **CON** 15 **DEX** 11 **INT** 15 **POW** 9 **CHA** 12

HP 14 **WP** 9 **SAN** 0 **BREAKING POINT** n/a

SKILLS: Alertness 60%, Athletics 50%, Firearms 40%, Melee Weapon 50%, Stealth 60%, Unarmed Combat 60%.

ATTACKS: *Long knife 50% (Damage 1D6, AP 3).*

Unarmed 60% (Damage 1D4−1).

live in other dimensions, other versions of reality. When the stars come right, the god-priest becomes more real to our own world, its thoughts more alert, and Kali Ghati can be found. In recent weeks it has begun to stir. Tim Ellis sensed its thoughts, sought Kali Ghati, and found it ready for him.

When the god-priest speaks, each Agent must make a **SAN** test. Overly sensitive Agents are worst off. There's a –20% penalty for having an **INT** of 17 or better or having **Art, Occult** or **Psychotherapy** at 60% or better.

If the **SAN** roll succeeds, the Agent feels only a creeping subliminal dread subsumed in the abject horror that confronts the other senses. **SAN** loss from the unnatural is 1D6, or 1D8 if viewing it in infrared.

If the **SAN** roll fails, the character is overwhelmed by a psychic "shout" emanating from the Shape. It can only be approximated as a voice shouting or babbling what should be nonsense if it were a voice—yet it is clearly filled with utterly alien meaning. **SAN** loss from the unnatural is 1D10.

Insanity strikes the Agents in different ways. At least one is overcome in an epileptic fit as electrical signals in the brain surge spasmodically. Another attacks his or her nearest comrade with bare hands, desperate to hold down and devour this person.

During all this, the electronics in night vision devices and even the wiring in flashlights spark and snap in something like an electromagnetic pulse. Each Agent must make a **Luck** roll. If it fails, the Agent's light source is ruined.

What the Agents see as a creature is only the aspects of it perceptible to our dimensions. They have no weapons that can truly harm it. An attack with Lethality of at least 40% and a Kill Radius of at least 10 meters causes part of it to explode into mist and slimy fragments which nevertheless cohere, slowly regathering together. The rest of the god-priest shambles away, distracted. Within an hour it will be back to normal.

Those who don't collapse can attempt to flee. Reaching the surface requires three **INT** tests to find the way out. Roll the **INT** tests in a series of turns. Each turn, the half-awakened Shape pursues, stumbling and slavering. At the end of each turn, each Agent who passed the initial **SAN** test loses 1/1D4 **SAN** from the unnatural; each who failed is more acutely attuned and loses 1/1D6.

- » **FIRST INT SUCCESS:** Making progress, stumbling through the blackness.
- » **SECOND INT SUCCESS:** What is this shape of stone? Is it familiar?
- » **THIRD INT SUCCESS:** The stairs! Climb to the light!

In each turn, each Agent who failed the **INT** test must also make an **Athletics** test. Failure means stumbling in fatigue or in vertigo as the floor seems to suddenly be a wall or ceiling. Whoever fumbles or fails with the highest roll smells and hears the thing come up and tastes its acidic fume in the air. The victim gets one **Dodge** test to scramble away and survive another turn. If that fails, the victim dies, overwhelmed by massive claws and a mouth too horrible to contemplate.

The Shape won't depart its temple. Fugitives who reach the stairs are safe—from the monster, that is. They can hear the shrieks of chaos from the village. If they climb down there, see the rules in **ON THE CLIFFS**, page 18. Chaos and blood await them.

Black Mountain Side

If the Agents on the heights try to climb down the other side of the mountain to avoid going back into the Black Valley, each must attempt an **Athletics** test. Failure means taking 1D6 damage in a tumble or a fall in the uneven, crumbling rocks. A fumble means 2D6 damage. It takes 1D6 hours to reach safe ground where they can start looking for the road home.

Ravening for Delight

Did any Agents stay in the village while others climbed the cliffs and went underground?

When and if the God-Priest awakens, each Agent and non-villager NPC above ground must make a **SAN** test or psychically "hear" the awakening god-priest's awful shout. The same penalties apply for **INT** 17 and for **Art, Occult,** or **Psychotherapy** 60%, but

there's a +40% bonus because the signal is blocked by the solid earth and only "echoes" out of the temple's doorway. If the test fails, the character senses the Shape's ravings and loses 1D10 **SAN**.

And in that moment, the village suddenly rises against them with shocking savagery, consumed by the spirit of their stirring god-priest and ravening for the delight of slaughter.

The villagers ignore any Agents who were overcome with insanity by the alien thoughts of the god-priest. After all, those might join them in serving it. The villagers attack the rest. To get around body armor, they try to grapple and pin their victims so others can hack or strangle them.

Don't track individual villagers' wounds. As a rule of thumb, any insane villager drops when hit for 5 or more points of damage. Otherwise, the attack hurts a villager but another takes his or her place. With their god-priest awake, the villagers are immune to fear and cannot be suppressed by Lethality, only killed or crippled by it. Remember the **SAN** costs of combat.

First, the Agents are attacked by the 3D6 nearest villagers. The nearest villagers may have been giving them food and water or otherwise helping, but suddenly a mad fury seizes them. The rest of the village screams and howls incoherently outside. Then the villagers remember the Agents and come for them. There are about a hundred villagers, all suddenly murderous.

Flight

Agents in the village must move about 50 meters between the hovels to reach the fields outside.

One of the Agents can roll **Military Science (Land)** at the beginning of each turn to predict where the mad villagers are likeliest to come from and guide the Agents away. The roll doesn't count as the Agent's action. If it succeeds, the Agents can move safely that turn. Otherwise 1D4 villagers spot the Agents from 3D6 meters away and attack.

Once out of the village, the Agents can stop in the open ground if they want and set up a firing position. Every turn after this point, another 1D6 villagers rush at them. They bunch together carelessly and are easy fodder for heavy weapons.

Typical Villager

Nameless and insane

STR 9 **CON** 10 **DEX** 10 **INT** 10 **POW** 11 **CHA** 10

HP 10 **WP** 11 **SAN** 0 **BREAKING POINT** n/a

SKILLS Alertness 30%, Athletics 40%, Melee Weapon 30%, Stealth 30%, Unarmed Combat 40%.

ATTACKS *Hatchet* 30% (Damage 1D6+1).

Long knife 30% (Damage 1D6, AP 3).

Unarmed 40% (Damage 1D4–1).

Siege

If the Agents fortify a house and defend it, that limits access by the villagers, but also limits the Agents' fields of fire. Each turn, 1D4 villagers break, climb, or crawl through. If the Agents fortified the house with an appropriate **Craft** skill, they can roll **Craft** each turn; if it succeeds, that section holds and no villagers break through.

With ingenuity and a second successful **Craft** test, the Agents might knock down beams and build stout enough barricades to block access altogether.

In an hour, the Shape in the mountain returns to its slumber and its thoughts fade from the minds of its surviving worshippers, leaving them to collapse in utter exhaustion. Then, the trail out is safe.

Aftermath

Assuming any agents escape Kali Ghati, what do they do about it?

Blight

Any Agent or NPC who lingered in the village for more than two hours is at risk of catching a nameless disease related to the fungal blight they might have seen in the valley. It has a Speed of 2D6 hours, a Penalty of 0, and does 1D6 Damage. Each failed **CON** test also costs 1D6 WP as the infection saps health and willpower.

Air Strike

The Agents may push their Delta Green control officer to arrange an airstrike on Kali Ghati. That requires a **Persuade** or **Military Science (Land)** test to convince the right people it's a terrorist camp. If that succeeds, the Agents can come observe the video feed.

Their sense of direction was skewed approaching the valley—not least because the village only occasionally exists in our reality—but they can attempt to plot it on a map. The Agents must roll **Navigate** and either **Artillery** or **Military Science (Land)**. Then one of them can make a **Luck** roll to see what happens.

» **ALL THREE ROLLS SUCCEED:** The bomber closes in on Varjita Mountain, but Kali Ghati is gone.

» **TWO ROLLS SUCCEED:** The bomber hits a village. The observing Agents are sure it's some other village in a similar valley and lose 0/1D4 **SAN** from violence. The people responsible for the airstrike emphatically deny such an error.

» **ONE ROLL SUCCEEDS:** The plane's electronics surge and die as it approaches the village. The pilot ejects. If the **Luck** roll is odd, the pilot is rescued safely. If it's even, the pilot dies fighting off the Taliban.

» **NO ROLL SUCCEEDS:** As with one success, but the pilot is never heard from again. You decide how much the Agents must do to cover it up.

Going Home

Within a couple of weeks, the American troops are pulled out of the FOB, two months ahead of schedule. At that point, even Delta Green seems to lose interest in Kali Ghati. Agents pressing to revisit it are told to drop it. They get to go home. Forget that village.

Finishing the Job

Heroic Agents might take it on themselves to return to Varjita Mountain with enough high explosives to collapse the limestone cliffs and bury the ancient inhuman temple from all human eyes. That's worth a reward of 1D6 **SAN**. The Shape there slumbers on, oblivious, waiting. When they arrive, there's no sign of Kali Ghati. The village will return when the stars are right and its god-priest stirs once more.

PERSONAL

NAME AND RANK Maj. John Jordan	PROFESSION AND EMPLOYER U.S. Army Special Forces officer
SEX ☐ F ☑ M ☐ ________	AGE 38
PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION	

REMARKS

PERSONAL DETAILS

You got your history degree and signed up as an Army officer just in time for the War on Terror. You joined the Rangers and then the Special Forces. You've spent your career on foreign soil training allied fighters, fighting insurgents and dedicated foes, and sometimes fighting the very allies you trained. It's been a long and dispiriting war with no real changes to show for it. But things are different with Delta Green. You joined that secret program years ago. You were on the periphery of a Delta Green operation and they needed your skills. After seeing the bizarre, unnatural things they were up against you signed on to help them some more. Once or twice a year the program has you temporarily reassigned to some ad-hoc task force or other in order to confront some supernatural threat and save others from being exposed. It doesn't feel like you're making any more of a change in humanity now than before; but now you're saving humanity from things worse than itself.

GEAR AND NOTES

Red-filtered helmet flashlight. Encrypted radio, binoculars, compass, plastic handcuffs.

Day-sack with GPS, smoke grenades, mini-flares, Gerber multitool, night vision goggles, eye protection, earplugs.

Rucksack with sleeping bag, poncho, first aid kit with morphine, 6 liters water, 2 days rations.

M4A1 carbine, selective fire, with eight extra magazines and advanced combat optical gunsight (+20% to hit if you've taken do damage since your last action; double base range when you take the Aim action). Medium pistol (Colt M9, 9mm) with four extra magazines. Six M67 hand grenades. M9 bayonet.

SPECIAL TRAINING	SKILL OR STAT USED
Hand Grenades	Athletics
Parachuting	DEX
SCUBA gear	Swim

EQUIPMENT

WEAPONS	SKILL %	DAMAGE	ARMOR PIERCING	RANGE
Unarmed	60%	1D4		
M4A1 carbine [full auto]	60%	1D12 [10% Kill Damage 1–3 m.]	3 [3]	100 m.
M9 pistol (9mm)	60%	1D10		15 m.
M67 hand grenade	80%	15% Kill Damage 10 m.		20 m.
M9 bayonet	70%	1D6+1		

ARMOR

Tactical body armor and helmet (Armor 6)

Body armor reduces the damage of all attacks except Called Shots and successful Lethality rolls.

INJURIES

WOUNDS AND AILMENTS

Has First Aid been attempted since the last injury? ☐ If yes: only Medicine, Surgery, or long-term rest can help further

STATISTICAL DATA

STATISTICS	SCORE	×5	DERIVED ATTRIBUTES	MAX	CURRENT
Strength (STR)	14	70%	Hit Points (HP)	14	
Constitution (CON)	13	65%	Willpower Points (WP)	12	
Dexterity (DEX)	11	55%	Sanity Points (SAN)	99	55
Intelligence (INT)	10	50%	Breaking Point (BP)		48
Power (POW)	12	60%			
Charisma (CHA)	9	45%			

PSYCHOLOGICAL DATA

BONDS	SCORE
(Choose one teammate)	5
(Choose another teammate)	5

MOTIVATIONS AND MENTAL DISORDERS

Motivation: Protecting humanity.
Motivation: Finishing the mission.
Motivation: Converting enemies to allies.
Motivation: Helping victims fight for themselves.
Motivation: Doing the job right.

INCIDENTS OF SAN LOSS WITHOUT GOING INSANE

Violence ☑ ☑ ☑ *adapted* Helplessness ☐ ☐ ☐ *adapted*

SKILLS

Accounting	10%	First Aid	30%	Ride	10%
Alertness	50%	Forensics	0%	Science:	0%
Anthropology	0%	Heavy Machinery	10%		
Archeology	0%	Heavy Weapons	50%	Search	20%
Art:	0%	History	30%	SIGINT	0%
		HUMINT	30%	Stealth	50%
Artillery	0%	Law	0%	Surgery	0%
Athletics	80%	Medicine	0%	Survival	50%
Bureaucracy	30%	Melee Weapons	70%	Swim	50%
Computer Science	0%	Military Science: Land	60%	Unarmed Combat	60%
Craft:	0%			Unnatural	0%
		Navigate	50%	Languages & Other Skills:	
Criminology	10%	Occult	20%	Pashto	30%
Demolitions	40%	Persuade	20%	Persian	20%
Disguise	10%	Pharmacy	0%	Urdu	20%
Dodge	50%	Pilot:	0%		
Drive	40%				
Firearms	60%	Psychotherapy	10%		

THIS IS A WORK OF FICTION

PERSONAL

NAME AND RANK Murray, Ph.D.	PROFESSION AND EMPLOYER Historian and CIA consultant

SEX ☐ F ☐ M ☐ ________	AGE 39	PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION

REMARKS

PERSONAL DETAILS

After several years at a prominent university ended without you getting tenure, you took a more lucrative contract with the CIA as a way to build up your family's nest egg. That was supposed to be for one year, but the pay was good and you took a second contract. That's where things went bad. While researching the history of a particularly notorious tribe you uncovered bizarre things, horrifying things, ancient texts that revealed unnatural truths and warped your mind. Realizing what you'd seen, the team you were with signed you into Delta Green, a secret program dedicated to thwarting unnatural threats and saving others from exposure.

They've only sought your help a couple of times since then. Most of your time is spent with CIA teams, as before. But since then the Agency has found loopholes and clauses in your contract that have kept you overseas year after year, and you have to wonder why.

FUGUE STATES: When your SAN drops by 1 or more, you must make a follow-up Sanity test or your mind shuts down; you go catatonic or wander off in a disconnected daze.

GEAR AND NOTES

Red-filtered helmet flashlight. Encrypted radio, binoculars, compass, plastic handcuffs.

Day-sack with GPS, smoke grenades, mini-flares, Gerber multitool, night vision goggles, eye protection, earplugs.

Rucksack with sleeping bag, poncho, first aid kit with morphine, 6 liters water, 2 days rations.

Medium pistol (Colt M9, 9mm) with four extra magazines.

RESTRICTED
TOP SECRET//ORCON//SPECIAL ACCESS REQUIRED-DELTA GREEN

SPECIAL TRAINING	SKILL OR STAT USED

EQUIPMENT

WEAPONS	SKILL %	DAMAGE	ARMOR PIERCING	RANGE
Unarmed	40%	1D4-2		
M9 pistol (9mm)	20%	1D10		15 m.

ARMOR

Tactical body armor and helmet (Armor 6)

Body armor reduces the damage of all attacks except Called Shots and successful Lethality rolls.

INJURIES

WOUNDS AND AILMENTS

Has First Aid been attempted since the last injury? ☐ If yes: only Medicine, Surgery, or long-term rest can help further

STATISTICAL DATA

STATISTICS	SCORE	×5	DERIVED ATTRIBUTES	MAX	CURRENT
Strength (STR)	8	40%	Hit Points (HP)	9	
Constitution (CON)	10	50%	Willpower Points (WP)	141	
Dexterity (DEX)	10	50%	Sanity Points (SAN)	99	56
Intelligence (INT)	18	90%	Breaking Point (BP)		42
Power (POW)	14	70%			
Charisma (CHA)	12	60%			

PSYCHOLOGICAL DATA

BONDS	SCORE
Spouse and kids	12
Grad student you're mentoring	12
Best friend	12
Church or support group	12

MOTIVATIONS AND MENTAL DISORDERS

Disorder: Fugue States (see left).
Motivation: Going home.
Motivation: Protecting culture from zealots.
Motivation: Painting.
Motivation: Understanding the sweep of history.

INCIDENTS OF SAN LOSS WITHOUT GOING INSANE

Violence ☐ ☐ ☐ *adapted* Helplessness ☐ ☐ ☐ *adapted*

SKILLS

Accounting	10%	First Aid	10%	Ride	10%
Alertness	20%	Forensics	0%	Science:	0%
Anthropology	70%	Heavy Machinery	10%		
Archeology	40%	Heavy Weapons	0%	Search	20%
Art: Painting	20%	History	80%	SIGINT	0%
		HUMINT	10%	Stealth	10%
Artillery	0%	Law	0%	Surgery	0%
Athletics	30%	Medicine	0%	Survival	50%
Bureaucracy	40%	Melee Weapons	30%	Swim	20%
Computer Science	0%	Military Science:	0%	Unarmed Combat	40%
Craft:	0%			Unnatural	10%
		Navigate	50%	Languages & Other Skills:	
Criminology	10%	Occult	60%	Arabic	20%
Demolitions	0%	Persuade	60%	Hindi	30%
Disguise	10%	Pharmacy	0%	Pashto	20%
Dodge	30%	Pilot:	0%	Persian	50%
Drive	40%				
Firearms	20%	Psychotherapy	10%		

THIS IS A WORK OF FICTION

PERSONAL

NAME AND RANK Robles	PROFESSION AND EMPLOYER CIA clandestine officer	
SEX ☐ F ☐ M ☐ ________	AGE 36	PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION

REMARKS

PERSONAL DETAILS

After college you tried a career as a photojournalist, but a close call with a terrorist attack left you angry and wanting a piece of the fight. You applied to the CIA they eventually took you in. As a clandestine officer you've spent much more of your career helping special forces teams develop targets than you have cultivating sources for old-fashioned intelligence work. That's given you an extensive and troubling exposure to violence. In fact, an incident of extreme violence brought you to the secret program Delta Green, when you unwittingly helped a Delta Green agent (perhaps one of your current team) destroy a threat that turned out to be supernatural and maddening. Since then you've worked with a handful of Delta Green agents on harrowing operations in Afghanistan. You've become close to some of your fellow agents. Perhaps closer than would be wise in such a dangerous calling.

GEAR AND NOTES

Red-filtered helmet flashlight. Encrypted radio, binoculars, compass, plastic handcuffs.

Day-sack with GPS, smoke grenades, mini-flares, Gerber multitool, night vision goggles, eye protection, earplugs, biometric camera.

Rucksack with sleeping bag, poncho, first aid kit with morphine, 6 liters water, 2 days rations.

Medium pistol (Colt M9, 9mm) with four extra magazines.

SPECIAL TRAINING	SKILL OR STAT USED

EQUIPMENT

WEAPONS	SKILL %	DAMAGE	ARMOR PIERCING	RANGE
Unarmed	60%	1D4-1		
M9 pistol (9mm)	40%	1D10		15 m.

ARMOR

Tactical body armor and helmet (Armor 6)

Body armor reduces the damage of all attacks except Called Shots and successful Lethality rolls.

INJURIES

WOUNDS AND AILMENTS

Has First Aid been attempted since the last injury? ☐ If yes: only Medicine, Surgery, or long-term rest can help further

STATISTICAL DATA

STATISTICS	SCORE	×5	DERIVED ATTRIBUTES	MAX	CURRENT
Strength (STR)	9	45%	Hit Points (HP)	11	
Constitution (CON)	12	60%	Willpower Points (WP)	12	
Dexterity (DEX)	11	55%	Sanity Points (SAN)	99	55
Intelligence (INT)	13	65%	Breaking Point (BP)		48
Power (POW)	12	60%			
Charisma (CHA)	11	55%			

PSYCHOLOGICAL DATA

BONDS	SCORE
Daughter	8
(Choose one teammate)	8
(Choose another teammate)	8

MOTIVATIONS AND MENTAL DISORDERS

Motivation: Beautiful photography.
Motivation: Protecting the U.S.
Motivation: Uncovering terrorists.
Motivation: Protecting sources of intelligence.
Motivation: Understanding what makes people tick.

INCIDENTS OF SAN LOSS WITHOUT GOING INSANE

Violence ☑ ☑ ☑ *adapted* Helplessness ☐ ☐ ☐ *adapted*

SKILLS

Accounting	10%	First Aid	10%	Ride	10%
Alertness	80%	Forensics	0%	Science:	0%
Anthropology	0%	Heavy Machinery	10%		
Archeology	0%	Heavy Weapons	0%	Search	40%
Art: Photography	40%	History	10%	SIGINT	50%
		HUMINT	60%	Stealth	80%
Artillery	0%	Law	0%	Surgery	0%
Athletics	30%	Medicine	0%	Survival	10%
Bureaucracy	40%	Melee Weapons	30%	Swim	20%
Computer Science	20%	Military Science:	0%	Unarmed Combat	60%
Craft:	0%			Unnatural	0%
		Navigate	10%	Languages & Other Skills:	
Criminology	50%	Occult	20%	Arabic	20%
Demolitions	0%	Persuade	60%	French	20%
Disguise	40%	Pharmacy	0%	Pashto	50%
Dodge	30%	Pilot:	0%	Russian	20%
Drive	40%				
Firearms	40%	Psychotherapy	10%		

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PERSONAL

NAME AND RANK: Spiker, M.D., Ph.D.

PROFESSION AND EMPLOYER: Microbiologist and counterterrorism consultant

SEX ☐ F ☐ M ☐ ________

AGE 47

PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION

REMARKS

PERSONAL DETAILS

You signed on with the secret program called Delta Green many years ago. A friend of a friend came to you for help understanding a tissue sample found at a crime scene and it turned out to be...unnatural. At first you thought you'd get a major journal article out of it, but then the sample mutated and grew overnight. Exposure to it left two of your colleagues transformed hideously. That friend of a friend kept it from claiming you next. The rest of that investigation you'd rather forget, but it left you certain that some things are so toxic that even attempting to study them is inevitably destructive. You helped Delta Green a few times, not frequently. And then the group asked you to come overseas. It was supposedly on a contract to study biohazard threats, but you've been stuck in Afghanistan for years going from one crisis to the next. Maybe your skills can at least save a few lives in the meantime.

GEAR AND NOTES

Red-filtered helmet flashlight. Encrypted radio, binoculars, compass, plastic handcuffs.

Day-sack with GPS, smoke grenades, mini-flares, Gerber multitool, night vision goggles, eye protection, earplugs.

Rucksack with sleeping bag, poncho, first aid kit with morphine, 6 liters water, 2 days rations, kit for sample collection and field analysis.

Medium pistol (Colt M9, 9mm) with four extra magazines.

SPECIAL TRAINING	SKILL OR STAT USED

EQUIPMENT

WEAPONS	SKILL %	DAMAGE	ARMOR PIERCING	RANGE
Unarmed	40%	1D4-1		
M9 pistol (9mm)	40%	1D10		15 m.

ARMOR

Tactical body armor and helmet (Armor 6)

Body armor reduces the damage of all attacks except Called Shots and successful Lethality rolls.

INJURIES

WOUNDS AND AILMENTS

Has First Aid been attempted since the last injury? ☐ If yes: only Medicine, Surgery, or long-term rest can help further

STATISTICAL DATA

STATISTICS	SCORE	×5	DERIVED ATTRIBUTES	MAX	CURRENT
Strength (STR)	9	45%	Hit Points (HP)	11	
Constitution (CON)	12	60%	Willpower Points (WP)	17	
Dexterity (DEX)	8	40%	Sanity Points (SAN)	99	80
Intelligence (INT)	17	85%	Breaking Point (BP)		68
Power (POW)	17	85%			
Charisma (CHA)	9	45%			

PSYCHOLOGICAL DATA

BONDS	SCORE
Ailing mother	9
Colleagues back home	7
Ex-spouse	7
(choose one teammate)	5
(choose one teammate)	5

MOTIVATIONS AND MENTAL DISORDERS

Motivation: Understanding new facets of biology.
Motivation: Saving lives.
Motivation: The accolades of your peers.
Motivation: Studying things beyond human science.
Motivation: Getting the next marriage right.

INCIDENTS OF SAN LOSS WITHOUT GOING INSANE

Violence ☐ ☐ ☐ *adapted* Helplessness ☐ ☐ ☐ *adapted*

SKILLS

Accounting	10%	First Aid	50%	Ride	10%
Alertness	30%	Forensics	0%	Science: Biology	80%
Anthropology	0%	Heavy Machinery	10%		
Archeology	0%	Heavy Weapons	0%	Search	20%
Art:	0%	History	10%	SIGINT	0%
		HUMINT	10%	Stealth	10%
Artillery	0%	Law	0%	Surgery	0%
Athletics	30%	Medicine	40%	Survival	10%
Bureaucracy	40%	Melee Weapons	30%	Swim	20%
Computer Science	0%	Military Science:	0%	Unarmed Combat	40%
Craft:	0%			Unnatural	0%
		Navigate	10%	Languages & Other Skills:	
Criminology	10%	Occult	20%	Arabic	40%
Demolitions	0%	Persuade	20%	Greek	40%
Disguise	10%	Pharmacy	40%	Latin	40%
Dodge	30%	Pilot:	0%	Science (Botany)	40%
Drive	40%			Science (Geology)	40%
Firearms	40%	Psychotherapy	10%	Science (Microbiology)	70%

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PERSONAL

NAME AND RANK
Staff Sgt. Stafford

PROFESSION AND EMPLOYER
U.S. Army

SEX
☐ F ☐ M ☐ ________

AGE 25

PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION

REMARKS

PERSONAL DETAILS

You joined the Army a little over a year after high school. You had already started hacking websites and corporate databases for fun but didn't have the contacts to turn that into a job. And you figured it would be a lark to see what military secrets you could discover. You got into cyber school, got assigned to intelligence in a battalion in Afghanistan, and started having a good time. Then you found a hard drive that some Special Forces types had tried and failed to destroy. You put it back together, decrypted it, and shared it with your platoon. It looked like footage from a raid but turned out to be—something else. Something supernatural. Word must have gotten out. Your platoon got reassigned to one of the worst parts of the country, got put on regular army jobs, and got chewed to pieces. They learned to hate you. Eventually someone new talked to you about it all, someone from a secret program called Delta Green. Delta Green recruited you, gave you a clearance, and started bringing you in on missions to dig up unnatural threats and put them down. Missions that you wouldn't want your worst enemy to learn about. Missions that matter. It's not a lark anymore.

GEAR AND NOTES

Red-filtered helmet flashlight. Encrypted radio, binoculars, compass, plastic handcuffs.

Day-sack with GPS, smoke grenades, mini-flares, Gerber multitool, night vision goggles, eye protection, earplugs.

Rucksack with sleeping bag, poncho, first aid kit with morphine, 6 liters water, 2 days rations, computer with satellite modem.

M4A1 carbine, selective fire, with eight extra magazines and advanced combat optical gunsight (+20% to hit if you've taken do damage since your last action; double base range when you take the Aim action). Medium pistol (M9) with four extra magazines. Six M67 hand grenades. M9 bayonet.

SPECIAL TRAINING	SKILL OR STAT USED
Hand Grenades	Athletics

EQUIPMENT

WEAPONS	SKILL %	DAMAGE	ARMOR PIERCING	RANGE
Unarmed	50%	1D4		
M4A1 carbine [full auto]	40%	1D12 [10% Kill Damage 1–3 m.]	3 [3]	100 m.
M9 pistol (9mm)	40%	1D10		15 m.
M67 hand grenade	70%	15% Kill Damage 10 m.		20 m.
M9 bayonet	30%	1D6+1		

ARMOR
Tactical body armor and helmet (Armor 6)

Body armor reduces the damage of all attacks except Called Shots and successful Lethality rolls.

INJURIES

WOUNDS AND AILMENTS

Has First Aid been attempted since the last injury? ☐ If yes: only Medicine, Surgery, or long-term rest can help further

STATISTICAL DATA

STATISTICS	SCORE	×5	DERIVED ATTRIBUTES	MAX	CURRENT
Strength (STR)	10	50%	Hit Points (HP)	12	
Constitution (CON)	14	70%	Willpower Points (WP)	13	
Dexterity (DEX)	12	60%	Sanity Points (SAN)	99	60
Intelligence (INT)	14	70%	Breaking Point (BP)		52
Power (POW)	13	65%			
Charisma (CHA)	9	45%			

PSYCHOLOGICAL DATA

BONDS	SCORE
Mom	9
Off-and-on significant other	9
Best friend back home	9

MOTIVATIONS AND MENTAL DISORDERS
Motivation: Digging up secrets.
Motivation: Finding a family.
Motivation: Protecting loved ones.
Motivation: Doing a good job.
Motivation: Proving you can stand up to pressure.

INCIDENTS OF SAN LOSS WITHOUT GOING INSANE
Violence ☐ ☐ ☐ *adapted* Helplessness ☐ ☐ ☐ *adapted*

SKILLS

Accounting	10%	First Aid	40%	Ride	10%
Alertness	50%	Forensics	0%	Science:	0%
Anthropology	0%	Heavy Machinery	10%		
Archeology	0%	Heavy Weapons	20%	Search	20%
Art:	0%	History	10%	SIGINT	60%
		HUMINT	10%	Stealth	10%
Artillery	0%	Law	0%	Surgery	0%
Athletics	70%	Medicine	0%	Survival	10%
Bureaucracy	30%	Melee Weapons	30%	Swim	20%
Computer Science	70%	Military Science:	40%	Unarmed Combat	50%
Craft:	60%	Land		Unnatural	0%
Microelectronics		Navigate	40%	Languages & Other Skills:	
Criminology	10%	Occult	30%	Pashto	20%
Demolitions	0%	Persuade	30%	Russian	20%
Disguise	10%	Pharmacy	0%	Urdu	20%
Dodge	40%	Pilot:	0%		
Drive	40%				
Firearms	40%	Psychotherapy	10%		

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PERSONAL

NAME AND RANK: Special Agent Zinczenko

PROFESSION AND EMPLOYER: FBI

SEX ☐ F ☐ M ☐ ________

AGE 45

PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION

REMARKS

PERSONAL DETAILS

You came to the FBI with an MBA after your first career as a first-rate salesman. By the time you got the degree in 2001 you were feeling dissatisfied with the rat race. After the 9/11 attacks you put in an application with the FBI. Since then you've worked in violent crimes and for the past several years in counterterrorism, attached to teams in Iraq and Afghanistan. You came to Delta Green in the darkest time in your life, when you were abducted and help captive for months by a particularly terrible terrorist splinter group. You thought the unnatural things that you saw there were delusions caused by drugs or a mental break. The agents who rescued you (perhaps some of your current team) told you otherwise. When they needed help a few months later, they signed you onto the secret program called Delta Green. Most of the time you perform your regular duties for the FBI, but from time to time Delta Green arranges for you to go on a secret mission to stop unnatural threats and save others from being exposed.

GEAR AND NOTES

Red-filtered helmet flashlight. Encrypted radio, binoculars, compass, plastic handcuffs.

Day-sack with GPS, smoke grenades, mini-flares, Gerber multitool, night vision goggles, eye protection, earplugs, biometric camera.

Rucksack with sleeping bag, poncho, first aid kit with morphine, 6 liters water, 2 days rations, small forensics kit.

Medium pistol (Colt M9, 9mm) with four extra magazines.

SPECIAL TRAINING	SKILL OR STAT USED

EQUIPMENT

WEAPONS	SKILL %	DAMAGE	ARMOR PIERCING	RANGE
Unarmed	60%	1D4		
M9 pistol (9mm)	50%	1D10		15 m.

ARMOR

Tactical body armor and helmet (Armor 6)

Body armor reduces the damage of all attacks except Called Shots and successful Lethality rolls.

INJURIES

WOUNDS AND AILMENTS

Has First Aid been attempted since the last injury? ☐ If yes: only Medicine, Surgery, or long-term rest can help further

STATISTICAL DATA

STATISTICS	SCORE	×5	DERIVED ATTRIBUTES	MAX	CURRENT
Strength (STR)	10	50%	Hit Points (HP)	12	
Constitution (CON)	14	70%	Willpower Points (WP)	9	
Dexterity (DEX)	10	50%	Sanity Points (SAN)	99	55
Intelligence (INT)	14	70%	Breaking Point (BP)		48
Power (POW)	9	45%			
Charisma (CHA)	12	60%			

PSYCHOLOGICAL DATA

BONDS	SCORE
Spouse	10
Teen son	10
Parents	10
(Choose one teammate)	6
(Choose another teammate)	6

MOTIVATIONS AND MENTAL DISORDERS

Motivation: Close the deal.
Motivation: Stop terrorist threats.
Motivation: Understand conspiracies.
Motivation: Doing what's right.
Motivation: Protecting family.

INCIDENTS OF SAN LOSS WITHOUT GOING INSANE

Violence ☐ ☐ ☐ *adapted* Helplessness ☑ ☑ ☑ *adapted*

SKILLS

Accounting	60%	First Aid	10%	Ride	10%
Alertness	50%	Forensics	50%	Science:	0%
Anthropology	0%	Heavy Machinery	10%		
Archeology	0%	Heavy Weapons	0%	Search	50%
Art:	0%	History	10%	SIGINT	0%
		HUMINT	80%	Stealth	10%
Artillery	0%	Law	30%	Surgery	0%
Athletics	30%	Medicine	0%	Survival	10%
Bureaucracy	40%	Melee Weapons	30%	Swim	20%
Computer Science	0%	Military Science:	0%	Unarmed Combat	60%
Craft:	0%			Unnatural	0%
		Navigate	10%	Languages & Other Skills:	
Criminology	50%	Occult	20%	Arabic	20%
Demolitions	0%	Persuade	70%	Pashto	40%
Disguise	10%	Pharmacy	0%	Urdu	40%
Dodge	30%	Pilot:	0%		
Drive	40%				
Firearms	50%	Psychotherapy	10%		

THIS IS A WORK OF FICTION

// The Last Equation //

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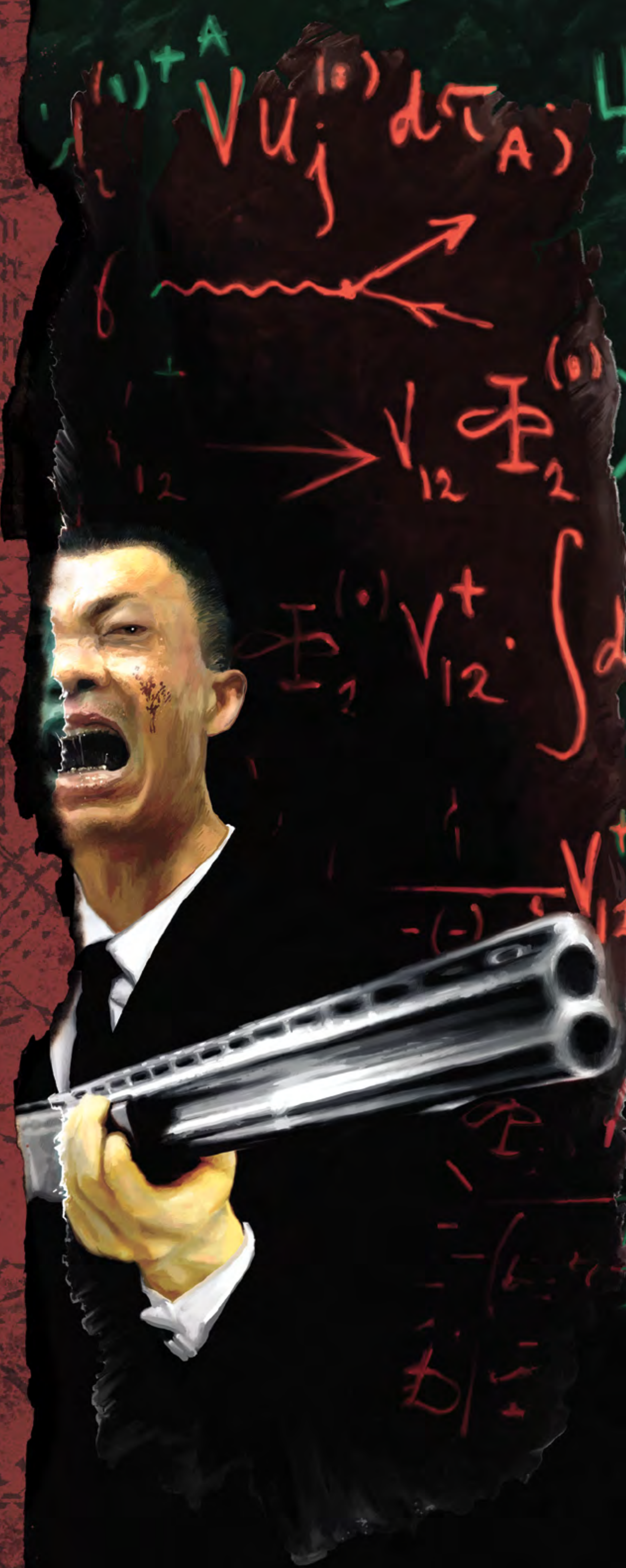


// The Last Equation //

By Dennis Detwiller

Introduction

Brussels-born mathematician, sage and astronomer Fascius Claudan (1535–1561) was responsible for many minor breakthroughs in science and technology during his short but broadly travelled life. Between journeys to Egypt, Persia, central Asia and more exotic locales, Claudan published six books on astronomy and mathematics. His last book was on cosmology, a book which is considered dangerous by some who know of such things: the *Libri Plures Admiratio* ("Book of Many Wonders").

Claudan is fleetingly remembered as a minor inventor or various knots, pulley systems, cogworks and early machines for pumping water, but he has vanished almost entirely from known science. One legacy of Claudan remains: the Laqueus Equation. This short code was rendered just days before his death. It is regarded in the small circles that know of it as either an epiphany or complete gibberish. To date, no one has publicly claimed to understand it, much less to have solved it.

For over 500 years, the world's most brilliant mathematicians and cryptographers tried in vain to solve the equation. It holds a place in the annals of cryptography as one of the few cryptograms to resist modern attempts at cracking. It is used as an example in many cryptography tomes as a "clean" cypher, because it has remained untranslatable.

Until now.

Columbia University

On October 12, Michael Wei, a graduate student in mathematics at the prestigious Columbia University Department of Mathematics, successfully cracked the Laqueus Equation.

Using a computer program of his own design, Wei examined all seven of Fascius Claudan's books and discovered a cypher embedded in imperfections on the pages on the last one. That dictated the proper way to decipher Claudan's last equation.

What Wei discovered was a complex formula, which rendered the world at every level down to a mathematical simplicity never before seen. It

TOP SECRET

was literally a reduction of the entirety of existence through prime numbers unlocked in a particular calculation of a sequence of sixteen digits. It revealed a vast and roiling reality dancing just behind modern mathematics.

Elated, Wei forwarded this discovery to a very select few on a privately maintained mathematics mailing list. The list consisted of twelve mathematicians known to one another through academia or friendship, mathgeeks@listbrain.com.

Wei did this before the true horror of the Laqueus Equation had settled in his consciousness.

Four hours later, Wei drove out of New York City to Teaneck, New Jersey, and purchased ammunition for a stolen shotgun. He drove 10 km to Alliance, New Jersey. At 2:28:13 P.M., he entered the home of Dinah and Malcolm Ridgeway and their six children. Wei, who had no criminal history, slaughtered the Ridgeway family one by one. He chased the last, 18-year-old Michael Ridgeway, out onto Highway Six and shot him in the back in front of eyewitnesses.

Before police arrived, Wei spray-painted a number sequence on the pavement as witnesses understandably kept their distance. He then shot himself in the face with the shotgun, removing almost all of his head in one blast. When the police arrived, they had an interstate murder-suicide with nine bodies and no apparent connection between the victims and assailant.

No clues, no leads, no motive. All they had was a dead mathematician, the corpses of eight slaughtered innocents, and a spray-painted number.

As usual, that's where Delta Green comes in.

The Program Makes the Call

When the report reached the national crime database, the numbers spray-painted on the pavement in front of the Ridgeway murder scene triggered a troubling alert in the Program's intelligence office. It was flagged as a possible paranormal event. (If your Agents are part of the Outlaw conspiracy and not the Program, then an unnamed Friendly recognized the dire import of the numbers.)

The numbers have been seen at various times and in various dangerous books known to the conspiracy, once at the death scene of a Delta Green agent. It is high on the containment protocol list as a dangerous, infectious meme.

The numbers are: 9 9 2 0 .2 2 9 9 8 9 2 1 2 .3 3 3.

Within an hour, a team is being assembled through secure channels to get to the Ridgeway murder scene. Wherever they live, tickets are waiting to fly them to Newark Liberty International Airport, about 30 minutes' drive from Alliance, New Jersey.

Odd Questions

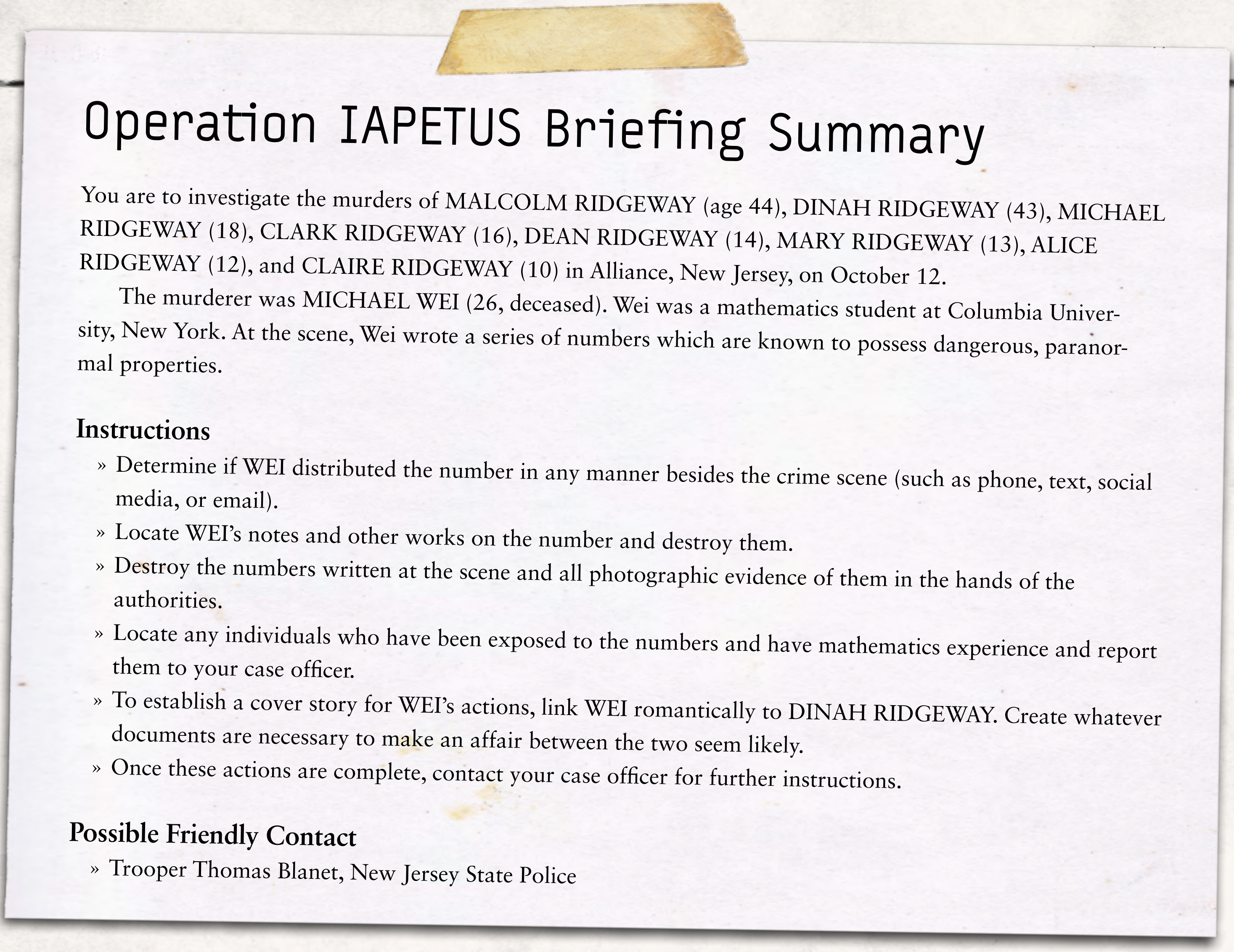
Reaching out to each Agent in turn, the Agents' case officer or primary contact asks strange questions before informing them of the assignment: things like "Do you have any experience in theoretical mathematics?" and "On a scale of 1 to 10, how well would you say you understand physics?"

Any Agent who has any skill in **Science** (**Mathematics**) or **Science** (**Physics**)—unless the skill is unknown to the Program—is told that the case is not for them, and then the contact hangs up. The player should take a temporary replacement character. (As Handler, you can facilitate this by having a couple of spares ready. *Delta Green: Agent Dossiers* may be useful.) The Program is looking for people to identify and contain the meme, not spread it.

Some Agents might answer "No" to the above questions while the true answer is a resounding "Yes!" Don't worry. Having such a character join the operation won't ruin the scenario, but it might derail things—in a fun way.

Joining the Investigation

The Agents' case officer assumes that they will join the interstate murder investigation in an official capacity. The Program is well suited for arranging that, and sends the Agents under the aegis of the FBI as special agents or as consultants under an FBI contract. An official tie to the investigation has many advantages, including easy access to crime scenes, witnesses and evidence.



Operation IAPETUS Briefing Summary

You are to investigate the murders of MALCOLM RIDGEWAY (age 44), DINAH RIDGEWAY (43), MICHAEL RIDGEWAY (18), CLARK RIDGEWAY (16), DEAN RIDGEWAY (14), MARY RIDGEWAY (13), ALICE RIDGEWAY (12), and CLAIRE RIDGEWAY (10) in Alliance, New Jersey, on October 12.

The murderer was MICHAEL WEI (26, deceased). Wei was a mathematics student at Columbia University, New York. At the scene, Wei wrote a series of numbers which are known to possess dangerous, paranormal properties.

Instructions

- Determine if WEI distributed the number in any manner besides the crime scene (such as phone, text, social media, or email).
- Locate WEI's notes and other works on the number and destroy them.
- Destroy the numbers written at the scene and all photographic evidence of them in the hands of the authorities.
- Locate any individuals who have been exposed to the numbers and have mathematics experience and report them to your case officer.
- To establish a cover story for WEI's actions, link WEI romantically to DINAH RIDGEWAY. Create whatever documents are necessary to make an affair between the two seem likely.
- Once these actions are complete, contact your case officer for further instructions.

Possible Friendly Contact

- Trooper Thomas Blanet, New Jersey State Police

Of course, it also brings the Agents under the close scrutiny of the commander of the investigation and has a chance of exposing their real purpose. The Agents may wish to set up a secret, parallel investigation with part of their team or even all of their team. That reduces day-to-day exposure to law enforcement officers, but it can be dangerous. Being caught inside a secure crime scene and tampering with evidence carries a heavy penalty (three to five years in prison under New Jersey law), and of course the Program cannot come forward to assist any of its personnel caught in such a situation.

A tandem approach is probably the safest, if the Agents think to propose it. One or more Agents can be officially placed on the case as "experts," while the rest act as a "go team" to investigate leads leaked by their insiders.

Experts on the Case

It is generally easy to place an Agent or Friendly as a specialist on the Ridgeway case, as it now falls within the FBI's jurisdiction (due to Wei's interstate transportation of firearms to commit murder). The murderer killed himself after killing the family, so the local police are eager to close the case and move on, but the FBI wants to confirm that Wei was not involved in anything broader-reaching.

Ironically, the most unassuming role for an Agent would be as a mathematics expert brought in to examine the numbers, as well as Wei's work, email and documents. Of course, Delta Green is bringing in the exact opposite: people with little skill in mathematics. Still, the role of mathematics specialist is not unattainable, even to someone uneducated in mathematics. Possessing the proper badge and ID is far more important than actually understanding mathematics, as far as the bureaucracy of the FBI is concerned. Few

FBI agents are expert mathemeticians, so it's not hard for an Agent to fake it. A "mathematics specialist" can get away with saying a series of numbers "are gibberish, they mean nothing." No federal agents or cops on the scene will know to say otherwise, at least for now.

Paperwork and ID

The Program sends the proper paperwork and ID to Agents assigned officially to the investigation. Agents with the appropriate backgrounds—those who are already federal law enforcement officers—are suddenly assigned to the Ridgeway/Wei case, and their day-job supervisors are not told why. The whole thing strikes everyone as political, so the Agents' colleagues encourage them to keep their heads down and finish as soon as possible to avoid trouble.

Agents without the proper background each receive a FedEx envelope filled with a disturbingly detailed dossier of a new identity. This "cutout" is as real as you can be on paper, at first glance, right down to dental records, IRS returns for the last two years, and credit card receipts. It also has the appropriate law enforcement ID, and details on what firearm to purchase as an appropriate duty weapon. However, this identity will not stand close scrutiny for long. Anyone examining this paperwork at length can make a **Bureaucracy** roll. Success means some inconsistency has been detected. It is then only a matter of time until that thread unravels the false identity. Avoiding that kind of attention is critical.

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Anyone caught illegally posing as a federal officer faces eight to 13 years in jail—even a special agent from a different agency. Anyone outed in such a manner better be prepared to flee. If they don't, it could mean an ignominious end to a career. Exposed Agents can be readily identified by their fingerprints. If the Agent is in the employ of another agency (for example, if the Agent works for the IRS but is pretending to be with the FBI), each agency will launch an investigation.

Such a discovery, and possible detainment of an Agent, may make the Program take some unusual steps to prevent a deeper witch hunt from occurring. We leave those details to the Handler. But an Agent who is unfortunate enough to try to crawfish on Delta Green—to expose the Program after being left to dangle—will be in for a swift and lethal surprise. Horrific things happen in jail all the time, over things as trivial as a case of cigarettes.

A Friendly on the Inside

If the Agents do not officially join the investigation, the Program reaches out to a contact in the New Jersey State Police and gets him placed in the investigation. The last victim and Wei technically died on the highway, which opens the jurisdictional nightmare of the Ridgeway murders up to the state police.

This contact, Trooper Thomas Blanet, is a 22-year veteran of the New Jersey State Police and a wholehearted believer in Delta Green, though he does not know it by that name. Agents he worked with before simply called it "the Group."

Blanet has access to most files on the case, as well as crime scene photos, copies of Wei's hard drives and more. He is careful and resourceful, soft-spoken and to-the-point. Blanet does his best to assist the Agents in retrieving whatever information they need to complete their investigation. He is willing to copy or photograph evidence for the Agents.

Blanet will not cross certain lines, however. He will not falsify information, tamper with evidence, steal evidence, or tolerate murder or abductions. Agents asking for his assistance in those matters find themselves stonewalled.

If confronted with an unnatural threat, Blanet acts by the book, never losing his cool unless insanity strikes.

Blanet brings with him a bit of baggage. His involvement with the Group dates back nearly 20 years to the locally infamous Tiem slaughter, a hit on a dozen men of Vietnamese extraction by an unknown gang. Blanet claimed he was struck on the head and did not recall any of the particulars of the firefight that erupted. Investigators said Blanet froze in the line of duty, which cost Alliance Police Officer Morris O'Dell his life. Blanet was cleared, but it put him on the radar of local news. He was later diagnosed with and treated for post-traumatic stress disorder.

Blanet will do his best for Delta Green. His maneuvering would be easy if the Ridgeway murders were an abstract little news story. For about the first ten minutes, it was. It's not anymore.

Preliminary Plans

Smart Delta Green Agents will immediately secure a primary base of operations and, if they are particularly diligent, a secondary safe house. Alliance, New Jersey, is nothing more than two strips of restaurants, gas stations and some large shops, surrounded by sparse lots that once were farms. Two large motels sit on the east and west of town and a hotel stands in the center of the strip. The Motel 6, on the west side, is the current haunt of all manner of law enforcement personnel; it would be the common choice of an FBI specialist, and, most likely, a room is waiting for any official member of the investigation.

Killer Math Teacher!

By the time the Agents are in the air from their various ports of call, the story of Wei's murder of the Ridgeway family has become national news. Reporters have descended on Alliance, New Jersey in droves. The story is filled with the hooks that make viewers tune in by the millions: insanity, murder, innocents slain, and a confusing back-story which may never be understood. Already, camera crews are camping out at every meaningful place in Wei's life or the lives of the Ridgeways. They are likely to be anywhere the Agents arrive, and they are likely to have lots of questions. This makes the investigation doubly dangerous. Conspiracies don't have a good track record of surviving encounters with the press.

Official Investigators: Ambushed

If any Agents are officially placed on the case, the following occurs just as they arrive at either the airport or at Alliance, New Jersey, itself.

As an Agent exits a vehicle, he or she is ambushed by a small press team: reporter Enrico Savé (see **THE FACE OF NORTHERN NEW JERSEY** on page 79), a cameraman, and a producer. The camera shines a bright light in the Agent's eyes as the reporter launches a barrage of questions that vaguely imply that the case's investigators are keeping the truth to the public. The reporter already knows the Agent's name (or at least the name on the Agent's credentials), and bombards the Agent with questions about Wei and his motives.

If the Agent has a **Charisma** of 13 or better, the player must make a **Luck** roll. If it fails, that Agent becomes the "face" of the investigation in the eyes of the media. (If there are two or more Agents with **Charisma** 13 or better and only one is female, she gets the honor. Otherwise it goes to the one with the highest **Charisma.**)

If that happens, other news agencies now go out of their way to track down this particular Agent and interrogate him or her with ambush interviews. God help the team if this comes to pass while they are involved in something unnatural, because a camera crew is likely to be nearby, looking for trouble.

Worse yet, if that Agent has been assigned a false identity to pursue the investigation, every time he or she appears on the news, the player must make a Luck roll. If it fails, someone recognizes the character as a video spreads through Twitter, Facebook, YouTube, cable news, and so on. The character may suddenly get a phone call asking what he or she is doing in New Jersey and why he or she was identified by the wrong name on the news. If the **Luck** roll is a fumble, someone in the character's own office saw the broadcast and the Agent's official supervisor is informed. It's then only a matter of minutes until the hammer falls.

The Ridgeway Investigation

The following characters might turn up in the investigation of the Ridgeway murders. Use them as you will.

Supervisory Special Agent Canor

Aiden Canor is a 15-year veteran of the FBI, assigned to the Garret Mountain Resident Agency in Woodland Park, New Jersey, a short drive from Alliance. He has been the lead investigator of nine investigations in the last four years, successfully prosecuting six of them.

Canor is a 47-year-old African American man, tall and thin, with steel-rimmed aviator sunglasses, always clad in black a suit. He lives with his wife and two children in Bergen, New Jersey. He is a straight-laced agent with no substantial dirt in his past.

Canor is an easy-going supervisor who places his trust in those who prove themselves. He is easy to get along with, as long as the Agents are careful to go above and beyond when Canor asks them for information. If the Agents fail him, or avoid direct questions by him, Canor becomes interested in them as a "manpower problem" and inserts himself in their lives to find out "what's wrong."

Canor's interest in helping the Agents to help the investigation can be very, very bad. The Agents might find Canor at their hotel doors late in the evening to "catch a beer" and "discuss their problems." Needless to say, the last thing any Agent needs is face-time with the FBI's lead investigator.

Canor will not believe in the unnatural under nearly any circumstances. He views even direct experience of magical effects with disdain, as some complex shuck and jive. His mind just does not feature such a possibility.

If the Agents attempt to bring Canor into Delta Green, it becomes readily apparent that it was a large mistake. If Canor discovers the conspiracy, nothing short of a direct, unequivocal threat to his family will disengage him. And a threat like that turns him into an enemy for life. He then makes a career of uncovering Delta Green and bringing the Agents to justice.

Special Agent Gant

William Gant is Canor's go-to man. He is young and eager, working his way up the ladder at the Garret Mountain office. He both looks up to Canor and covets his position. Everyone at Garret Mountain knows Gant is on the fast track.

Gant is a short, stocky, dark-haired Caucasian, only 31 years old. His eyes are a deep green and seem too close together. At first glance this makes him look stupid. He's anything but. He dresses in carbon-copies of the same suit every day—always charcoal grey—along with a pair of tinted sunglasses. He projects a feeling of careful routine.

Gant has a close-knit family with many siblings, nieces and nephews. He has been on the prowl for a significant other for a long time now, but he's a bit out of practice. This becomes evident whenever Gant is dealing with a woman about his own age. His somber attitude immediately becomes overly jovial instead.

Gant graduated Quantico six years ago and is still relatively wet behind the ears. He was a marvel as a student, and is still known to instructors at the academy—some of whom are Delta Green operatives.

Gant is deeply religious (Greek Orthodox) and believes in unseen things. He dislikes only one thing about Canor: his lack of faith in any religion. Gant's father often said, "Never trust an unreligious man," and to a certain degree that distrust is evident in Gant's relationship with his supervisor. Gant has never really taken to Canor as much as Canor has taken to Gant.

Bringing Gant into Delta Green is a viable option, particularly if the Agents approach him through Delta Green operatives at Quantico who were once his teachers. If exposed to the conspiracy in such a manner (or more likely, to the fact that the government has a supernatural investigation arm), Gant will do anything to be a part of it.

Dr. Comox

If the Agents do not think ahead and fill the slot of FBI mathematics specialist with one of their own, the FBI sends one who is truly expert. Anyone familiar with the mission protocols can immediately see this as a problem.

Dr. Sarah Comox is a crypto-analyst for the FBI, with a double Ph.D. in mathematics and cryptography. She has worked on several cases involving mathematical oddities. Comox is a 46-year-old Caucasian woman with sandy brown hair cut in a bob, a chubby face, and little in the way of grooming. She would not look out of place at an insurance seminar. She looks overdressed in her business suit. Her demeanor practically screams T-shirts and sweat pants.

Comox has no family to speak of and few friends.

Above all, Comox is a maven for numbers. She is in great danger.

She will, of course, have access to the sequence of numbers found at the crime scene, as well as Wei's notes from his dorm. It is a matter of time before she realizes that Wei broke the Laqueus Equation, and that the solution may be the greatest discovery in all mathematics history.

Those with direct access to her (that is, Agents on the inside of the investigation) notice the change very quickly.

Comox's Timeline

Here's a rough schedule of Dr. Comox's involvement in the operation. Adjust it as needed for your game.

Day 1

Comox takes extensive notes at the crime scene, downloads Wei's email correspondence from the FBI secure servers, and retires to her room at the Motel 6 to study them. The next morning, she is exhausted and sluggish, looking as if she had little sleep.

Day 1: If Comox Is Interrupted

If Comox is approached about the numbers by anyone with **HUMINT, Medicine,** or **Psychotherapy** at 50% or higher, they see signs of stress and fatigue. If questioned about the meaning of the numbers, she seems torn. They could, she finally admits, be very significant, but she is still studying them. She offers nothing more on the subject.

Day 2

Comox walks through the crime scene at the house, and stops in the kitchen, where a large portion of the murders happened. She stares at the damaged stove. Anyone watching her sees the color drain from her face. She hurriedly leaves the scene. If questioned, she replies, “I just thought of something,” but does not say what. She remains in her room for the rest of the day.

Day 2: If Comox Is Interrupted

If Comox is approached about the numbers on Day 2, it is clear she is deeply disturbed about something. She says that Wei was brilliant but deranged, and that his math is so complex, she’s not sure she can fully understand it. To those with a mathematics background, she talks of number series, strange interrelationships between number sequences, and reoccurring patterns in prime numbers.

This is the point of no return for Comox. If she is removed from the investigation here, and all her notes are removed, she will take a leave of absence and slowly recover.

Day 3

Comox stands at the highway near the Motel 6, looking at her watch. She holds a pen and a notepad. She seems engaged in some sort of count. Every once in a while a car passes, she checks her watch, and she notes something down.

After one hour and twenty-three minutes of this, she seems satisfied and retires to her room. If she is interrupted, it seems as if she’s been crying, but her attitude is jubilant, almost manic. If asked what she was doing, she says she was “testing a theory” without explaining. She is not seen again outside of her room that day. She phones the scene supervisor and complains of indigestion.

Day 3: If Comox Is Interrupted

It is clear Comox is off the rails. If detained, she continues to degenerate, and will never recover. She attempts to escape and fulfill her Day 5 plans.

Day 4

Comox fails to report in, and a state trooper is dispatched to her room to locate her. The door is unlocked. The ruined remains of her laptop are found scorched in a metal wastepaper basket along with scraps of paper, apparently ignited with lighter fluid on the walkway outside (so as not to set off the fire alarm).

Her car is still in the parking lot. Her credit cards are unused. This disappearance is reported to FBI headquarters and an alert is set.

Day 4: If Comox Is Interrupted

She is beyond help. She appears normal at first glance, but close observation reveals she’s unkempt and has a glazed look. Comox eagerly murders anyone who gets in her way. She holds them at gunpoint while looking at her watch as if waiting for something. After two minutes and 23 seconds, she shoots them in the head.

Incarcerated, she is a raving lunatic, screaming about the Laqueus Equation. If she escapes, she attempts her Day 5 plans. Otherwise, she attempts to kill herself.

Day 5

Before business hours, Comox turns up at Shaver and Sons, a small stock trading firm on the lower east side of Manhattan (229 9th Avenue East). After passing through three security doors which require either key card or code access and successfully gaining access to a safe, she destroys $2.3 million worth of bearer bonds by setting a fire. The fire soon rages, igniting most of the offices. Comox is found dead by fire crews, on the ground, having fallen nine stories to her death. She has no identification or clues as to her motivation or methods. She died from the fall. It takes New York law enforcement six hours to identify her and notify the FBI. Interestingly, the telephone number of Shaver and Sons is (212) 333-0229, almost exactly a match to part of the Laqueus solution.

Infecting Others

Unless one of the players’ Agents is skilled in **Science (Mathematics)**, only Comox is skilled enough for the

Laqueus solution to be a threat. If you need an alternative, though, one of the other FBI agents or even one of the New Jersey State Police troopers could be substituted as being "infected" by the meme, acting out in the manner just described.

Police Chief Upton Weeks

Weeks is a career officer, recently named chief of the tiny Alliance Police Department. He is eager to hand off the investigation of the biggest crime in Alliance history to the FBI or the New Jersey State Police. He wants nothing to do with it—not that he'll say that out loud. Weeks has training in investigations, but offers little help, deferring to his deputies and the FBI.

Weeks is a 41-year-old Caucasian male with a tall, thin build and a strangely protruding gut. When dealing with anything investigation-related he has a look of constant confusion about him; that kind of thing is what his deputies are for. It's only in front of large crowds or cameras that the reason for Weeks's success comes to light. He has a way with words. He is self-deprecating and humorous, and knows what to say and when.

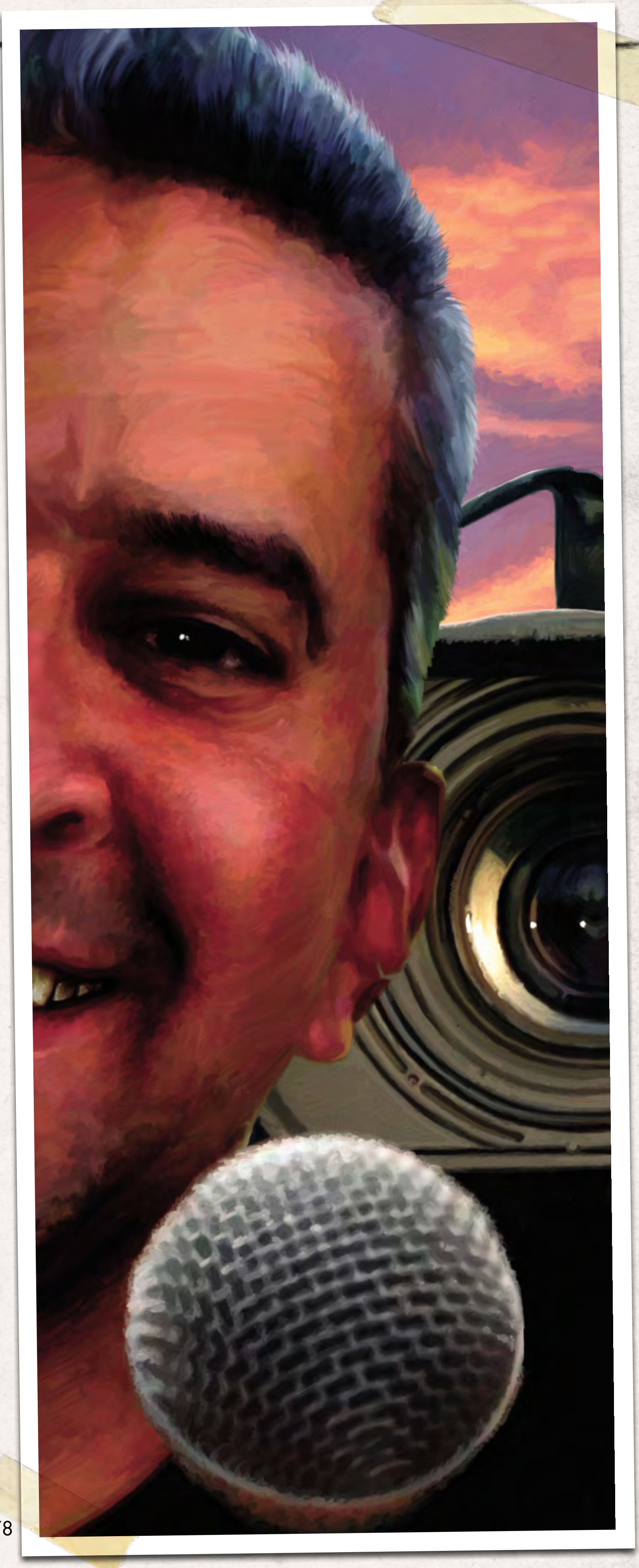
Weeks is a family man with two children, and his wife Emily is known as a bit of a battle-axe. For the last year and a half, Weeks has not-so-quietly been sleeping around with an Alliance waitress, Cicely Brown, age 25. This scandal has been on a slow boil for months and could explode at any time.

His biggest concern is keeping his job. He wants to stay near enough to know what is going on (and maybe take some credit), and far enough out to point a finger if things go wrong.

Special Agent Canor is smart enough to include Weeks in press events and to paint the chief in a positive light. That makes Weeks Canor's puppet in nearly every way.

Trooper Thomas Blanet

A New Jersey State Police officer, this Delta Green Friendly is useful in many capacities, not the least of which is knowledge of the lay of the land, both literally (he has driven around this region for more than 20 years) and jurisdictionally speaking. Blanet has



been involved peripherally in many operations which involved local police and the FBI, and is well-versed at slipping in and out of the cracks in such fragmented investigations.

Blanet is a 49-year-old, stocky Caucasian man. He works out religiously and his chest and arms are huge. However, this exercise has not removed his ample beer belly. He keeps his salt-and-pepper hair clipped short. He rarely smiles. In or out of uniform, he is obviously a cop.

Blanet is divorced and has no children. His ex-wife Rosemarie remarried and moved to Los Angeles 11 years ago.

Blanet will assist the Agents as long as it does not compromise his personal integrity or risk his pension. See **A FRIENDLY ON THE INSIDE** on page 73 for details.

The Face of Northern New Jersey

TV reporter Enrico Savé has been the face of northern New Jersey news for a decade and a half. He is part Mexican, part French, and has the classically handsome looks of an aging 1950s movie star. He is loud, abrasive, and driven. He is always eager to chase down any lead, day or night, to make the six o'clock news sing.

Savé will be the main thorn in the side of the Delta Green investigation into the Wei murder-suicide.

As many people have discovered before, Savé is extremely effective at emotional and social manipulation. Wherever the Agents go, it is likely Savé will be there or has been there. It quickly becomes clear Savé is far too informed not to have someone inside the investigation.

Savé also has the uncomfortable ability to be three places at once. His producer, Charlie "Chip" O'Connell, and cameraman Armand Grant often operate independently of Savé, running down leads and quickly getting Savé to locations of importance. All three are in constant phone and text contact. To avoid Savé, it is not enough to just know where he is. All three must be accounted for.

Savé has already done a deep background check on Wei and the Ridgeways. He thinks that this is simply the act of a deranged mind and wants "candid" footage of the federal agents for extra color. If the Agents are not cautious, he might realize there is far more to the story.

The Ridgeway Crime Scene

The Ridgeway house is three stories tall plus a basement, built on a quarter acre just on the edge of New Jersey Highway 6. Built in 1924, it was once the main house of a much larger farm, which was long ago split up into lots. There is absolutely nothing unusual about the house or its occupants. They were innocent bystanders.

Dinah, Malcolm, Clark, Dean, Mary, Alice, and Claire Ridgeway all died in or around the kitchen. Michael Ridgeway, who was upstairs, fled and was killed outside.

Wei fired 16 times in the house, hitting each victim once, except for Clark whom he shot twice when the first blast failed to kill him. Wei used both slugs and shot. The kitchen is sprayed with buckshot and slug-holes.

Strangely, Wei also seemed to fire once in the house with no living target. The stove, a 1970s tan and green monstrosity, was struck by buckshot, and the old clock on it is stopped at 2:28:13 P.M.

Searching the house provides no clues except the clock in the kitchen.

There is absolutely no connection between Wei and the Ridgeway family.

The Numbers

An Agent who looks into the numbers that Wei painted on the street at any length, and compares them with numbers found at the crime scene, may make a **Luck** roll.

If the **Luck** roll fails, the Agent begins to notice the numbers Wei scrawled *everywhere*. The ruined clock in the Ridgeway kitchen, for instance, stopped at 2:28:13 (or 22813)—numbers in the sequence separated by twos. Also, there are sixteen numbers; Wei fired sixteen times. Such strange, disturbing coincidences appear to any Agent who looks for them. License plates, phone numbers, receipt amounts, anything with a number may turn out to resemble the number sequence.

Adding, dividing, or subtracting numbers reveals stranger connections. For example, totaling the Ridgeways' Social Security numbers, their license plates (with numbers for letters), bank accounts, and mortgage amounts yields a sum of 9,920,229,989,212,333.

Any Delta Green Agent with experience in the field should begin to feel that perhaps they've jumped in a bit over their head.

Investigating the Shotgun

Wei's murder weapon is a Remington 870 police shotgun, serial number 2022998. It is well oiled and maintained. It holds eight rounds including one in the chamber. The weapon has been fired repeatedly and is covered in Michael Wei's fingerprints.

Its serial number indicates it was sold to the state of New York in the summer of 1959, and was relocated to the 24th Precinct in New York City as a utility weapon. As far as the city of New York is concerned, the weapon is still there.

Checking with the 24th Precinct—the Agents must make a **Bureaucracy** roll to get the right officer on the phone, or else take a long drive to go there in person—reveals the weapon is missing. A wooden box that should hold five Remington 870s is missing one. The box itself seems untampered with; its nails are all in place. If the box is dusted for prints, prints consistent with Michael Wei are found all over it.

Recently—on the day of the murders, in fact—the weapon was one of an allotment of weapons moved offsite while plumbers replaced a pipe in the basement of the 24th Precinct. The weapons were taken out of a storage locker, boxed, and then moved to the precinct parking lot, where a single policeman watched the pile of weaponry for the day as the work was completed.

At 5:53 P.M., the weapons were moved back downstairs and signed for. Nothing odd was noted.

The officer watching the weaponry was Sgt. Marvin Herrera, a 19-year veteran of the NYPD with a sterling record. He is completely innocent of any crime, although at the beginning it may look like he stole the shotgun or sold it on the side. Herrera is convinced of his own innocence, so his response may be a bit more heated than the Agents expect to any accusations.

Herrera claims complete (and truthful) ignorance of the weapon's disappearance, and initially claims he never left the boxes unattended without trading off with another officer. Shortly thereafter he corrects himself and explains that he did, in fact, step away for a moment when a squad car collided with a small dog at the east exit from the parking lot. The dog, which had run from its owner, was killed in the intersection, and several officers gathered to see what the commotion was.

Herrera was away from the boxes for less than seven minutes.

If the Agents fail to consider it, Herrera offers up the idea that the cameras that record the outside of the building might have recorded what happened.

As soon as Herrera realizes that the Agents think a murder weapon was part of the lot that he was supposed to watch, he demands a union lawyer to be present for every interview to ensure that he is not going to be subject to prosecution or a lawsuit.

The Tale of the Tape

If they keep things cordial with the police, the Agents can examine recordings from the many cameras which observed all entrances and exits of the 24th Precinct on the date of the murders. An **Alertness** roll spots Michael Wei, recorded by the front entrance camera, waiting across the street 20 minutes before Herrera reports stepping way. Wei stands holding an obviously empty gym bag, and checks his watch many times. He suddenly crosses the street to the west parking lot entrance, 15 seconds before a small dog appears on the other camera and is struck by a police cruiser. On the parking lot camera, Herrera stands and heads towards the commotion. Less than five seconds later, Wei walks to the tarps covering the weapon boxes, uncovers them, produces a claw hammer from his bag, pries open a box, removes a Remington 870, and replaces the lid in less than a minute. He restores the tarp before stepping off camera with the shotgun in his gym bag. This took place at 9:21 A.M.

Herrera returns a few minutes later and sits down in the folding chair once more, unaware that Wei was ever there.

Columbia University

Columbia University is an Ivy League school located in Morningside Heights on Manhattan's Upper West Side. Wei attended the Applied Physics and Applied Mathematics program as a graduate student. By all accounts, he was a model student.

The university is extremely forthcoming with law enforcement personnel, revealing any information they have on Wei without hesitation. A public information official is assigned to the Agents. Sandy Beema, a woman in her mid-40s, is responsible for spin control for the PR disaster that Michael Wei represents. She does her best to paint Wei as a troubled, mentally ill individual who simply snapped. She sharply rebukes any implication that Wei's involvement in mathematics at the university was responsible for his illness. Otherwise Beema is a great resource, walking anyone with the right police or federal credentials anywhere on campus, as well as granting them access to Wei's dorm and university email account.

Wei's Dorm Room

Wei was housed in a small dorm room in John Jay Hall, a skyscraper-like residence hall located on the campus. John Jay Hall also houses the Fu Foundation School of Engineering and Applied Science, which contains the Applied Physics and Applied Mathematics program.

Wei chose the room due to its vicinity to his work. He often went downstairs in his pajamas to work in the lab.

Wei's dorm is small, modest and messy. It is clear he had little or no social life. Every surface is covered in half-read books (folded open at random points). His bed is nothing more than a futon dropped in the middle of the room.

A single, rickety Ikea desk holds a nondescript gray computer and a cheap monitor. A pile of papers are stacked all over the table. Most are covered in a scrawl that anyone with any level of **Science** (**Mathematics**) skill recognizes as differential equations.

It is clear this room was simply a rest-stop for Wei in his daily routine.

Nothing is obviously unusual in Wei's apartment. There is no indication he owned any firearms.

Digging deeper into his digital records and the papers on his desk reveals some oddities.

Wei's Computer

The computer is a poorly maintained, component-built machine running a recent version of Windows.

It is not password-protected and all directories on it are open. There is nothing hidden on the machine.

Wei's last email was sent the morning of the murders to mathgeeks@listbrain.com, a group composed of 12 mathematics students and teachers from around the world who are interested in mathematical puzzles. This email was the complete and complex solution to the Laqueus puzzle. Anyone with a **Science** (**Mathematics**) skill of more than 20% can use this email to "solve" the Laqueus equation. (See **THE LAQUEUS SOLUTION** on page 85 for details.)

Wei's Papers

The papers are of particular interest. Those stacked on top the pile are the most recent and are filled with a spray of complex numbers. The equations seem to resolve in a chain of numbers: 10.12, 921, 40.796901, and –73.968158. They represent the date and time (October 12, 9:21 A.M.) of Wei's theft of the shotgun and the latitude and longitude of the 24th Precinct house (40.796901, –73.968158).

Anyone putting this together with the video from the 24th Precinct must make a Sanity roll. Failure costs 1D4 SAN from the horrors of the predictive power of the equation.

Furthermore, each Agent with a **Science** (**Mathematics**) skill of 20% or more must make a **Luck** roll. If it succeeds, the Agent loses 1D4 **SAN** as additional ramifications of the equation's effects sink in. In addition, from this point on, any time that Agent is exposed to the equation, the number sequence, or numbers generated by it, he or she must make another **Luck** roll or lose another 1D4 SAN. Such a character who hits the Breaking Point comes under the influence of the equation. (See **THE LAQUEUS SOLUTION** on page 85 for details.)

The Photocopied Book

A bundle of pages stained with coffee and food, and held together by an orange binder clip, is shoved beneath Wei's futon. This is a heavily annotated, photocopied English translation of *Libri Plures Admiratio* ("The Book of Many Wonders"). Wei's interest in Fascius Claudan began as a simple query into interesting and esoteric encryption and compression methods. He hoped some old trick might either fit the bill for his Mersenne prime algorithm or point the way toward a solution.

Instead, he found a gaping hole in reality.

With some effort, Agents can find that the book was photocopied from the Educational Studies Books edition of *The Book of Many Wonders,* translated by Maurice Ester and published in 1944. The company is long since defunct, and it only published several hundred copies of the book before ceasing publication. All involved in the translation and production are long dead from normal causes. There is nothing sinister about this. The book was not popular, and only now has the study of mathematics caught up with Claudan's discovery.

Before the 1960s, the book posed little threat to any except the most brilliant mathematicians. Now, to any mathematician worth his or her salt, reading this book is like pointing a gun at his or her own head. Anyone with a **Science** (**Mathematics**) skill of 20% or more who studies the photocopy is subject to the ill effects as outlined in **THE LAQUEUS SOLUTION** on page 85.

The photocopied book is covered in handwritten notes, some coherent, some not. The deadly number sequence covers the last page in a violent scrawl. It appears as if the marker used to scribble it broke during the writing.

Notes in the margins in Wei's handwriting include some disturbing elements. Deciphering this chicken scratch requires a successful **Science** (**Mathematics**) roll. If successful, the Agent reading the manuscript realizes that Wei predicted the time the Agent would find the book and read the entry, as well as the Agent's Social Security Number, age, and the latitude and longitude of the Agent's home address. There is even a scrawl at the end of the equation which says, "Hello!" This costs 1/1D4 **SAN**.

If the Agents' case officer or Delta Green contact is made aware of this manuscript, they immediately order its destruction, as well as a report on who has read it or is reading it. If they learns that an Agent has spent significant time with the manuscript, the other Agents are tasked with carefully observing the reader.

Researching Fascius Claudan

Agents with at least 70% in **History**—or with at least 50% in **History** and at least 40% in **Latin, Dutch,** or **French;** or who gets help from an expert in early-modern European history; or who simply succeeds at a **History** test—can find details about Fascius Claudan in Columbia's library.

Fascius Claudan—summarized on page 70—is an obscure figure in scientific history. He is mentioned in some sixteenth-century texts as an oddity, almost a cautionary tale, and then not at all. His name vanishes from most texts at about the time of the Dutch invasion of England (1688), almost as if it had been purposely excised.

Claudan was known in Brussels as a brilliant inventor and scientist. Locally he was held in high esteem by nobles, and his papers were seen as far away as Milan. Early in his career, Claudan focused on astronomy, mechanics, and simple machines. He developed two pulley designs which enjoyed widespread use in Europe. Still, his name was clouded by his later activities.

Claudan travelled to Asia and Africa and, according to some sources, was corrupted by the influence of foreign science and magic. Upon his return, Claudan was withdrawn and strange; some even called him insane. He defaulted on debts and was thrown in an almshouse more than once. He feverishly wrote a series of books on astronomy, Asian and

African-influenced science, and alchemy. In his last book, *Libri Plures Admiratio ("The Book of Many Wonders"),* Claudan revealed the Laqueus Equation, a math puzzle he claimed he learned from an Arab in Constantinople in 1650. The book claims this Arab was six hundred years old and had seen the "grand library of Nakotic," wherein lie the secrets of the ancient architects of the world.

Claudan's death remains a mystery. No official records indicate how or where he died. The last official mention of him was his incarceration in an almshouse in the summer of 1651. No other record exists for him past this point. Most scholars assume he died, as thousands did, from an outbreak of cholera which swept through Brussels that summer.

Only six copies of *Libri Plures Admiratio* survived to the modern age. All but one were lost during World War II. The last, thought to be the original, resides in Brussels.

Several small publishing houses have created copies of the book, and a few cryptography books cite the puzzle in it, but for the most part it remains an obscure footnote in scientific history.

The Mailing List

The mailing list mathgeeks@listbrain.com is composed of 12 individuals in academia around the world who enjoy puzzles, codes and mathematical ciphers. It is maintained in the open and membership is open to anyone (though a moderator ensures no spammers make it on the list).

It is a small group and it sees only periodic activity, usually comprising a flurry of emails concerning some puzzle or equation. The latest email was from Michael Wei, containing the complete solution to the Laqueus Equation, on October 12 at 6:41 A.M. No one has responded to this email yet.

The list moderator is Julio Kimbrel, Ph.D., a professor of mathematics at Alfred University in upstate New York. He is wholly forthcoming with anyone in law enforcement. Luckily, he has not read the Laqueus solution. But he might, especially if the Agents indicate it might have something to do with the murders in New Jersey.

The list includes:

- Lawrence Badek, 42, a math and chess enthusiast in Wiesbaden, Germany
- Kelly Casselman, 29, a math teacher in a high school in Brinkman, Montana
- Jamie Izzi, 19, a biochemistry student in Paris, France
- Noreen Kuder, 22, a math student in Manila, Philippines
- Tia Markell, 29, a math dabbler in New York City
- Eve Mehaffey, Ph.D., 39, a physicist in Brighton, England
- Ben Philbeck, 44, a computer scientist at Lawrence Livermore National Laboratory, California
- Kelly Pletcher, 21, a physics student at the University of Columbia, Missouri
- Julius Sward, 31, a house-husband in Modesto, California
- Emile Tumlinson, 51, a chemist for Tyson Foods in Miami, Florida

Asking Delta Green

Informing their case officer or Delta Green contact about the mailing list before hell breaks loose elsewhere is a mark in good favor for the Agents. The Agents themselves might be dispatched to investigate the nearest list member (Tia Markell in New York City). They are told the others "will be handled."

Clever Agents may watch the news to see the effects of the Laqueus solution on the list members. Others might search the Internet for the names on a daily basis, looking for stories.

Others still might visit those on the list in the hopes of short-circuiting the solution's effect on them.

If they ask Delta Green about foreign nationals on mathgeeks@listbrain.com, their contact answers quite frankly: "They're not your problem. Worry about Americans."

Wei's Last E-Mail

The solution to the Laqueus Equation, emailed to the list October 12 at 6:41 A.M., is both elegant and disturbing. To those with no background in mathematics, the solution is simply gibberish. To those with significant **Science (Mathematics)** skill, the equation is a trap.

Mathematicians might describe it as a "key" which reveals a chain of prime numbers. These numbers—which are "unlocked" in a sequence—show huge and previously unknown prime numbers. These primes in turn reveal odd mathematical structures that hover far above the highest prime identified to date.

See **THE LAQUEUS SOLUTION** on page 85 for details.

Wei's Friends and Neighbors

Those who knew Michael Wei are shocked, saddened and sickened by his death and the murders he committed. Some simply can't believe Wei is responsible for such a thing and remain certain he was either coerced or framed.

Wei was held in high esteem by all in his program. He was known as a hard worker, happy and no-nonsense, bent on making math his life. He had many passing acquaintances but few close friends. His closest friends were Anthony Desjardin and Molly Frank.

Molly and Anthony are graduate students at the Applied Science and Applied Mathematics school, and are a couple. The two were good friends with Wei for more than a year, and considered him a "project." That is, they routinely attempted to set him up with friends. Wei spent many weekends with the two, drinking, talking physics and math, and basically goofing off.

The two are absolutely certain that there is no way that Michael Wei could have done the things the authorities claim he did. They vehemently dismiss all evidence to the contrary and say simply: "No. Michael wasn't wired that way. He was a peaceful guy."

Wei's Family

The Wei family resides in Alta Mira, California. Composed of Miriam Wei (Michael's mother) and Imogen Wei (Michael's younger sister), the family is literally dumbstruck by the turn of events.

Michael was always an exceptional student and was the golden child of the family. At the time of his father's death (eight years ago) Michael was already an accomplished student-mathematician.

Michael's mother has spent the last few days heavily sedated, and Imogen has been attempting to arrange a remote, quiet funeral for her headless and infamous brother. There is nothing to learn from Michael's family, except that they are devastated and sickened by the turn of events.

Wei's Life

Michael Wei was not a recluse, but he did not draw much attention. He spent very little money on personal goods, ate mostly in the school cafeteria, and was in the lab working most of the time. His neighbors report nothing unusual, and all had a nodding acquaintance with him. He had few close friends, but spent most of his free time (which was very limited) with Anthony Desjardin and Molly Frank.

Wei's life is easily tracked by his credit card and bank card, and it ran like clockwork. Even up until the day of his crime, Wei followed the same routine. Breakfast at the cafeteria at 7 A.M., work until 1 P.M., lunch at the cafeteria or the Surly Bean coffee house across campus, work in the lab until 8 or 9 P.M. and then either a pizza at home or takeout food.

Wei's real life seems to have been his math, and it is obvious to all who knew him that math was everything to him.

Wei's Work

Wei's school work and dissertation involved research into Mersenne prime numbers: huge prime numbers buried in values so large that they encompass millions of digits each. Wei was working on fast distributed math models to generate extremely large Mersenne primes, numbers somewhere in the range of fourteen million digits.

He hoped to achieve this through a special, small algorithm which could be run on a personal computer, or a smartphone for that matter. This data could then be dumped and "chewed" by another algorithm to sift for high primes.

To date, this algorithm remained a failure. Early positive results in his ideas had proven false, something known to all in the program. Wei was extremely forthcoming about his work.

This failure had sent Wei on a search for clever math puzzles and solutions. That led him to *Libri Plures Admiratio*.

The Shotgun

The Agents probably want to know how and where Wei obtained a police shotgun. There are no records of Wei purchasing any weapons in the tri-state area, and the gun is registered to the NYPD. See **INVESTIGATING THE SHOTGUN** on page 80 for further investigation of it.

In truth, the Laqueus Equation "told" Wei where to find the gun and what to do with it.

The Laqueus Solution

The number-patterns revealed by the Laqueus Equation are an extra-dimensional trap, a pinhole through what we know as reality that reveals something beyond, something infinite. This crack in the world is enough to consume any with the mathematical chops to understand the sequence, the chain of numbers, and interrelationships they represent. To those not schooled in advanced mathematics, the numbers remain harmless gibberish, a madman's last bizarre message to the world.

Solving the Equation

Anyone with a **Science** (**Mathematics**) skill of more than 20% can "solve" the Laqueus Equation with a **Science** (**Mathematics**) roll. If the roll succeeds, the character must then make a **Luck** roll. If that fails, the character begins to see numbers from the sequence everywhere. The full consequences of the equation will soon be unleashed.

Choices

Take aside a player whose Agent is affected by the equation. Explain that the Agent has discovered perhaps the most important piece of mathematics in the history of the world. If the universe is a mathematical puzzle, this number sequence is the answer. Ask whether the Agent intends to delve deeper into the numbers or attempts to ignore the sequence.

Effects

Whether the Agent chooses to ignore or explore the sequence, he or she loses 1/1D6 **SAN** once a day as the Agent recognizes its far-reaching implications. Those who reach the Breaking Point are on the fast track to self-destruction.

Paranoia

Solving the Laqueus Equation fills a mathematician at all times with a feeling of creeping dread, as if the world itself is closing in. Descriptions of this condition vary. Some describe the empty air as something alive and squirming. Others say that the stars are watching them. There is a constant feeling of a ubiquitous presence spying on their every action. This feeling increases in intensity as time goes on. In the beginning it can be shrugged off and hidden. As **SAN** losses increase, it becomes more and more evident in the person's behavior.

Detection

Anyone observing a character affected by the equation may make a **HUMINT** or **Psychotherapy** roll for each **SAN** loss the subject has suffered. With a success, the observer recognizes that the subject is suffering from some kind of mental illness. Those who are familiar with the "illness" that the Laqueus Equation seems to produce, and are actively looking for such symptoms, gain a +20% bonus to the roll.

Chains of Causality

Those who solve the equation begin to see numbers from the sequence on receipts, in birth dates, in telephone numbers, on TV, everywhere. They are surrounded by the numbers. If they dig a bit deeper, they discover seemingly unrelated numbers add, subtract, divide and multiply to reveal portions of the sequence.

Those who explore such numbers soon find the sequence "leading" them to places. This might be as easy as a telephone number being revealed through some math, along with latitude and longitude, and a letter-number replacement code which reads "KILL THEM ALL."

End Game

An Agent who reaches the Breaking Point due to the equation gains a new disorder ("obsession with the Laqueus Equation") and is in the end game. What task the equation has for the Agent is up to the Keeper, but it always involves murder and the eventual self-destruction of the character. Try to take the player aside and involve him or her in the Agent's self-destruction. It's fun to go crazy! Tell the player the Agent is in an ever-degrading spiral of mental illness. Then issue the Agent's "orders" and let the player act it out naturally in the game.

An Agent who succeeds at suppressing the disorder can resist the urge to violence but cannot tell people about it. The Agent has no moment of clarity, only an intermission in which to plan rather than act.

The objective of the end game might be as focused as killing everyone in the Delta Green group, or as far-ranging as murdering the U.S. president on live television. Play the situation out in the game, allowing the player to attempt to accomplish the goal.

If the player refuses, step up the **SAN** losses as the character feels the increasing trauma of refusing an overwhelming compulsion from the universe itself. When the character hits zero **SAN**, the equation-given task should be that much more awful.

Marching Orders

Issue the affected player orders from the equation. They can be anything violent; the more random, the better. A set of orders might read:

1. *Locate six people with the initials R.A. Kill them. Don't get caught.*
2. *Murder each of them, 15 minutes after the hour or 51 minutes after the hour.*
3. *Find the user of the telephone number (212) 989-9222. Follow the user home. Kill everyone there. Call the local news and repeat the Laqueus solution to them. Pour gasoline on yourself and the corpses. Burn yourself alive.*

If necessary, the Handler should invent new sets of orders. The objective is always horrifyingly violent

murder, with details and victims that seem entirely random except for the numbers, ending with the killer's suicide. Of course, if an Agent reduces a Bond's score to zero by projecting the equation's **SAN** loss, that Bond could be the first or last victim.

Once these orders are issued, encourage the affected player to act them out in the most devious, clever fashion possible. Their goals should be primarily to not be caught, and secondarily to carry out the equation's orders.

Capture

If an affected Agent is somehow subdued, disarmed and locked up, he or she becomes totally unresponsive unless put into a situation where it's possible to enact the orders or spread the number sequence.

Psychological testing reveals a deep psychosis involving the subject's perception of being controlled by unseen forces. The subject must do his or her best to spread knowledge of the solution as far and wide as possible, making the character dangerous even under controlled conditions.

Once the viral nature of the number-meme is confirmed by Delta Green, it won't be long for unaffected Agents to be ordered to silence infected individuals permanently.

Trouble Elsewhere

Just as the situation in Ridgeway begins to hum, trouble begins elsewhere. Three additional crime sprees are outlined here. Feel free to expand the death toll using the MathGeeks list as a starting point.

Modesto Murders

Two days after the Ridgeway slaughter, a seemingly unrelated crime occurs in Modesto, California. A family of four dies under suspicious circumstances. Julius Sward (age 31), Anetta Sward (30), Anthony Sward (2), and Evelyn Sward (5) are found in the ruins of their home, which was burned to the ground around them. Each of them had been shot by a small caliber weapon. The weapon could not be located in initial investigation.

In truth, Julius Sward murdered his family and then burned the house to the ground. As the home burned, Julius shot himself while surrounded by the bodies of his family. The gun, a small .22 pistol, is still in the gutted ruins of the house.

The police are operating under the assumption that the family was attacked by an intruder. It will take some time before they realize Julius was the assailant. No computer or paperwork survived the fire.

Weisbaden Suicide

Four days after the Ridgeway murders, a news story makes the rounds of an man threatening suicide at the top of the Marktkirche Cathedral in Wiesbaden, Germany. The man, a 42-year-old ex-math teacher named Lawrence Badek, has held security forces at bay at the top of the tower for hours, twice unfurling what looks like a bed sheet with numbers written on it in shoe polish.

The picture of the numbers is very poor. With a **Luck** or **Alertness** roll, Agents recognize the Laqueus solution.

Seven hours into the incident, it becomes clear that Badek is armed when he ineffectually fires at the police on the ground, hitting no one.

Finally, a Spezialeinsatzkommando team (the German state police version of SWAT) attempts to take Badek down. The situation ends suddenly with Badek falling to his death along with SDK commando Ernst Austerlitz on live television. The two men tumble nearly two hundred feet and strike a concrete abutment. They die instantly.

Investigation reveals that Badek was mentally ill. No one locally notices the link to Wei and the list. Badek's apartment is a crazed assortment of printouts, dissected books, and maps. The gun, which was owned by a police officer in a nearby town, was reported missing the morning of Badek's climb to the top of the cathedral.

Montana Massacre

Five days after the Agents arrive at the Ridgeway crime scene, news erupts about a brutal and bizarre attack on a classroom full of students at Lewis and Clark High School in Brinkman, Montana.

The story is confusing. Nearly a dozen students were killed in a shotgun attack. Survivors claimed their teacher, an unassuming woman named Kelly Casselman, entered the classroom Monday morning with a gym bag, removed a pump shotgun, leveled the weapon at the nearest student, and asked, "What's the answer?" When the student failed to properly answer, Casselman blew his upper torso open. This continued until 11 students were dead and the rest had fled. Casselman apparently then shot herself in the chest with the shotgun.

Casselman seems light years from the type of person who could commit such a crime. Like Wei, she was quiet, bookish, and loved her job. She was a diligent teacher who took care of her students. She was heavily involved in school activities. Students thought fondly of her before the incident.

That's five days into the operation. If the Agents somehow find themselves looking for Casselman before her self-destruction, they have a chance to stop the massacre. Those showing up at Casselman's home before the attack find the door open and the living room covered in a bizarre mixture of ripped and arranged pictures, mostly of students at the school.

Casselman is oblivious to the Agents, even if they knock. She sits at her computer, entering odd number sequences into a calculator and then entering the results in a spreadsheet. A new shotgun sits on the desk next to her. She does not answer orders or requests, but only continues typing.

If stopped, Casselman smiles and asks quietly, "What is the answer?" Apart from the shotgun on the desk, she seems totally impassive and unthreatening. If she is not cuffed, or the gun not removed, Casselman suddenly snatches up the shotgun. Resolve the resulting combat as usual. She is a schoolteacher; her physical stats are average and her combat skills are all at base. Nevertheless, Casselman will do her damndest to kill the Agents, one by one, after asking the question "What's the answer?"

If the Agents do not intervene, and look into the case after the massacre, they can find FBI files on Casselman's spreadsheet. No one at the local FBI office has realized it, but the fourteen numbers in the spreadsheet correspond to the Social Security numbers of the eleven victims. The other three numbers match students who barely escaped the attack.

Containing the Numbers

The primary motivation of the Agents, once the situation is fully understood, should be the containment of the Laqueus solution. This is more difficult that might be initially imagined. By the time the Agents arrive on the scene, the number has already done what it does best—it has propagated into hundreds of files, people's heads, photographs, and videos. It has even been shown (briefly) on the news.

Altering Local Evidence

Agents acting under official authority of the FBI have access to the Alliance Police Department, and have free rein on the case files. However, the chain of evidence requires those examining such files to sign in and sign out. Destruction of papers, photos, or videos will eventually be noticed. But the tampering is relatively easy and might not be detected at all for a time.

Agents destroying files must make a **Luck** roll. On a failure, someone immediately notices the tampering and those who signed in are investigated. Another **Luck** roll must be made or the Feds are brought in and things turn more serious.

If the **Luck** roll succeeds, the tampering goes unnoticed for 1D8 weeks. Then, unless the Wei case has been completely closed, it is discovered and investigated. Most likely, by this time the Agents will be long gone, but accusations of tampering with evidence could haunt them even when they think it's all over.

Clever Agents could alter evidence rather than destroying it outright. Photos can be replaced with photo-manipulated versions where the numbers are obscured or altered. Reports can be duplicated down to the last detail, except for the Laqueus-related number. Replacing such files takes 2D10 hours and requires the **Forensics** skill, free access to the files, a computer, a printer, and no witnesses. It is up to the Agents to

set up this situation. At the end, the Agents must make a **Forensics** roll; use the highest skill among them. If it fumbles, the tampering is noticed after 1D8 weeks. Otherwise, they get away with it.

Altering FBI Evidence

Because the Wei case involves the FBI, case files are copied to the local FBI field office where they are routinely digitized and dispatched to FBI headquarters. The Agents might be able to gain access to the local FBI field office to destroy or alter evidence without assistance. But it is nearly impossible for them to gain access to FBI headquarters without some assistance from Delta Green. It remains up to you whether such a mission is undertaken by another team, by an insider at FBI headquarters, or by the Agents themselves.

Closing the Case

The best way for the Agents to cover their tracks may be to see to it that the Wei case is quickly closed. This should not be hard. Wei clearly committed the murders. All that really remains is to confirm that he acted alone, and to determine whether the NYPD officer from whom he stole the shotgun should be charged for negligence. The Agents can shut down that part of the investigation by making a convincing argument and succeeding at a **Law** roll. That results in the case being closed within a week and everyone—including the Agents—being sent home.

Of course, if anyone outside Delta Green discovers that Wei's fellow MathGeeks list members have begun killing people, that explodes the case into investigation of an international conspiracy. That official investigation is likely to last months, whether or not the Agents manage to contain the numbers. The Agents ought to do everything possible to prevent that.

Killing the Infected

Anyone who understands the Laqueus solution is a vector for the "disease." The Agents' orders from Delta Green say anyone exposed to the number should be reported to their case officer or contact. If the Agents ask for orders on dealing with an infected individual, they are told brusquely to "remove the vector." Their contact does not elaborate, but the meaning is clear: Kill anyone exhibiting symptoms of "infection" by the Laqueus solution.

Killing an unarmed person is very hard on the human mind. It costs 1/1D10 **SAN** due to violence, unless the Agent changes his or her mind at the last moment. Standing by while another Agent commits that murder costs 1/1D6 **SAN** instead.

Resolution

The Laqueus solution operates a lot like a virus. It moves from host to host, can lie dormant in the form of writing or data for months, years, or even centuries, and can awaken in an explosion of infection at any time. It is a threat. Depending on the Agents' commitment to the situation, it might become an obsession. Completely wiping out the number is a practical impossibility.

Locating and destroying copies of the various translations of *Libri Plures Admiratio* is possible, though time-consuming. Fewer than 400 copies of the book, in various languages, exist worldwide. Many are not in fact full translations, but short portions of Claudan's notes reproduced in cryptography textbooks. The book itself is not well known either to mathematicians or book dealers, but can be found for the right price.

The original copy of the book itself is contained at L'Université libre de Bruxelles, in Belgium. It is very rarely looked at and has remained untouched in the library for nearly 22 years. Gaining access to the book is as easy as having any lettered teacher in the universities of Europe granting an Agent a letter of introduction. Entry to the private library is far from secure. Agents expecting some vault-like facility will be disappointed. There is only a bored librarian, a small room, and stacks of old books. Destroying the book is easy. If violence ensues, everyone in the library attempts to flee rather than interfering. Destroying Claudan's original, hand-written code is probably the easiest thing any of the Agents could undertake in this scenario.

Destroying the original manuscript in this fashion regains those involved 1D4 **SAN**.

Destroying all known copies of the book regains those involved 1D4+2 **SAN**.

Characters

FBI Supervisory Special Agent Aiden Canor

Veteran FBI agent. African American male, age 47.

Special Agent Canor

STR 15 **CON** 11 **DEX** 9 **INT** 14 **POW** 11 **CHA** 10

HP 13 **WP** 11 **SAN** 55 **BREAKING POINT** 44

SKILLS: Accounting 31%, Alertness 40%, Bureaucracy 50%, Driving 45%, Firearms 60%, HUMINT 60%, Law 50%, Persuasion 60%, Search 40%, Stealth 41%, Unarmed Combat 65%.

ATTACKS: *Unarmed* 65%, damage 1D4.

Glock 20 pistol 60%, damage 1D10.

Special Agent William Gant

Up-and-coming FBI agent who is ready to believe. White male, age 31.

Special Agent Gant

STR 10 **CON** 12 **DEX** 9 **INT** 12 **POW** 10 **CHA** 10

HP 11 **WP** 10 **SAN** 50 **BREAKING POINT** 40

SKILLS: Alertness 45%, Driving 40%, Firearms 60%, HUMINT 50%, Law 51%, Persuasion 40%, Stealth 45%, Unarmed Combat 55%.

ATTACKS: *Unarmed* 55%, damage 1D4−1.

Glock 22 pistol 60%, damage 1D10.

Dr. Sarah Comox

FBI crypto-analyst. White female, age 34.

Dr. Comox

STR 9 **CON** 10 **DEX** 7 **INT** 15 **POW** 6 **CHA** 9

HP 10 **WP** 6 **SAN** 30 **BREAKING POINT** 24

SKILLS: Accounting 55%, Alertness 60%, Computer Science 60%, Driving 40%, Firearms 40%, HUMINT 40%, Law 35%, Science (Mathematics) 55%, Science (Physics) 30%, SIGINT 60%, Unarmed Combat 50%.

ATTACKS: *Unarmed* 50%, damage 1D4–1.

Police Chief Upton Weeks

Chief of police of Alliance, New Jersey. A charming political operative. White male, age 41.

Chief Weeks

STR 10 **CON** 10 **DEX** 15 **INT** 16 **POW** 8 **CHA** 16

HP 10 **WP** 8 **SAN** 40 **BREAKING POINT** 32

SKILLS: Alertness 40%, Craft (Mechanic) 45%, Driving 50%, Firearms 45%, Law 30%, Persuade 70%, Unarmed Combat 55%.

ATTACKS: *Unarmed* 55%, damage 1d4–1.

SIG Sauer P226 pistol 45%, damage 1D10.

State Trooper Thomas Blanet

New Jersey State Police trooper and Delta Green friendly. White male, age 49.

Trooper Blanet

STR 13 **CON** 11 **DEX** 10 **INT** 11 **POW** 9 **CHA** 11

HP 12 **WP** 9 **SAN** 42 **BREAKING POINT** 36

SKILLS: Alertness 50%, Driving 60%, Firearms 54%, Law 35%, Navigation 53%, Persuasion 49%, Stealth 50%, Survival 33%, Unarmed Combat 55%.

ATTACKS: *Unarmed* 55%, damage 1D4–1.

Glock 19 pistol 54%, damage 1D10.

Colt AR-15 carbine 54%, damage 1D12, Armor Piercing 3.

Enrico Savé

Television reporter—the Face of Northern New Jersey. Hispanic male, age 41.

Enrico Savé

STR 10 **CON** 12 **DEX** 12 **INT** 12 **POW** 10 **CHA** 17

HP 11 **WP** 10 **SAN** 50 **BREAKING POINT** 40

SKILLS: Alertness 55%, Art (Emotional Interview) 70%, Driving 30%, HUMINT 50%, Persuasion 80%, Unarmed Combat 57%.

ATTACKS: *Unarmed* 57%, damage 1D4–1.

// Lover in the Ice //

"The simultaneous mind-rending horror and intense pleasure of murdering someone to create an Incubus often shatters the host's remaining sanity."

// Lover in the Ice //

By Caleb Stokes

Introduction

It's January in the year of your choosing. An apocalyptic ice storm struck Lafontaine, Missouri on Jan. 2. An extreme cold front caused ground temperature to drop by 17° Celsius in a matter of hours. Simultaneously, humidity reached 100% and a thunderstorm blanketed the region. The rain coated everything in layer upon layer of ice. Roofs collapsed under four-inch sheets. Trees exploded as sap flash-froze in the trunks. Transformers shorted out and fell flaming from their posts. Cars not crushed by falling debris skidded off impassible roads or froze up. Flights in and out of the area were cancelled. The governor declared the city a disaster area but the ice and continuing winter weather prevented dispatch of services.

Inside Lafontaine, a mothballed Green Box—a storage facility rented by the conspiracy in the old days—sent a silent alarm to Delta Green on the night of the storm. The contents of the box were never inventoried after the organizational restructuring in 2001. The Friendly caretaker on site is not responding. Delta Green doesn't know what caused the breach or what potential threats might now be in the field. They need eyes on the ground.

The nearest available operatives—the players' Agents—each get a call from a known Delta Green case officer on the afternoon of Jan. 5. Whether the Agents are part of the Program or the Outlaws is up to the Handler. The call comes in the usual way, from one of half a dozen numbers arranged ahead of time but which frequently change. The caller sounds like he is confirming an ordinary dinner or business meeting. He gives a time and place: a private TSA conference room at Lambert Airport, St. Louis, Missouri, 11:45 P.M. tonight.

It is up to each Agent to make personal arrangements and get a last-minute flight to Lambert. The Handler decides whether they have funds provided earlier by Delta Green or have to use their own money.

As always, traveling by plane in the U.S. restricts the kind of gear they can carry. Federal law

TOP SECRET
Samples 1, 4, and
and therefore if

enforcement officers are allowed their duty sidearms. No one can carry personally-owned weapons aboard. Delta Green Agents are usually expected to equip themselves to suit the mission after they arrive.

Briefing

TSA agents at Lambert allow the Agents into the conference room. Inside is a balding man in his early fifties. He has a heavy paunch and deep circles under his eyes. He does not offer his name here but the Agents know him as DHS Special Agent Patrick Hill. They have met him before. He's a Delta Green case officer. He arranges missions. He is the go-between and cut-out between the Agents on the ground and the rest of Delta Green. The mission is the Agents' job; the Agents are his job. He never refers to Delta Green by name, calling it only "the Group." He insists the Agents take the same precaution.

If the Agents worry about eavesdropping, he waves off their concerns. Maybe he already handled it. The following is all he has to say by way of briefing.

- The Group has had a storage unit in Lafontaine, Missouri, since the 1990s.
- The unit is at Earl's Rent-A-Space, Unit 0171
- The Group designates it GB224.
- It's watched by a Friendly who works for Lafontaine City Utilities.
- A Friendly is a contact who can be counted on for help but is not an agent
- The Friendly thinks it's long-term storage of CIA documents and knows nothing of the Group.
- It has a silent alarm to warn the Group of intrusions.
- The night of January 2nd, the alarm indicated a breach.
- Phone lines and cell towers are down across the city due to the storm.
- The door to GB224 has been open for nearly a week and we don't know what was inside.
- The case officer arranged cover for the team as a FEMA oversight group riding in with a National Guard relief convoy. The cover is thin. Anyone investigating it is likely to pull it apart right away. Don't test it.
- The case officer arranged office space at the City Utilities company.

The Agents are to find the Friendly, Skip Mills, and learn what he knows. Then they are to go to GB224 and inventory its contents. If they determine that anything has been stolen, they must recover it.

They can contact the case officer by texts from a burner phone that he gives them now to a burner phone that he carries. The communications will not be secure. They are not to text anything that might draw outside attention or interest.

The Dead Author's Secrets

Author Ryan Whitehead didn't live in Lafontaine, nor even in Missouri. He made his home on a decaying ancestral plantation house in Alabama. He achieved some literary fame in the 1960s for his first novel, *Man Jesus With the Golden Arm,* a biblical allegory retold as the story of messianic minor-league pitcher amidst the tumultuous American cultural revolution. Stylistically, he was regarded as the "upper-crust Hunter Thompson," fusing an unflinching and contemporary voice with a penchant for Modernist allusion and Southern Gothic themes.

Riding high off his critical success, Whitehead was commissioned by the San Francisco magazine *Blammo!* to write the gonzo journalism so popular with its readers. After being paid a significant advance he went to Brazil to report on the Trans-Amazonian Highway, a massive public works project promised by the new military government. Rumors said the road's work crew was trailed by a movable city called "Little Altamira" that served all the workers' base needs: drugs, dance, and sex. In 1967, Whitehead traveled to Brazil to write the article, accompanied by his childhood friend Albert Capchka and Gabriella Larentinos, an editor from *Blammo!* The group was reported to have checked in with their military escort before heading downriver.

Then…nothing.

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In 1968, nearly five months after he left, Whitehead was spotted back in his hometown. He was gaunt, having lost over 20 kg, and now shook uncontrollably with tremors. All attempts to learn the whereabouts of the rest of his party were met with silence. Whitehead insisted everything would be clear once he finished his "next novel."

Whitehead's troubles grew exponentially upon his return. He remained under investigation by police for the disappearances of Gabriella Larentinos and Albert Capchka. Uncharacteristic reluctance and secrecy by the typically pro-Western Brazilian dictatorship complicated inquiries to the point where charges could never be brought. The stain of suspicion stuck to Whitehead's reputation.

The author's alcohol and drug abuse, significant even before the trip, became rampant after his return. His drunken ravings about monsters lurking in the jungle became something of a legend in his Alabama town. Police reports said Whitehead's longtime neglect of his young wife devolved into full-blown domestic abuse. His wife obtained a divorce in 1970, citing screaming fits, physical abuse, and lack of intimacy.

Eventually, *Blammo!* won a massive lawsuit against Whitehead for damages incurred from the undelivered article's advance and for his "failure to account for the whereabouts of vital staff members." Whitehead's only defense in the case was the assertion that the article "demanded a novel" and that all would be made clear soon. The court costs and damages resulted in the loss of much of his family fortune.

Whitehead's need to feed his various addictions finished the job and wiped him out financially. He declared bankruptcy and drew government disability checks starting in the late Seventies. Whitehead spent the rest of his life locked up in a tiny government-assistance apartment. He grew increasingly reclusive and obsessed with finishing his novel. His once-bright literary star dimmed and was forgotten.

In 1981, a cash-strapped Whitehead attempted to sell some of his supplies and books to a few collectors still interested in his career. Though the details of the meeting are unclear, it ended in a bizarre double-homicide at Whitehead's apartment complex. The peculiar nature of the wounds and the supernatural proclivities of the deceased collectors drew the attention of Delta

Green, at that time an underground conspiracy. By the time the investigation indicated Whitehead as the primary suspect in the killings, agents found the author dead from a self-inflicted gunshot wound to the head. A note (see **HANDOUT A** on page 118) was pinned to his chest.

That note now can be found in Green Box 224.

Whitehead's suicide note mentioned a Brazilian army ammo box found near his body. The agents on the scene, guided by experience and by other documents found in the apartment, heeded the dead man's advice and refrained from investigating further. Whitehead's personal effects and the ammo box were eventually secured in a Green Box (see **HANDOUT B** on page 119).

The records of the Whitehead investigation and its inconclusive results are available to Delta Green today, but they lost all track of the evidence after decades of illegal activity and subterfuge. Through the vicissitudes of Delta Green's operations in the Eighties and Nineties, Whitehead's possessions eventually landed in Green Box 224 in Lafontaine, Missouri. There they stayed until the ice storm of Jan. 2 released what the dead author never wanted released.

The Threat

Skip Mills, a Delta Green Friendly, is the unwitting caretaker of the Green Box. He has been infected by the contents of Whitehead's Brazilian ammo box, a horror called a Seeder. It turned him into a reproductive organ for the Amantè, the hellish Amazonian creature that ruined Whitehead's life. Mills has gone completely mad and birthed a new Amantè into the world, and it has spawned others. The creatures and their thralls are now picking their way through the frozen city, eating and corrupting anyone they find. If their existence continues after the weather breaks, there's no telling how many will die before the infection can be contained.

Seeder

A Seeder originates with the foot-long nightmare phallus that the Amantè leaves implanted in its victim. The phallus ends in four serrated needles made of bone, ringed around a black gill that operates like a stand-in esophagus, piping air and food to the host. Each bone needle is attached to a vein that runs down the length of the wriggling, grayish tube. Two veins suck blood from the victim while the other two inject an orange recombinant fluid. An alien biological process housed in the bulbous pustule at the base of the phallus rearranges human blood into the orange fluid on a cellular level. This bulb also contains nerve tendrils that integrate with the host's limbic system.

Seeder organs are relatively useless until placed in a host, though they can move and implant autonomously with the element of surprise. Once lodged in the throat, the Seeder organ takes control of, rewrites, and supercharges the host's hormonal production. Serotonin update alteration causes a deep depression (in addition to the negative psychological effects of being assaulted by the Amantè in the first place). Meanwhile, the parasitic organ chemically corrupts the brain's stress hormones into endorphins analogous to those found in human sexual arousal, though many times more potent. Within minutes of infection, victims are rendered neurologically incapable of all joy and sensation beyond an animal reproductive instinct—an instinct chemically reconditioned to trigger only in instances of violence and pain.

Host Behavior

Those infected quickly begin to sexualize nearly every encounter with other human beings, regardless of relationship, context, or taboo. The host literally begins to lose his or her mind trying to resist perpetrating perversely violent acts. As infection continues, psychic driving conflates the victim's every stress response with arousal, anatomically incentivizing risk-taking behavior.

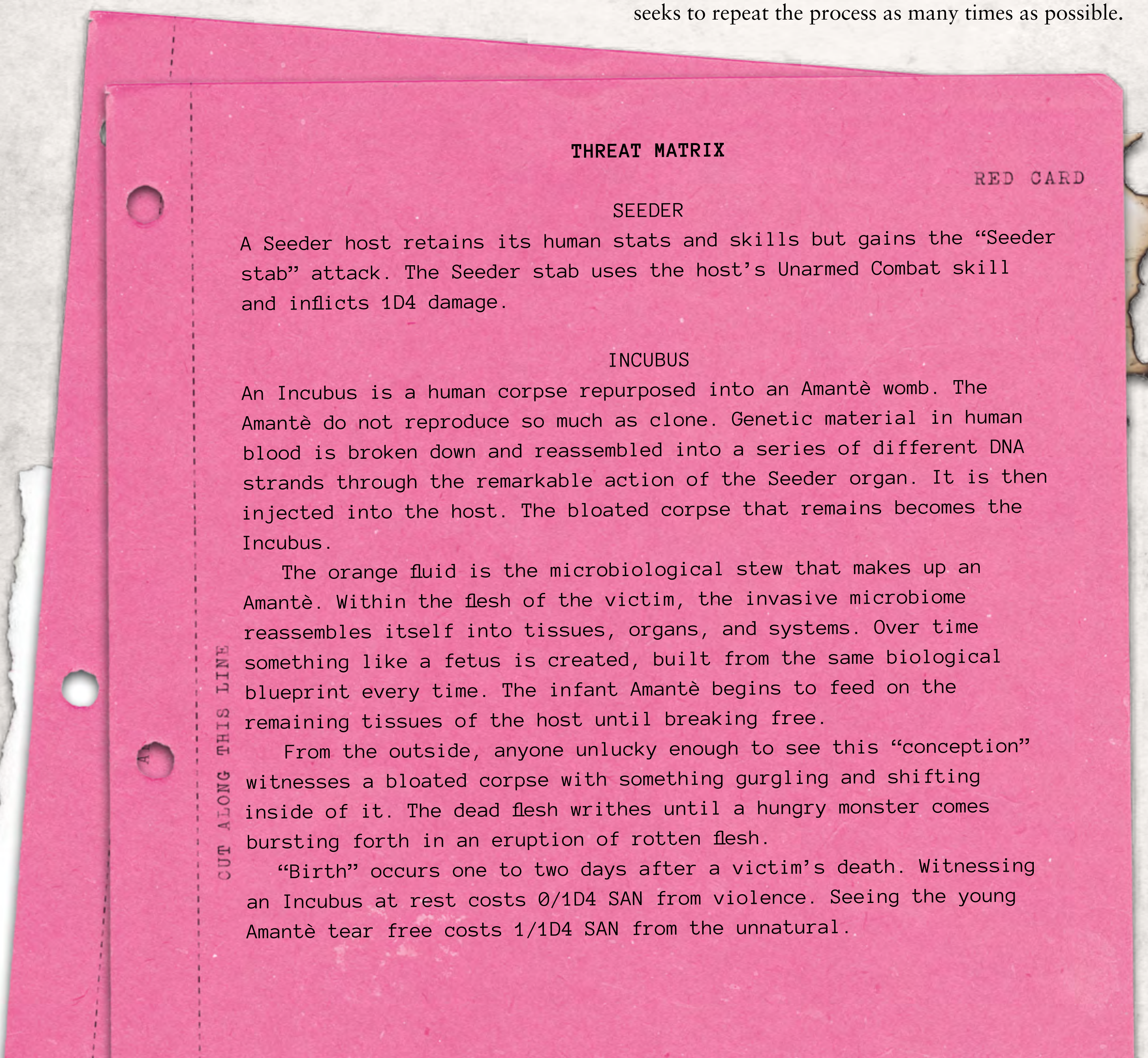
The host's brain struggles to grasp its corrupted neurological chemistry. Sexual fantasies become intensely distracting, and as the Seeder acclimates to its new host the waking dreams grow ever more depraved. All skills are at a –20% penalty unless the skill serves the Seeder organ's ends.

Nothing about the Amantè's lifecycle remotely resembles sex or love. No matter how perverse, the infected are left emotionally catatonic to all thoughts save violence. Imagining people naked quickly evolves into imagining them flayed alive. Disgust loses ground to insane lust. A Seeder host unlucky enough to actually witness a violent act while caught in this fugue state is in danger of having his or her very mind shatter with desire to join in. Suffering this inexplicable urge costs 1 **SAN** from the unnatural. Resisting it costs 1D4 **SAN** from the unnatural. Giving in and perpetrating it has the usual **SAN** cost for violence, probably 1/1D8 or 1/1D10 depending on the severity.

Two major behavioral patterns manifest after infection, surrender and withdrawal.

Those Who Give In

In most instances, Seeder hosts rationalize their murderous urges as perfectly natural impulses. The victim might even regard the Amantè as a liberating entity and seek to actively serve it. The host begins engineering wild, hedonistic encounters with as many participants as possible. The host attempts to separate partners from the herd and either bring them to an Amantè for implantation or stab them to death with the Seeder's needle phallus, thus creating an Incubus (see below). The simultaneous mind-rending horror and intense pleasure of murdering someone to create an Incubus often shatters the host's remaining sanity, costing 1D4/1D10 **SAN** due to helplessness. The infected typically hides the body in a safe place and seeks to repeat the process as many times as possible.



THREAT MATRIX

RED CARD

SEEDER

A Seeder host retains its human stats and skills but gains the "Seeder stab" attack. The Seeder stab uses the host's Unarmed Combat skill and inflicts 1D4 damage.

INCUBUS

An Incubus is a human corpse repurposed into an Amantè womb. The Amantè do not reproduce so much as clone. Genetic material in human blood is broken down and reassembled into a series of different DNA strands through the remarkable action of the Seeder organ. It is then injected into the host. The bloated corpse that remains becomes the Incubus.

The orange fluid is the microbiological stew that makes up an Amantè. Within the flesh of the victim, the invasive microbiome reassembles itself into tissues, organs, and systems. Over time something like a fetus is created, built from the same biological blueprint every time. The infant Amantè begins to feed on the remaining tissues of the host until breaking free.

From the outside, anyone unlucky enough to see this "conception" witnesses a bloated corpse with something gurgling and shifting inside of it. The dead flesh writhes until a hungry monster comes bursting forth in an eruption of rotten flesh.

"Birth" occurs one to two days after a victim's death. Witnessing an Incubus at rest costs 0/1D4 SAN from violence. Seeing the young Amantè tear free costs 1/1D4 SAN from the unnatural.

CUT ALONG THIS LINE

Those Who Withdraw

A few infected individuals withdraw from society. This typically occurs when someone is seeded by an organ whose Amantè is dead. Without the primal influence of their master, certain psychological types only feel a more intense shame with their heightened craving for physical pleasure. Those resisting might take temporary solace in self-mutilation as a means of temporarily appeasing the beast within them. But even if the host has the organ surgically removed, this merely delays the inevitable. Eventually the host gives in to the typical predatory tactics.

Regardless of type, a host finds any act of physical violence intensely arousing. Conflict has been naturally selected as an aphrodisiac to the Amantè, as it conceals their invasive breeding habits and increases their chances of survival. It is difficult for any Seeder host to resist the sight of violence. Sufficiently violent stimulus—such as the presence of blood or violent, screamed threats—costs 1/1D6 **SAN** from the unnatural. The roll is made every turn in the presence of the violent stimulus.

A Seeder host who goes temporarily insane or whose SAN reaches the Breaking Point loses all self-control. The spiny Seeder organ bursts forth from the mouth and the host attacks until he or she commits murder or is incapacitated.

Infecting Agents

Agents isolated from the team might be attacked and become unwilling tools of the Amantè, sabotaging group efforts from within.

An Agent should be given a chance to resist the attack. An Amantè is drastically stronger than a human but it is possible to resist one long enough to run away. Even if physically pinned, the Agent still has a chance. The Amante's position is unsteady when it is attempting to force a Seeder down someone's throat. If the Agent can keep from screaming by succeeding at the **SAN** roll, they can prevent the tendrils at the base of the organ entering their mouth. This prevents the victim from calling for help but it allows another chance to beat the creature's Unarmed Combat roll and wrestle free.

If the Seeder gains purchase, the Agent instantly passes out. He or she wakes up a few minutes later, intensely nauseous and exhausted. Shock, combined with the alien creature grafting itself to the nervous system, makes the whole event seem like a terrible nightmare. Those forcing themselves to remember the attack in detail find no comfort. The more of the attack is recalled, the more…pleasant it seems.

The Handler shouldn't take away control of a Seeder-infested Agent immediately. The Agent can resist temptation. Each time the Agent resists a fantasy or witnesses stressful behavior, it costs another 1/1D6 **SAN** from the unnatural. Once the character's Breaking Point is reached, the Handler offers one last choice: commit suicide before it's too late or give up control and attack the closest warm body. Suicide requires the Agent to fail a SAN test unless the Agent is adapted to helplessness. An infested Agent that survives attacking the nearest warm body loses 1D4/1D10 **SAN** from helplessness after realizing what they've done. The 1/1D6 **SAN** rolls begin again once a new violent stimulus arrives. Mental degradation continues until the Seeder organ is removed with a successful **Surgery** test (at a –20% penalty because the organ is actively fighting back), until the host dies, or until the victim's **SAN** reaches zero, at which point he or she becomes a gleeful servant of the Amantè.

Timeline of Disaster

Many terrible things happen before the Agents' arrival.

2001 to 2003

Delta Green reorganizes under an official governmental remit. Many of the conspiracy's resources are catalogued and repurposed. Some artifacts were housed in "Green Boxes," unmarked civilian locations used for storage. Personnel turnover and the loss of institutional memory keep many Green Boxes hidden. Some Green Boxes contain materials so biologically, supernaturally, or mimetically toxic as to make transportation too dangerous and expensive. These Green Boxes are rigged with security systems and put under the care of local Friendlies to ensure containment. One such location is Green Box 224 in Lafontaine, Missouri. Unable to safely catalogue its contents without knowledge of the site's former case history or personnel, a secondary team installed a security system and placed GB224 under the care of a local Friendly, Lafontaine City Utilities supervisor Skip Mills. Mills believed he was guarding a secret CIA storage site.

January 2, This Year

A catastrophic ice storm strikes Lafontaine, Missouri. A tree limb breaks off and crashes through the roof and door of storage unit 0171 at Earl's Rent-a-Space, Green Box 224. The Seeder organ is set free among the belongings of Ryan Whitehead, which had been stored in the Green Box since his 1981 suicide and a subsequent, abortive Delta Green investigation. Over the years, the organ has recovered from its wounds and survived in a state of hibernation. Shocked into activity by the extreme cold, the parasite begins inching out of the rubble in search of a host. The security system installed in the Green Box alerts both Delta Green and Mills to a possible breach.

January 3

The Seeder escapes.

1:00 A.M.

Skip Mills braves the ice storm to investigate the alarm in GB224. Damage from downed power lines and trees prompts him to enter the property. Security cameras record his arrival.

1:05 A.M.

Mills investigates noises within the crushed unit 0171. The desperate Seeder organ attacks. It hooks itself to his face and forces its bulbous stalk down his screaming throat. Bleeding from multiple facial lacerations and overwhelmed with terror, Mills passes out.

1:30 A.M.

Mills regains consciousness, though still woozy and vomiting. On security camera footage he can be seen as a dark shape leaving the facility. Earl's Rent-a-Space loses power shortly after.

2:30 A.M.

Mills returns home in a daze. Overcome by the strange urges of the Seeder organ, he violently slays his mother and turns her corpse into an Incubus for the Amantè. In the grips of combined hormonal euphoria and disgusted horror, Mills slips into shock.

5:45 A.M.

Though not fully lucid due to the influence of the parasite, Mills realizes he has committed an unnatural act of murder. Fearing discovery, he covers his tracks. He goes to work at City Utilities to maintain appearances.

6:30 A.M. to 1:00 P.M.

At work and barely lucid, Mills has the craziest day of his career. Power is down across the entire city. He spends most of the day in his office badly handling calls. His every interaction with his secretary, Tanya Cambria, brings about the terrifying urges that saw him kill his mother. He spends much of the day looking at Internet pornography in a hopeless attempt to quell these inexplicable temptations.

1:00 P.M.

Mills goes home "sick." He continues to try suppressing his new instincts by purchasing enormous amounts of pornography at the sex shop outside town. He spends the entire night abusing himself to resist the urges as his mother putrefies in the next room.

January 4

The Amantè emerges.

6:00 A.M.

An Amantè is born from the corpse of Skip Mills's mother. The infected man in the next room is so enraptured in his psychosexual fugue that he doesn't notice the horrific sounds. The creature scrabbles through the ceiling and leaves through the attic, seeking prey.

7:15 A.M.

Skip Mills fails to return to work despite repeated calls to his home. His cycle of self-abuse continues until he succumbs to his murderous urges by attacking the Agents when they come to his home (see page 110). Meanwhile the Amantè seeks to escape the bitter cold outside.

9:00 A.M.

The young Amantè takes shelter in the attic of Tilda Hasting and Melody Farthing at 1824 West Ambrosia Street, the closest home still generating heat.

9:00 A.M. to 12:00 P.M.

The Amantè hunts and devours pets in the area. It grows to full size.

1:30 P.M.

The Amantè implants Melody Farthing while she is napping. Farthing wakes from her nightmare-haunted sleep as a Seeder host.

5:00 P.M.

The Amantè easily overpowers Tilda Hasting as she checks on the noise from her roommate's room.

9:00 P.M.

Jonah Washington, the third roommate renting 1824 West Ambrosia Street, finally gets home through the weather after visiting his family on winter break. A National Guard reservist, he's been called up for the crisis and came home only to drop off his things. He is immediately propositioned sexually by his two roommates. Thinking his friends are joking (Washington is openly gay), he allows himself to be stripped partially before resisting and provoking an attack. Suffering from multiple stab wounds, Jonah escapes into the cold. The girls pursue him through the abandoned streets until the parasites' aversion to cold forces them to retreat home.

10:15 P.M.

While out, the girls find a homeless man on his way to the Truman Memorial High School shelter. They offer him refuge in their home and then film his murder. They spend the rest of the night watching the tape, physically abusing themselves, and making art to please their new dark god.

January 5

The danger spreads.

1:30 A.M.

Jonah Washington, bleeding from stab wounds and delirious with fear, succumbs to exposure in the disused ATM kiosk where he took shelter.

5:30 A.M.

Phone records show the Seeder-infested girls calling Pamela Decature, their landlady, about a supposed burst pipe in the basement. They also begin calling fellow student Chad Bergman in an attempt to arrange a party for that night.

9:00 A.M.

Pamela Decature arrives to help with the supposed burst pipe. She is killed and used to incubate another Amantè in the basement. There are now two Incubi inside 1824 West Ambrosia.

10:00 A.M.

Deputy Eli Filagree finds the body of Jonah Washington. Though it's ruled as another homeless death on account of the extreme cold, Filagree begins investigating the mysterious nature of Washington's wounds.

8:00 P.M.

Suffering insatiable lust and the urge to find another warm place, Hasting and Farthing proceed to Pamela Decature's house by trekking through the snow. Their Amantè master follows in the treetops.

8:30 P.M.

Kelly Decature, Pamela's husband, greets his two tenants at the door and is immediately attacked by the Amantè. He and his son are killed and feasted upon to nourish the still-growing creature. The girls, completely consumed by the pleasure of witnessing the slaughter, merely watch. Before they return home for more reflexive self-abuse and Amantè worship, the Amantè tears off another wriggling Seeder and gifts it to its thralls.

9:00 P.M.

The Amantè, having secured a sizable food source, begins nesting in the Decature home.

11:00 P.M.

Another Lafontaine University acquaintance of Farthing and Hasting, Chad Bergman leaves voicemail on both girls' phones saying that power has been restored at the McFillion Hall dormitory and "the party is on" for the next evening. Melody Farthing and Tilda Hasting have passed out from the exhaustion serving their new god.

January 6

The operation begins. As soon as Farthing and Hasting wake, they attempt to gain a third accomplice with the borrowed Seeder. Then they will turn as many party attendants as possible into wombs for new Amantè.

7:00 A.M.

The Agents arrive in Lafontaine.

Persons of Interest

The Agents are likely to encounter some or all of these characters.

Bergman, Chad

Sophomore in political science at Lafontaine University and friend to Farthing and Hasting. He's organizing a massive dorm party at their urging.

Cambria, Tanya

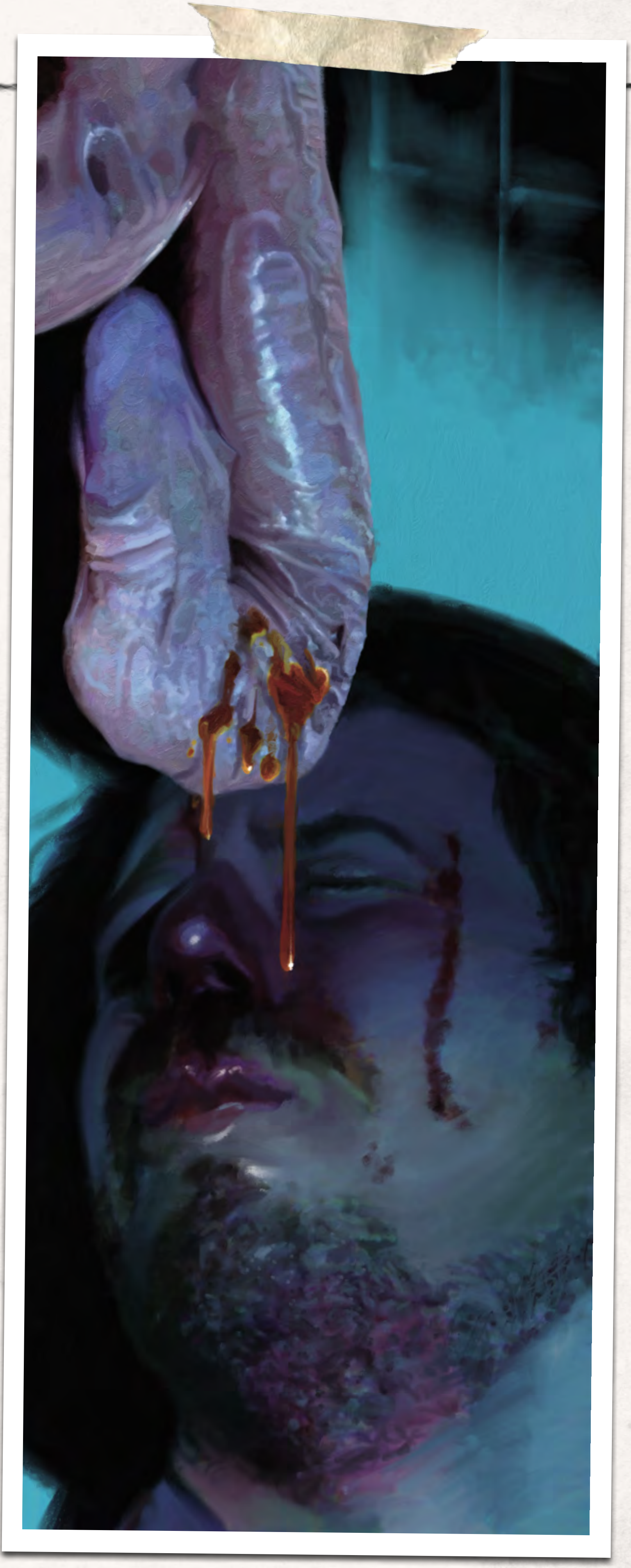
Skip Mills's secretary and customer service rep.

Decature, Kelly and Liam (Deceased)

Husband and son of Pamela Decature. The Amantè used Farthing and Hasting to gain entry to the home and kill the pair. Their bodies provide meat for the creature while its Seeder organs breed.

Decature, Pamela (Incubus)

Owner of the property at 1824 West Ambrosia Street and landlady to Farthing, Hasting, and Washington. Murdered by Farthing and Hasting to incubate an Amantè.



'Doe, John' (Incubus)

One of the city's many homeless seeking shelter from the storm. He was lured into the house at 1824 West Ambrosia and became the first victim of Hasting and Farthing.

Farthing, Melody (Seeder Host)

Art student at Lafontaine University, turned to a Seeder host by the newly born Amantè.

Filagree, Deputy Eli

Young sheriff's department officer investigating the death of Jonah Washington.

Hasting, Tilda (Seeder Host)

Art student at Lafontaine University, turned to a Seeder host by the newly born Amantè.

Mills, Skip (Seeder Host)

Site supervisor for Lafontaine City Utilities and the first Seeder host.

Washington, Jonah (Deceased)

Lafontaine University student and National Guard reservist who roomed with Hasting and Farthing. He escaped their attacks only to die in the frigid cold.

The Agents Arrive

The Agents enter Lafontaine in the back of a Navistar Defense 7000-MV troop transport stuffed with blankets, clothing, and food. The ride is freezing and uncomfortable, but the disaster relief convoy has the only military vehicles capable of getting anyone across the icy Midwestern plains.

As far as the National Guardsmen running the convoy know, the agents are part of a FEMA group tasked with monitoring the relief effort: watchers, not workers. The troops accommodate minor requests, but they much prefer "the suits" get the hell out of the way and let them do their jobs. The agents can expect to be happily ignored as long as they don't obstruct relief efforts or ask for something odd, such as weaponry.

Start the scenario in the truck as it pulls into town, giving agents a chance to greet each other, or right as the truck enters the city limits.

First Impressions

As the truck enters town, give the players the following description of the city.

- Nearly every road is blocked with felled trees. Phone and power lines dangle everywhere. There are few emergency responders. Most of them are still chiseling vehicles out of the ice. Only a few major roadways are cleared and salted.
- The commercial and university districts to the south have power restored.
- Northern Lafontaine is the oldest part of the city, cut off from the rest by an industrial belt of abandoned warehouses, rail yards, and factories.
- The only lifeline south, The Zora Neale Hurston Bridge, remains a clogged, icy mess. The majority of homes remain damaged and without power. Shelters are crammed with people desperate for warmth and food.

Communications in Lafontaine

Some phone lines and cell towers in the city are working. An Agent trying to make a phone call can make a **Luck** roll to get a signal.

Make sure the players know the rules that Delta Green expects their Agents to follow. They are to always act as if someone outside Delta Green is listening. Any communications must be coded to maintain plausible deniability. ("I'm home with the mail" is innocuous enough. "We killed the monster and the two college kids and Green Box 224 is secure," less so.)

The National Guard radio frequency is also available though equally insecure. Of course, it's supposed to be reserved for the Guard. Using it for personal messages draws complaints that raise the risk of scrutiny. An Agent with **Military Science** 40% or better, or who makes a roll, can come up with jargon to send messages that won't raise suspicions.

Lafontaine City Utilities

Unless redirected, the agents are dropped off in front of the City Utilities building before the truck joins the rest of the vehicles in the motor pool parking lot around back.

Lafontaine City Utilities Lobby

The Lafontaine City Utilities building is clogged with activity. Complaining customers in their second week without electricity pack the lobby like cattle. Overworked receptionists do their best to calm the crowd. Exhausted lineman trudge in and out, returning for more equipment or just trying to catch a few minutes' sleep in the locker room.

Tanya Cambria is the first person players encounter. Although she was made aware that a FEMA response team was to be housed at the facility, she has yet to find any space for them to set up amongst the chaos. In a pinch, she takes the group to a temporary office set up in a prefab trailer out in the parking lot. The space was being used by Skip Mills since his office got a tree limb through the window, but he's been out sick for the past three days.

An Agent with **HUMINT** 30% or better, or who makes a roll at +20%, realizes Cambria is uncomfortable talking about Mills. Pressing her further divulges concerns for his job and health. Missing work during a disaster like this will not be forgiven, no matter the excuse. She sympathizes; he looked very ill when he came into work three days ago. His face was covered in scratches and sweat. She claims he gave her the oddest, pained stares when she came by to drop off his mail and lunch.

Utilities Manager's Office

Tanya drops the group off in Mills's office and returns to her work. The prefabricated trailer suffices as a base from which sorties can be planned and communications secured. The trailer is isolated, private, and heated. City Utilities is too busy to bother the Agents unless specifically forced to, and the room is equipped with a few foldout tables, a desk, and a computer. If it weren't for the weird smell and cheesy Seventies wood-grain interior, it would be perfect.

Ostensibly, FEMA administration is the entire reason for the characters to be in Lafontaine. If National Guardsmen and local officials find the office repeatedly empty while seeking disaster relief coordination, they get suspicious. But the Agents may not be able to spend much time here. Someone must move and guard the contents of GB224.

But the first order of the business is the office itself. Mills left his mark on the room in the few hours he worked before he went home "sick." Agents have a few routes to investigate.

Mills's home address can easily be found in correspondence in his desk.

Using Computer Science or SIGINT

The computer is on and still logged in. Accessing the program that monitors the power grid requires a separate password, but basic web browsing and access to email is possible.

The Power Grid Monitor Program can be used to determine which buildings on the north side still have working connections.

The web history shows Mills surfed numerous deviant porn sites on his last day. The erotica is violent in the extreme and unfocused on a particular gender. Viewing it costs 0/1 **SAN** from violence.

An Agent with **Computer Science** or **SIGINT** at 40% or better or who makes a roll realizes Mills's email password may also be written down somewhere here. If the Agents spend a few minutes searching, it turns out to be on an index card at the bottom of a desk drawer.

Amongst a flood of requests for reports, Mills sent out a hastily typed memo listing a number of addresses where lines were down. Minutes later, he sent out a second memo urging everyone to ignore a certain address in the previous message. Research shows this is the address to Earl's Rent-a-Space (page 105).

Searching

A **Search** roll finds the underside of desk covered in days-old semen. Mills was doing questionable things during his one day back at work since the storm.

The backside of the desk calendar has "Ecclesiastes28" written on it. This is the password to the Power Grid Monitor and Control Program.

Using SIGINT or Criminology

Calling the office's landline phone operator or dialing star-69 can reveal that the last place Mills called was a pornography shop on the way to his house. The owner warns callers not to risk driving out; the shop was cleaned out by an "avid collector" a few days ago… the same day Mills went home sick.

City Utilities Motor Pool

The City Utilities Motor Pool, where Skip Mill's trailer office is set, has been transformed into a makeshift HQ for the relief effort. The parking lot has been cleared of its thick coat of ice. Large command tents and diesel generators take up the space nearest the building. Otherwise, the cold keeps the parking lot mostly empty save when trucks drive in to be resupplied or repaired.

Deputy Eli Filagree can be found here, desperately trying to get help from some of the linemen before they go back out for more triple overtime. It is not going well. The deputy is rather mousy for a law officer, and the linemen are too world-weary and overworked to give out anything without a warrant.

If approached by anyone with City Utilities or FEMA credentials, Deputy Filagree tries to get access to the Power Grid Monitor Program. He's investigating the death of an unidentified man (Jonah Washington) a couple of nights ago, and he wants to know what residences still had heat in the area where the body was found.

Using **HUMINT, Law,** or **Criminology** reveals that Deputy Filagree is working off the books on this investigation. His superiors aren't keen to waste resources during a disaster investigating the death of a homeless man from exposure. Filagree is convinced of foul play and figures he could get promoted to detective by closing a murder. He figures that if he knows which places near the body had heat, he can go door to door (checking on citizens to see if they need rides to a disaster shelter), peek in, and get enough probable cause to search a place and escalate the investigation.

Agents in federal law enforcement can **Persuade** Filagree to confide in them. Eager to have someone listen to his theory, Deputy Filagree reveals the odd nature of the death and agrees to take the Agents to view the body at the city morgue, described on page 109.

On the Streets at Night

Outside at night, Agents can roll **Alertness** to hear strange hoots and clicks echoing over the eerily quiet city. Tracking the Amantè through sound is a dangerous proposition as that's how it hunts its prey.

Earl's Rent-a-Space

Earl's Rent-a-Space is open around the clock to those with a code to the razor-wire fence gate. Each unit has its own padlock. A gigantic tree limb snapped off, crushing a number of units on the side of the property facing the highway. Unit 0171 is among the damaged storage spaces. The gate to the facility remains locked but another limb has smashed part of the chain-link flat and allows entry.

Searching the Property

A number of interesting details can be found on the property.

Alertness, Search, or **SIGINT:** The security cameras around the perimeter have been rendered useless by a power outage but appear to be undamaged. Some recordings from the storm might still be intact.

A portable battery and **Craft** (**Electronics**) or **SIGINT** gets the ancient surveillance monitor working. The video recordings from the night of the storm show a dark, hooded figure (Skip Mills, if the characters know enough to recognize him by now) entering the facility from the breach in the fence. He seems to be looking up as he moves. He leaves frame and stays out of sight for a half hour before stumbling away as if drunk.

Accounting and some time with the filing cabinets reveal payment information for unit 0171. Though it is paid on time every month, no one has visited the site since 2002, when a Washington, D.C. law firm took over payments as part of a trust from a private renter. Investigating the identity of the previous renter leads to a cut-out identity and a dead end.

The Contents of GB224

At unit 0171, a giant tree limb that had been growing overhead snapped under the weight of the ice, caving in the walls and ceiling. Everything inside lies in a jumbled heap of boxes, plastic evidence bags, and icy wood. The security system, a motion sensor plugged into the main power line and built with a phone line to send its alarm to Mills and to Delta Green (phone service paid monthly along with the unit's rental), is a smashed wreck. More disconcerting than the breach is the footprint found in the snow at the inside corner of the unit. It's recent and lies next to a frozen pile of bloody vomit.

If you're in a hurry, you can say the Green Box held together well despite the impact of the tree limb. The contents can easily be placed back into their original containers, giving clear indication as to what is missing and sending the Agents back out on the hunt.

If you want to take your time and play with the Agents a bit, describe the contents as a hopeless mess of black trash bags, yellow file boxes, and poorly labeled evidence tags. The Agents have to take all the contents back to the Utilities Manager's Office to inventory the remains. That may send one group of investigators out into the cold, forced to look for threats in the area with no intel while others stay back at base, desperately searching through Things We Were Not Meant to Know.

Agents doing inventory must roll 1D10. The result is the number of the contents they are currently sifting through. Once they get through it, they can go up one number, down one number, or roll again. (If they roll a number that's already come up, reroll.) This creates a dynamic where the alpha unit must frantically search through a toxic pile of sanity-destroying junk lest the beta unit get caught by God-knows-what while fumbling around in the snow.

1. Carving

A wooden carving like a mannequin head. A hatchet is lodged in the cranium and there are scorch marks around the base. Characters skilled in anything like **Craft (Woodworking)** notice the odd, unearthly grain of the wood. Aside from the obvious attempts to destroy the thing, the only signs of tool use are the crudely drawn eyes and crooked smile. It appears as if the head was not carved but grown in its current shape, which costs 0/1 **SAN** from the unnatural. If at any point the head is exposed to the night sky, it immediately floats upwards like a balloon, costing a 1/1D4 **SAN** from the unnatural. It rises into a sky where the stars are not where they should be, into a vanishing point replaced by a swirling void.

2. List of Hands

A large list printed on yellowed dot-matrix paper, accordion-folded. It is easily forty inches thick. Each entry contains an exacting description of a pair of hands: "Caucasian. Male. Glove size large/23 cm. Unkempt nails, bite marks on the thumbs. Wedding band tan-line, but no ring for 3 years and 2 months previous. Black hair on knuckles. Scar on left metacarpal from carving accident in woodshop, fall semester 1994." Reading the entire list reveals that the Agent's own hands are on the list—ask the player to describe what unique marks they recognize—followed by the hands of whomever touches the list next. There are thousands more entries on the list after those. The last two entries read "…used to staunch puncture wound. Abdomen. Mortal: ruptured spleen and perforated bowels. Death in 2 min 19 seconds" and, finally, "Flames." Reading the whole thing takes two days, costs 1D4 **SAN** from the unnatural, and adds one percentile to the reader's Unnatural skill.

3. Archival Documents

These are the files of Abner Lebowitz, mostly maps. The maps appear to be yearly surveys of the Stockyard

District in Chicago from 1910 to 1924. Taking a detailed account of them requires about two hours for a single Agent. Initially, the material seems quite boring. Lebowitz appears to have been a cartographer charged with updating city maps each year for the purposes of electoral districting, census taking, and police records. Each year has its own file containing a map dedicated to each purpose and whatever notes Lebowitz deemed relevant: reports of improperly zoned construction, time sheets, and so on. In 1912, there are a few notes about Chambliss Meatpacking and formal inquiries into a possible error in city records.

As the archives go on, the notes grow increasingly complex and haphazard. A building appears in the center of each map, hand-drawn in red ink. There are grainy photographs of the city skyline. **Alertness** notices that the same squat building is at least partially visible in each one. Reviewing the maps and photographs very carefully finds that the building does not correspond to any building in the plans, only with the red-drawn addition.

By the 1920s, Lebowitz's obsession with the red square is apparent. Hastily scrawled notes in both Yiddish and English exclaim, "How do I get there?!" Numerous routes drawn in various colors of ink circumnavigate the square before ending abruptly at X's, each annotated with notes about dates, times, and number of attempts.

The 1923 file contains only a dismissal notice by the City of Chicago on the grounds of "conduct unbecoming a city official." The 1924 file contains a single map, hand-drawn, and a dizzying spiral of failed routes spaced out over the course of months. Written on a strip of tattered cloth, the final note reads "The cattle tunnels! I shall have them now!"

A search of public access records online reveals that Abner Lebowtiz was publically suspected of having robbed the City Archives in June 1924. He was never seen after that. Learning that there are no records of Chambliss Meatpacking ever existing in the city of Chicago costs 0/1 **SAN** from the unnatural.

4. Decorative Box

This huge nonahedron (nine-sided shape), carved from some unidentifiable hardwood, is a puzzle box. When a hidden clasp is depressed, one of the panels opens to reveal a smaller nonahedron inside. This is also a puzzle box. There are eight nested puzzle boxes in total. The eighth is barely three centimeters across and appears impossible to solve. Continuing to fiddle with it provokes a 0/1 **SAN** test against helplessness. A successful **Occult** test remembers an obscure nine-number code from certain weird theories. Then a **SIGINT** test applies the code to manipulation of the little box. Only then will it open. Upon opening, there is a blinding flash of light. The Agent working on the puzzle and the decorative box itself disappear and are removed from the game. Anyone witnessing this loses 1/1D6 **SAN** test from the unnatural. Encourage the player to make a character sheet for Deputy Eli Filagree and bring him as a new Friendly into the investigation.

5. Violin

A violin and bow. Plucking or bowing the strings produces no sound whatsoever for the player or anyone nearby (**SAN** loss: 0/1 from the unnatural). But 100 meters away, even through walls and background noise, people feel like they hear the violin. The sound is faint and often prompts people to ask, "Does anyone else hear that?" Agents that realize the connection lose 0/1 **SAN** from the unnatural. The item otherwise just appears to be a broken violin.

6. Personal Documents and Metal Box

Hundreds of yellow legal pads contain failed drafts of *Escaping Altamira,* an unpublished novel by one-off 1960s literary star Ryan Whitehead. The paper is smeared with moisture. Sifting through the decades of drafts eventually leads to Whitehead's initial Amazon notes (**HANDOUT B,** page 119) and his eventual suicide note (**HANDOUT A,** page 118). (An audio adaptation of the Amazon note is available for download, recorded by by RiQ at the Miskatonic University Podcast forums: https://soundcloud.com/tyson-fultz/sets/

escaping-altamira-voice. It could be played as a cassette recording.)

There is also an ammo box with Portuguese lettering on the side; **Military Science (Land)** 60% or a roll, or a little research with **History** 40% or a roll, reveals it to be Brazilian from the 1960s. The metal has been bent and crushed from the inside, where thousands of tiny scratch marks can be seen.

Here's a summary of what can be learned from studying the handout:

- An unnatural thing cut from the mouth of Albert Capchka escaped from GB224.
- The thing is from a tropical climate.
- Sex and violence are dangerous temptations often confused by those affected.
- The thing in the ammo box is somehow connected to a hooting sound in the trees.
- Whitehead was driven to a life of reclusive madness by the events in the Amazon.

7. Specimens

A series of vacuum-sealed cellophane packets encase an entire box-worth of odd, fleshy lumps. The things, if they ever were alive, are long dead and grey with age. Each is about the size of a fist and appears tumorous. Dissection with **Forensics** or **Medicine** reveals a bloody, nonsensical collection of cells; muscle strands weave through the middle of circulatory vessels dead-ending at teeth and hair. Each giblet has a skeletal structure (without joints) that holds it in a rigid shape. Those versed in **Anthropology, Archeology, Occult,** or a classical language recognize that the specimens resemble characters from the Greek, Aramaic, and Hebrew alphabets. **SAN** loss: 0/1D4 from the unnatural.

8. Rotoprint Plate

A metal cylinder used in a hand-cranked rotary printing press. An Agent with at least 40% in a visual **Art** skill such as painting or photography or who makes a roll recognizes that the plate depicts six separate comic strips by renowned artist Rodolphe Töpffer. The text is in French and printed backwards, but spinning the cylinder gives readers the odd sensation that the story never ends. After the six strips have been viewed, a seventh seems to be composed of entirely original panels. The next strip is the same. Though the reader can stop and count the strips from a different angle, turning the cylinder always results in the replacement of out-of-sight panels with new images. Actually printing comics with a compatible press has the same effect; no two pages are ever the same, though the subject matter all seems quite mundane. If the Agents set up camera equipment to record the changes as the cylinder turns, anyone watching the footage loses 1/1D6 **SAN** from the unnatural and loses all memory of it.

9. Climbing Gear

A rucksack has "McKinley or Bust!" written in faded ink along the side. It contains old rope cords, sealskin mittens, rusted pitons, and a dark-stained ice axe. Much of the rope appears to be frayed and gnawed upon, scored on all sides as if run through some sort of grinder. The ice axe is covered in long-dried black ichor on one end. Scientific analysis of the ichor proves inconclusive, though those with sufficiently advanced equipment learn that everything in the bag emits radiation akin to objects recovered from Chernobyl.

10. Portrait Collection

This box contains dozens of family portraits. The medium varies from photography to oil painting to sculpture. **Alertness, Anthropology, Archeology** or **Art** can notice an eerie similarity between all the images. Mothers look like time-lapse photos of daughters, even as paintings turn to black-and-white photography. The bust of a patriarch bears striking resemblance to the younger brother in another picture. Identical twins abound. Nobody ever smiles.

Those with **Art** or **History** can arrange the pieces in a rough chronological order. If this is done it becomes apparent that some of the portraits were taken simultaneously. Italian and German brushstrokes, contemporaneous in the art history, are used to depict the families with identical features in strikingly different locales. Two photographs from 1934—one of a family reunion in South Africa and another of a Sunday picnic in Louisiana—are dated a mere two days apart despite obviously depicting the same people.

Finally, a pair of laminated FBI identity cards from 1992 show the male and female face from the other portraits. The names—invent them to suit your campaign—are traceable to a now-defunct office outside Langley, Virginia. Their histories are otherwise classified and secret, and investigating them further draws as much scrutiny and ill-will from Delta Green as you would like to inflict. All Agents present roll **POW×5%**. On a failure, the Agent remembers briefly meeting one or both of these people at a long-forgotten meeting. This knowledge costs 1/1D4 **SAN** from the unnatural.

City Morgue

Deputy Eli Filagree can get the Agents access to the morgue if he trusts them to help in his investigations. Alternately, the Agents can get access themselves by flashing their FEMA credentials and coming up with a pretext. But that much interaction with local officials raises the risk of questions later. Investigators without credentials can gain access so long as they are not spotted entering the building; the facility is currently running on generator power, but the alarm system is on a separate circuit and still disabled by the storm damage. This requires a **Stealth** test by the Agent with the lowest skill unless they come up with a careful and thorough plan.

Jonah Washington's corpse is stored here, exactly as it was found crumpled inside a disused ATM kiosk downtown. He has no identification.

An Agent with **INT** 12 or better recognizes the body's state of undress as suspicious. Washington wore mittens but no coat, and an athletic shirt and jeans not worthy of cold weather. One shoe is missing. It appears he ran into the frigid night midway through getting undressed, which is what initially tipped off Deputy Filagree.

A **Navigate** roll or skill of 50% or better can identify the nearest heated location. Working from the assumption that Washington fled from somewhere heated before dying in the snow, access to the Power Grid program at Skip Mills's office shows that the nearest heated location on the night of his death was 1824 West Ambrosia Street (see page 110). Failing that, a general area from where the victim must have fled can be narrowed down.

A **Military Science** roll (any type) or skill of 50% or better notices that the tattoo on Jonah's chest relates to a National Guard unit. Cross-referencing his appearance with the nearest base or asking enlisted soldiers on site can provide Jonah Washington's identity. His current address is listed as 1824 West Ambrosia Street. He should have reported for duty, weather and transportation permitting, the morning of Jan. 5.

A **Forensics** roll or skill of 50% or better finds the four-pronged puncture wounds of the Seeder are visible beneath Jonah's clothes. Pressure causes a strange orange fluid to leak out.

Extended examination suggests that each wound had a divided purpose. Odd bruising looks like two needles sucked blood out under enormous pressure. The other two injected the orange fluid at a pressure sufficient to rupture veins.

Analyzing the orange fluid with advanced microscopic equipment (such as that found at Lafontaine University's biology department) and a **Medicine** roll or skill at 50% or better illuminates its alarming resilience and reassembly capabilities. Partial DNA strands combine with nearby genetic material. The only thing keeping the orange goop from assembling into an organism on the spot is the paucity of living genetic material. In a living host, the stuff could grow into… something…in a matter of days.

The implications for such a genetic find are staggering, not to mention the knowledge that its building blocks are entirely compatible with human biology. Pondering such a biological anomaly is enough to cost 1/1D4 **SAN** from the unnatural.

Skip Mills's Home

The house Skip shared with his mother is located in a dilapidated neighborhood a few miles from City Utilities. Nearly all the residences on the block are foreclosed and those that aren't are busy recovering from the storm. No one answers the door. The windows have been papered. Jazz music blares loudly from inside. There is an odd stench around the place detectable even through the frigid air.

The doors aren't locked. Mills has turned his home into a sickening tribute to the flesh. The walls are plastered with pornography of every shade, some printed from the Internet and some from purchased magazines. The TVs and computer screens are all transmitting filth. The home reeks of organic decay and the heat is set as high as it will go.

If Mills has not yet attacked the Agents at City Utilities he can be found wandering the house, naked, emaciated, and trapped in a psychosexual fugue. The mere presence of the Agents is enough to arouse the desperate Seeder host and provoke an attack. Seeing the spiny thing emerge from his throat costs 1/1D4 **SAN** from the unnatural. Killing him with that pained, guilty expression on his face risks **SAN** loss from violence.

Searching the Mills Home

Once Skip is put to rest, the house can offer the group information and psychological trauma in equal measure.

HUMINT at 40% or a roll can trace Skip's descent into madness through the layers of pornography in which he cocooned himself. Each piece of smut proves more violent and deviant than the last. A really brilliant profiler—**HUMINT** 80%, or **HUMINT** 60% combined with **Criminology** 60%—might realize that Skip was trying to cage himself in with his own twisted urges, coating the walls in stimulation to prevent himself from leaving and seeking new victims. From the looks of it, it wasn't working. There's enough illegal perversion hanging from the walls to turn experienced investigators white.

At least 30% in **Medicine** or a roll at +20% makes it apparent that the level of sexual compulsion displayed by Skip Mills is impossible on biological grounds. He should have passed out from exhaustion and dehydration after a few hours, but his frenzied self-abuse seems to have gone on for days.

Alertness 50% (or **Alertness** 40% combined with **HUMINT** 40%) or a roll notices that this is not the house of a bachelor, at least not one as mundane as Mills was before the storm. The interior design appears to have been gaudy and the color scheme decidedly feminine. Pictures of Skip with his mother line the mantle.

His Mother

Mills's mother can be found by the stench wafting through the house. She lies in the bedroom where she was killed. Her remains are barely recognizable, a hollowed-out husk burst messily all over the room.

An Agent with any **Forensics** recognizes the impossibility of the mother's wounds. The lacerations that splayed out Mrs. Mills appear to have come from inside her. The egg-like hardening of her dermis is also highly unnatural, almost as if she was completely exsanguinated before she exploded. Digging through the remains closely costs 0/1 **SAN** from violence. Those with such strong stomachs can discover the four-pronged puncture wounds of the Seeder's needles.

Bloody hand prints—they look vaguely primate but are not human—and claw marks track up the walls of Mrs. Mill's bed, ending in a hole torn through the ceiling. The attic is empty but the exterior fan has been ripped out and more claw marks lead outside.

If the Agents know the Amantè's climate from Whitehead's papers in GB224 and monitor the city power grid in Mills's office, they can find the nearest suitably heated location: 1824 West Ambrosia Street.

1824 West Ambrosia Street

This century-old house has been converted into rental housing for Lafontaine University students. Its façade and porch are grand in comparison to the rest of the block. The back yard is spacious enough to allow the residents to park cars there. The house is owned by Pamela Decature and currently rented by Lafontaine University students Jonah Washington, Tilda Hasting, and Melody Farthing. There is no answer at the door.

There are two Incubi in the house, a homeless man seized by the girls and their landlady Pamela Decature. The homeless man should birth a monster while the Agents are present. Decature might be ripe as well, depending on the Handler's needs and how long the Agents took getting this far.

See maps of the house on pages 19 and 20. The following list details each relevant clue and threat.

A—CLAW MARKS AND FORCED ENTRY: It's apparent that the Amantè broke in through the basement. The cellar door has been clawed through with astounding ferocity. Scraps of grayish flesh hang from the splinters around the hole.

B—WASHER/DRYER CONNECTION: The pipes are not burst. The repair job that drew Pamela Decature into the basement was obviously fabricated.

C—PAMELA DECATURE'S CORPSE (INCUBUS): The bloated body shifts like a too-full water balloon. Pamela's face is caught in a mask of terror, and the same orange fluid leaking from her wounds drips from her nose and eyes (0/1D4 **SAN**). Her death can provide players with their first Incubus to study since the impregnation is not quite mature enough to be dangerous. Her wallet contains documents identifying her as the landlord and providing her West Ambrosia Street address (see page 110). Her phone's voicemail reveals that Hasting and Farthing lured Pamela in by lying about burst pipes.

D—BACK ALLEY PARKING: There are three cars in the parking lot, two sedans and a jeep. The cars are coated completely in ice but the jeep is clean. It must have arrived after the storm.

E—PET BOWLS: There are three large bowls filled with dog food in the kitchen. But there are no dogs. Anywhere.

F—SIGNS OF STRUGGLE: The carpet and walls are bloody. There's an overturned dresser and clothes are strewn about the floor. If Jonah Washington's corpse has been examined, the Agents recognize his clothing.

G—PICTURES, DOCUMENTS, AND KEYS: The desk has a portrait of Jonah Washington with his boyfriend, so obviously Farthing and Hasting weren't concerned about his compliance when they pinned him against the wall. Washington's documents confirm he was coming home from a reservist weekend when the storm hit. The keys go to the jeep outside.

H—ODDLY PLACED ART: The house is very well decorated except for a blanket oddly tacked to a wall in the hallway. Moving it back reveals bloody smears streaked across the wallpaper. The girls must have been hiding signs of a struggle from another victim. There is likely another body in the house.

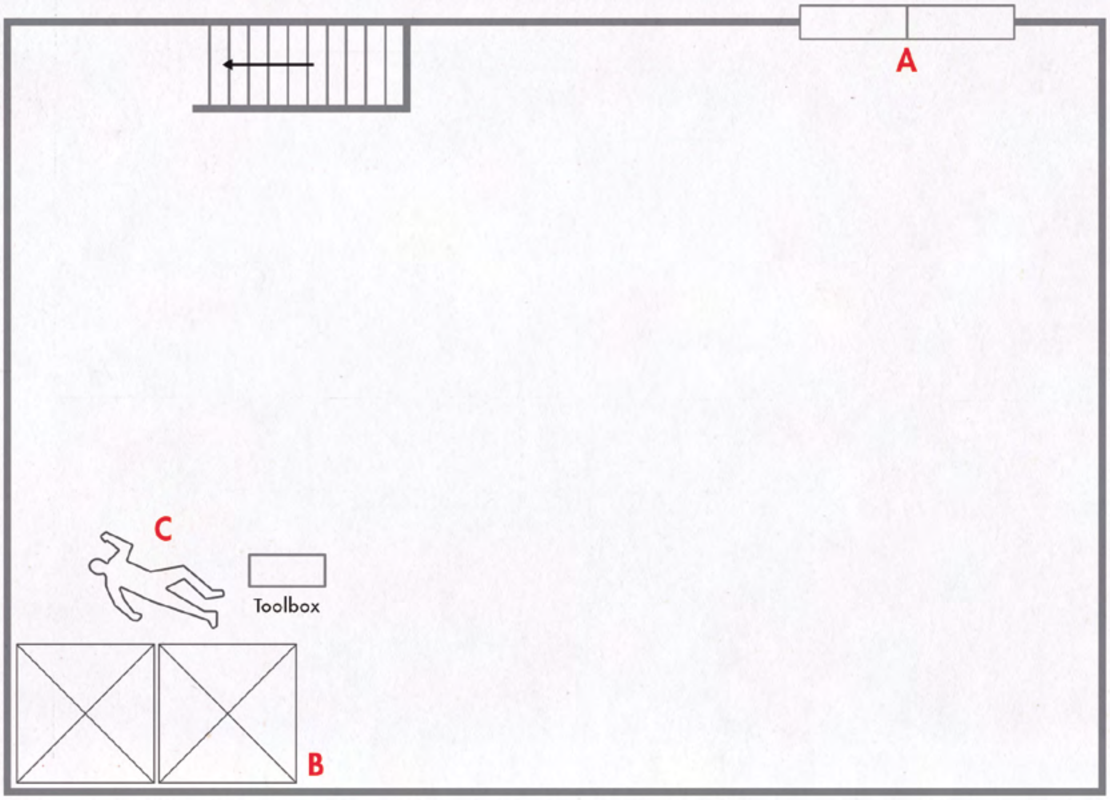
I—TILDA HASTING'S PHONE: It holds two voicemails. One is from Pamela Decature, giving the time she would be over to fix the pipes. Another is from Chad Bergman saying, "The party at McFillion is on!" The call log shows a call to Pamela Decature a day earlier. The call refers to McFillion Hall, described on page 114.

J—LAPTOP: The browser history is littered with violent pornography from the last two days. A webcam video with over 200 personal views is open. The video shows Hasting setting up the camera while Farthing leads a homeless man into the adjacent bedroom. After some initial seduction, a full-blown Seeder attack occurs. "Hard to watch" fails to describe it. Viewing it costs 1/1D4 **SAN** from the unnatural but provides valuable insights as to tactics and psychological triggers.

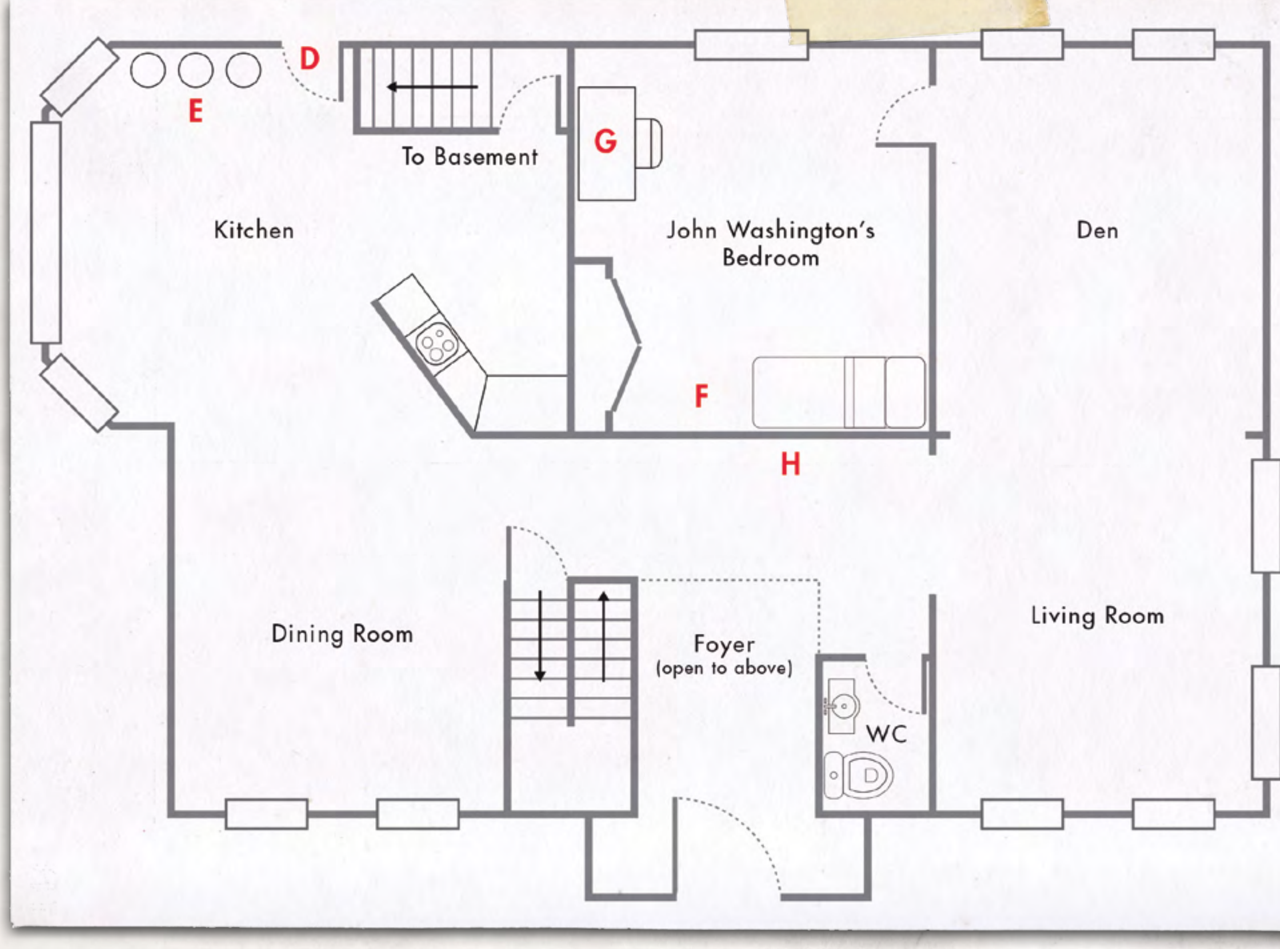
K—DISTURBING SCULPTURE: Hasting, when not murdering people, has been sculpting effigies of her new god. The detail is remarkable. See page 116 for an illustration of the Amantè.

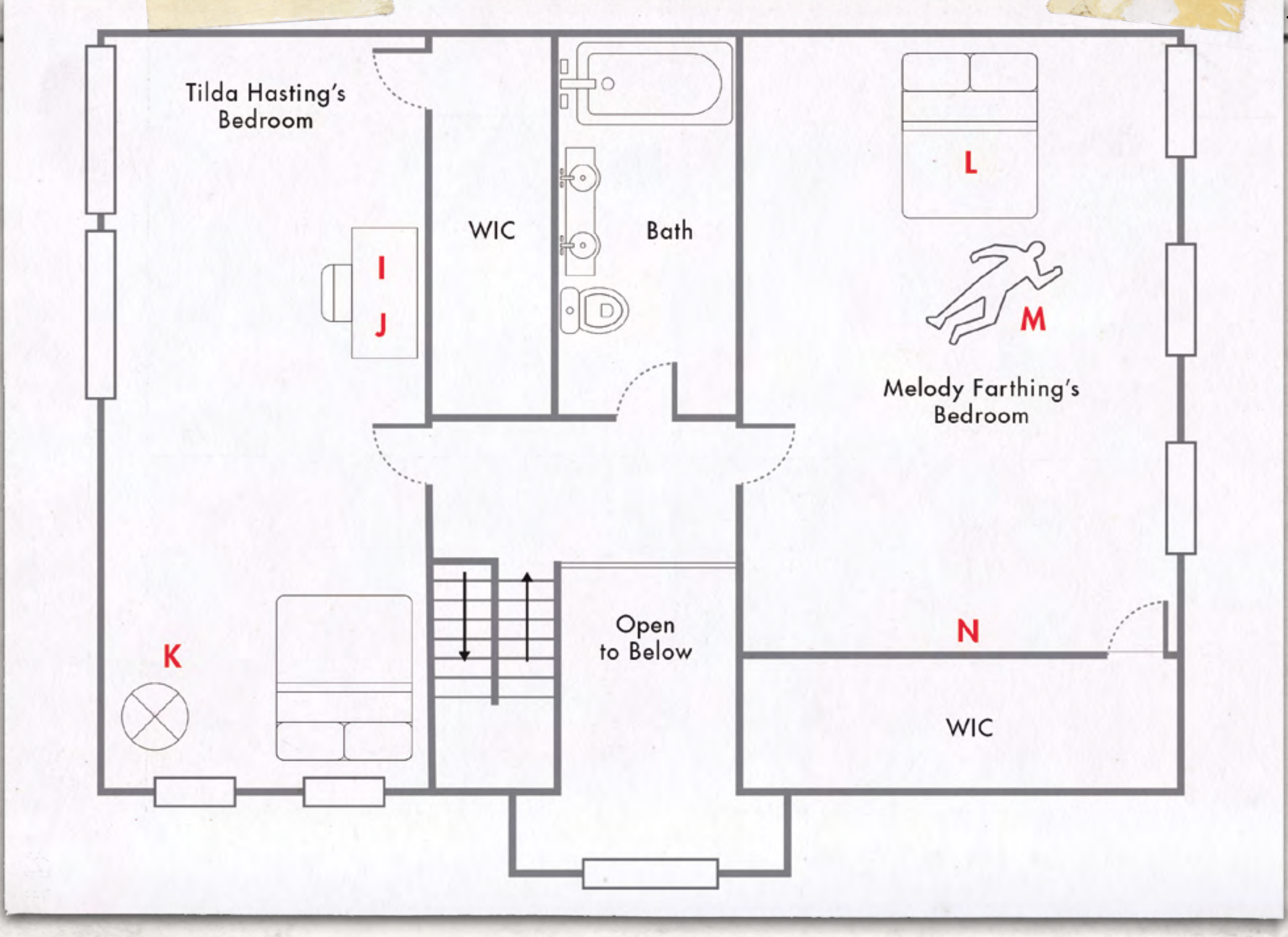
L—BLOODY SHEETS: The blood on the bed is mixed with the same orange fluid indicative of a Seeder attack.

M—UNIDENTIFIED CORPSE (INCUBUS): The homeless man butchered by the girls is ready to pop. The sound of the characters in the room should be enough to "induce labor." The Amantè that results, while not fully grown, is still mature enough to infect and kill. If it manages to deposit its Seeder or begins to lose the fight, it will flee to Truman Memorial High School as described on page 113.


A
C
Toolbox
B

1824 W. Ambrosia **Basement**


D
E
To Basement
G
Kitchen
John Washington's Bedroom
Den
F
H
Dining Room
Foyer (open to above)
Living Room
WC



N—UNSETTLING PAINTINGS: Melody, when not driven entirely by bloodlust, has been painting pictures of the creature residing in her throat. Though there is some artistic license, the depictions are fairly accurate. Correlating this art with what's happening costs 0/1 **SAN** from helplessness.

Pamela Decature's Home

This cheap, one-level, two-bedroom house is typical of the north side. Kelly and Liam Decature rot in the living room, half-eaten and strewn about. The heat is set ludicrously high. The grotesque hothouse costs 0/1D4 **SAN** from violence.

The original Amantè born of Skip Mills's mother lurks in the attic. It attacks any who enter its den, attempting to kill or infect them. However, the creature is smart enough to know when it is hopelessly outnumbered. Rather than die facing overwhelming force, it flees in an attempt to find new victims at Truman Memorial High School as described on this page.

An Agent with **Search** 30% or who makes a roll at +20% finds Kelly Decature's cellphone. On its voicemail, Tilda Hasting and Melody Farthing can be heard informing Kelly that his wife left "tools" over at their place and they would like to return them. The phone's log shows that he called back for a 45-second conversation, long enough to give the girls his address.

A blood-spattered, hastily printed flier lies where it was slipped under the door. It advertises food, shelter, and cots available at Truman Memorial High School, only a few blocks away.

Agents may roll **Alertness** to hear muffled dragging sounds coming from the attic. That's their only warning of an impending Amantè attack. It prefers an Agent it can catch alone.

Truman Memorial High School

Any Amantè driven from its den or newly born seeks hosts and prey at Truman Memorial High School. The gym's power is being run off massive generators and the building is pumping out enough heat to shelter nearly fifty refugees. It is an irresistible target for any Amantè trapped out in the cold. As everyone is trying to save fuel by operating on low power, the gym's lights are off; the occupants rely on lanterns and flashlights to move about the cots. The darkness allows the Amantè to strike from the dark undetected, picking off refugees who go alone to the bathrooms or to make private phone calls, unless knowledgeable Agents confront it. Any attempt to kill the Amantè where witnesses can see or to evacuate results in panic among the refugees and phone calls to the police and National Guard. The authorities can be expected as soon as the weather allows.

Tech-savvy agents can roll appropriate **Craft** skills to figure out how to turn on the scoreboard, illuminating the creature(s) swinging amongst the rafters. Those who've come to understand the monster's reliance on sound can activate the school's public address system to cloak their movements. Sporting goods such as baseball bats can be repurposed as weapons. A chainsaw with fuel can be found next to a pile of tree limbs near the entrance.

McFillion Hall, 5th Floor

This state-of-the-art Lafontaine University dormitory is located across the bridge on the Southside. With classes cancelled due to the weather, bored students back early from Christmas break have turned the fifth floor into a Caligula-esque party. The Agents need to find and incapacitate Tilda Hasting and Melody Farthing before they use the Seeder organ gifted to them by the Amantè to infect Chad Bergman. Any delay sees Bergman turned into a Seeder host. The three of them will begin leading other college students into isolated sexual trysts. If not stopped, the Seeder hosts fill a dorm room with Incubi, waiting to burst forth with a horde of Amantè by the time the rest of the students return for classes.

Shots fired or other overt violence in the dormitory causes panic. Other authorities can be expected as soon as the weather allows. The Agents must be swift and discreet.

Conclusion

By the time the Agents discover where the original Amantè and the Seeder hosts went, it will probably be too late to reach both in succession. If the Agents ignore the Amantè attacking the high school, there is no telling how many refugees might be infected or consumed before everyone else escapes. If the Agents don't confront the Seeder hosts at the dormitory party, that could mean a dozen Incubi and an eventual Amantè plague. The icy conditions make quick travel between the two locations unlikely. Preventing an outbreak for certain requires dealing with both problems at once. Otherwise any victory over the creatures is uncertain at best, temporary at worst. If the Agents split up, keep every player engaged by shifting quickly between their separate scenes to maximize tension.

Agents must also consider the likely public response to their actions. The isolating factor of the ice storm won't last forever; legal repercussions and information leaks are imminent. If any civilians witness Amantè or Seeder attacks and survive, the Agent's case officer demands that the Agents help victims "process" what they saw by talking them down from obvious hallucinations and into remembering a more sane version of events. If they do that well enough, the few witnesses stubborn enough to stick to stories of monsters in the school can be made to look ridiculous. Dosing an unwitting witness with hallucinogenic drugs can help with that. It's dangerous, illegal, and unethical, but it may reduce the risk of further exposure to deadly unnatural horrors.

In the case of a total mission failure, where the Agents are all incapacitated or killed, rioting begins at Lafontaine University over the next few days and slowly moves into the northern portions of the city. The media are quick to place the blame on a mix of government mismanagement of the crisis and old racial tensions in Lafontaine. Further National Guard units equipped with riot gear move into the city as the weather thaws. A number of homes and apartment buildings burn before the unrest is quelled, but casualties and arrest numbers remain low. It turns out the initial reports of deaths caused by the ice storm were

drastically underestimated. Conspiracy theorists claim there were agent provocateurs on the ground stirring up trouble, and secret government hit teams wiping out entire buildings with thermite. But conspiracy theorists always say crazy things.

Characters

El Amantè

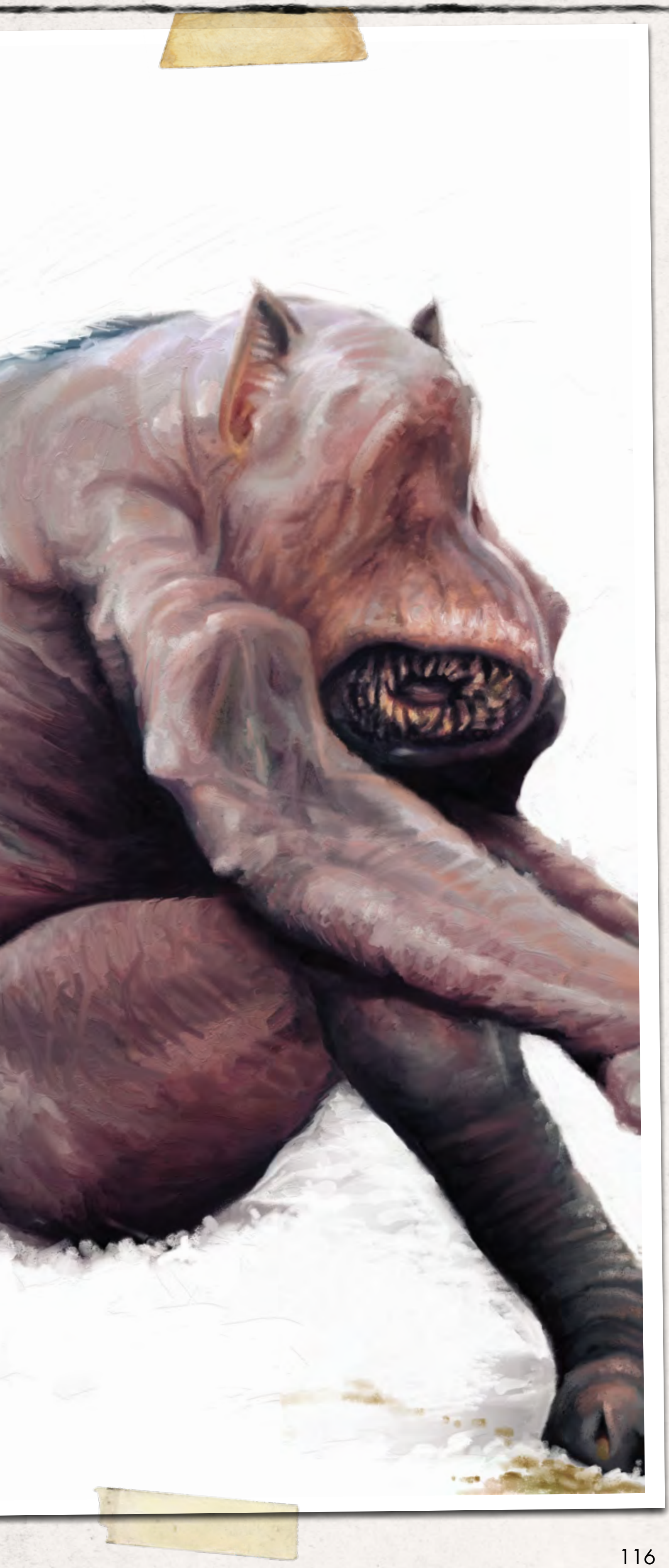
The Amantè is a terrible creature found in the humid hell of the inner Amazon. How it evolved or where it came from, no one knows. It stands about as tall as an orangutan but is hairless, covered instead with pallid, leathery grey skin. The head is dominated by a huge circular orifice with concentric rows of teeth used for hooking and sucking in prey.

When spawned in a human victim, the creature has the basic upper shape of a primate but has no legs. It can only move by loping across the ground on its gorilla-sized arms or swinging from limb to limb in the tree canopy. The lower half of the body is made up solely by what appears to be a recurved tail. Those unfortunate enough to be attacked by the Amantè find that this tail is actually a phallus.

The Amantè is eyeless, relying on huge bat-like ears and a high-pitched "hoot" for echolocation. Though perfect for hunting in the dense jungle night, such dependence on sound can be a hindrance in the hectic modern world. If the environment is overwhelmingly noisy, the Amantè suffers –20% to all rolls and tries to retreat to places where it can hunt unimpeded.

The Amantè's only goals when encountering prey are appeasing its hunger and its reproductive instincts. If it doesn't instantly kill prey with its claws and begin feasting, it attempts to pin the victim to the ground and implant its phallus, the Seeder organ (see page 98). The creature uses its clawed hands and weight to pin the victim before thrusting the thorny phallus into the mouth.

This is not typically hard to do as the victim is usually screaming in terror. Being subjected to this assault costs 0/1D6 **SAN** from helplessness. Only if the victim succeeds at this Sanity test can he or she resist the urge to shriek.



Once lodged in the throat of the victim, the Amantè pulls back and rips the organ from its body with a sickening snap of tendons and a spray of orange fluid. The Amantè then retreats to feast, rest, and regrow its organ.

The Amantè attempts to turn people into Seeders hosts as fast as it can grow replacement organs with which to do the task. The phallus is linked to its creator and offers the creature a degree of telepathic emotional control over the host, but the primitive Amantè rarely finds the need. The creature's only priority is survival. The effects of its parasitic anatomy are more than enough to motivate most people to fulfill its reproductive desires.

El Amantè

Unnatural lover

STR 19 **CON** 21 **DEX** 20 **INT** 8 **POW** 10

HP 20 **WP** 10

ARMOR: 2 points of leathery hide.

SKILLS: Alertness 60%, Athletics 80%.

ATTACKS: *Claw or bite* 60%, damage pin or 1D6+2.

SANITY LOSS: 1/1D6 from the unnatural.

Deputy Eli Filagree

Filagree's carbine, kept in his patrol car, has a holographic sight which grants +20% to hit as long as he has taken no damage since his last action.

Pepper spray stuns the target (a **CON×5%** test resists it) and inflicts a –20% penalty to all actions for one hour. It has a range of one meter. But if the attack roll fails, it sprays the user instead. The user must make a **CON×5%** test at +20% to avoid being stunned and suffers –10% to all actions for one hour.

Filagree's conducted-energy device (CED) pistol stuns the target (a **CON×5%** test resists it) and inflicts a –20% penalty to all actions for 1D20 turns. Once struck the victim can be zapped again on the shooter's turn without an attack roll until the barbed darts are yanked out. Anyone holding the victim suffers the same effects. Its wired darts have a range of four meters. It can fire four times.

Deputy Filagree

Young and mousy but dedicated

STR 11 **CON** 15 **DEX** 11 **INT** 14 **POW** 12 **CHA** 9

HP 13 **WP** 12 **SAN** 60 **BREAKING POINT** 48

ARMOR: Reinforced Kevlar vest, 4 points.

SKILLS: Alertness 40%, Athletics 40%, Dodge 40%, Drive 50%, Firearms 40%, Forensics 40%, HUMINT 40%, Law 30%, Melee Weapons 40%, Persuade 40%, Search 60%, Unarmed Combat 50%.

ATTACKS: *9 mm pistol* 40%, damage 1D10

AR-15 carbine 40%, damage 1D12

Collapsible baton 40%, damage 1D6

Pepper spray 55%, damage special

CED stun pistol 40%, damage special

Unarmed 50%, damage 1D4−1

Skip Mills

Mills never learned he was a Friendly for Delta Green. He signed paperwork that purported to hire him as a civilian security contractor for the CIA and that swore him to secrecy. The paperwork was bogus and the job was nonexistent. His "CIA" contact was DHS Special Agent Patrick Hill, the Agents' case officer. He will never have a chance to learn his true role.

Skip Mills

Amantè Seeder Host

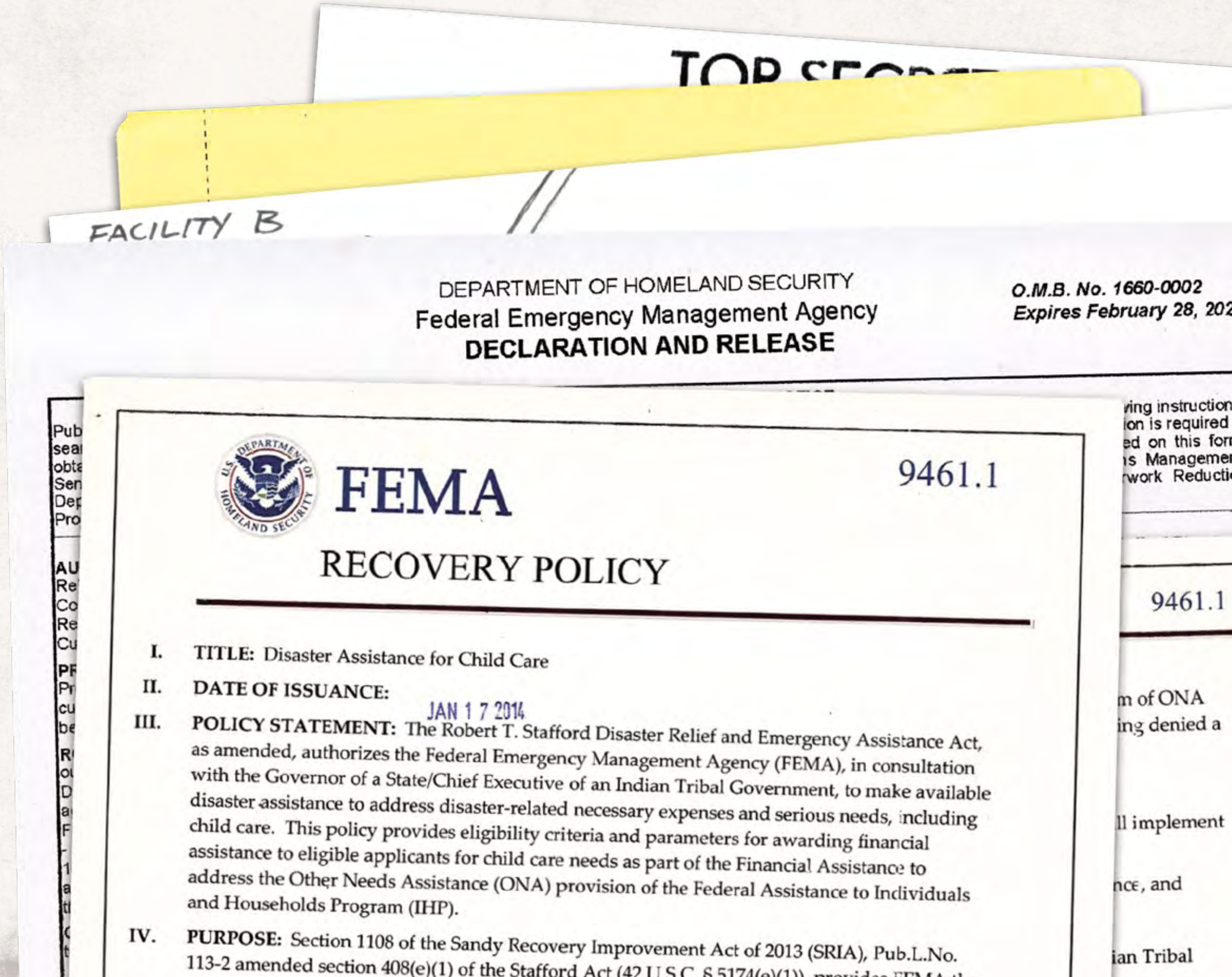
STR 12 **CON** 11 **DEX** 10 **INT** 9 **POW** 11 **CHA** 9

HP 12 **WP** 12 **SAN** 0

SKILLS: Athletics 40%, Dodge 40%, Melee Weapons 30%, Unarmed Combat 40%

ATTACKS: *Unarmed* 40%, damage 1D4−1.

Seeder stab 40%, damage 1D4.



TOP SECR

FACILITY B

DEPARTMENT OF HOMELAND SECURITY
Federal Emergency Management Agency
DECLARATION AND RELEASE

O.M.B. No. 1660-0002
Expires February 28, 202

FEMA

9461.1

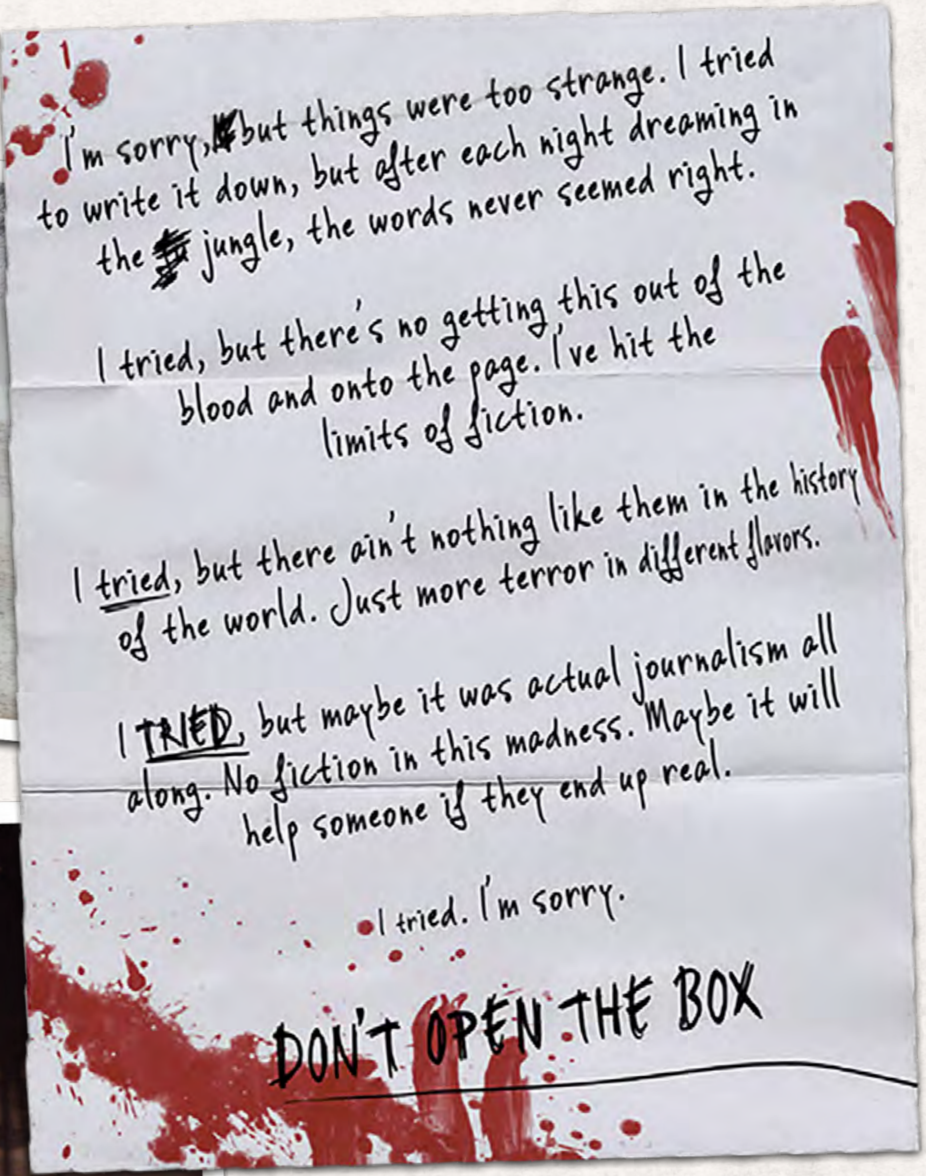
RECOVERY POLICY

I. TITLE: Disaster Assistance for Child Care

II. DATE OF ISSUANCE: JAN 1 7 2014

III. POLICY STATEMENT: The Robert T. Stafford Disaster Relief and Emergency Assistance Act, as amended, authorizes the Federal Emergency Management Agency (FEMA), in consultation with the Governor of a State/Chief Executive of an Indian Tribal Government, to make available disaster assistance to address disaster-related necessary expenses and serious needs, including child care. This policy provides eligibility criteria and parameters for awarding financial assistance to eligible applicants for child care needs as part of the Financial Assistance to address the Other Needs Assistance (ONA) provision of the Federal Assistance to Individuals and Households Program (IHP).

IV. PURPOSE: Section 1108 of the Sandy Recovery Improvement Act of 2013 (SRIA), Pub.L.No. 113-2 amended section 408(e)(1) of the Stafford Act



I'm sorry, but things were too strange. I tried to write it down, but after each night dreaming in the jungle, the words never seemed right.

I tried, but there's no getting this out of the blood and onto the page. I've hit the limits of fiction.

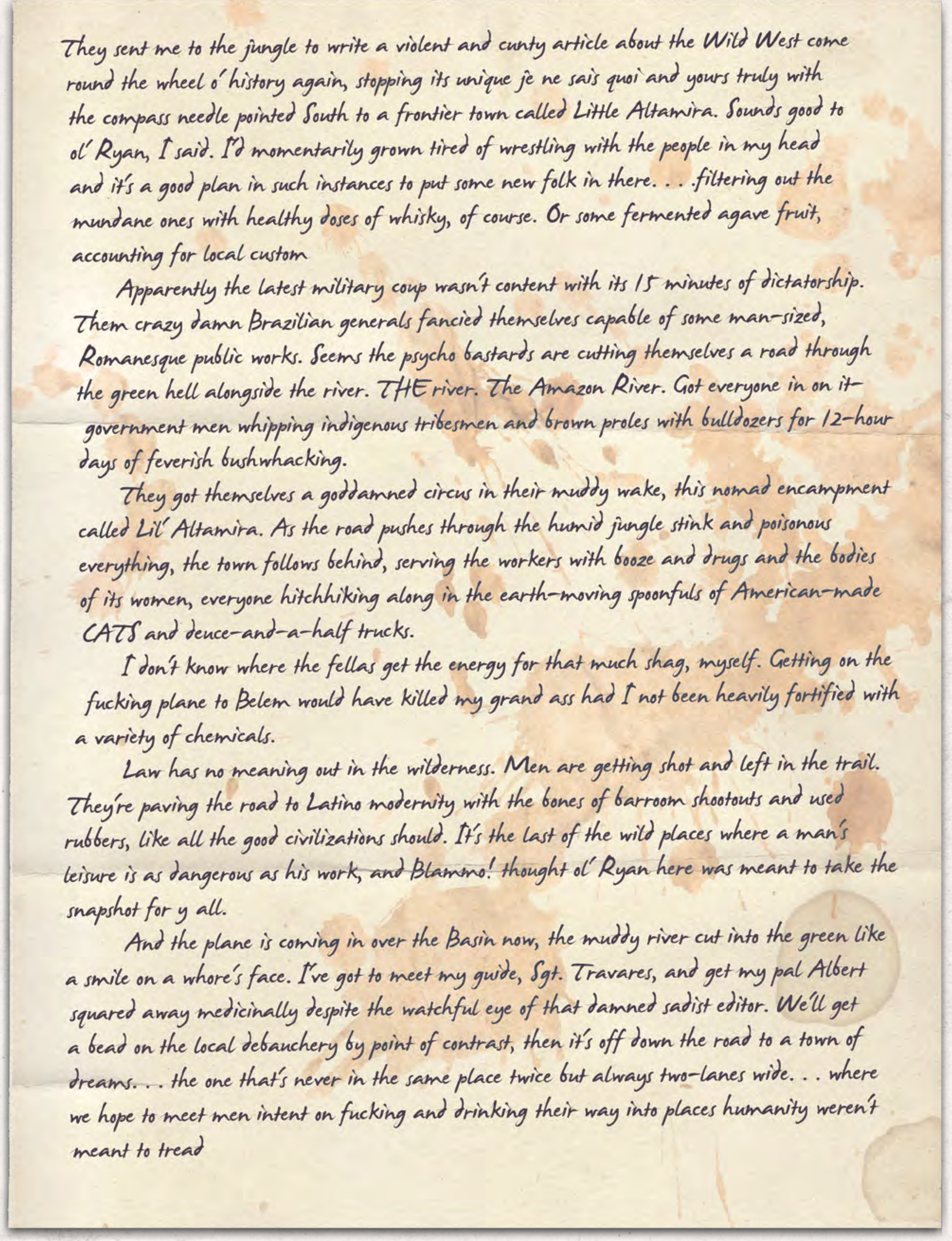
I tried, but there ain't nothing like them in the history of the world. Just more terror in different flavors.

I **TRIED**, but maybe it was actual journalism all along. No fiction in this madness. Maybe it will help someone if they end up real.

I tried. I'm sorry.

DON'T OPEN THE BOX

Handout A



They sent me to the jungle to write a violent and cunty article about the Wild West come round the wheel o' history again, stopping its unique je ne sais quoi and yours truly with the compass needle pointed South to a frontier town called Little Altamira. Sounds good to ol' Ryan, I said. I'd momentarily grown tired of wrestling with the people in my head and it's a good plan in such instances to put some new folk in there. . . .filtering out the mundane ones with healthy doses of whisky, of course. Or some fermented agave fruit, accounting for local custom

Apparently the latest military coup wasn't content with its 15 minutes of dictatorship. Them crazy damn Brazilian generals fancied themselves capable of some man-sized, Romanesque public works. Seems the psycho bastards are cutting themselves a road through the green hell alongside the river. THE river. The Amazon River. Got everyone in on it– government men whipping indigenous tribesmen and brown proles with bulldozers for 12-hour days of feverish bushwhacking.

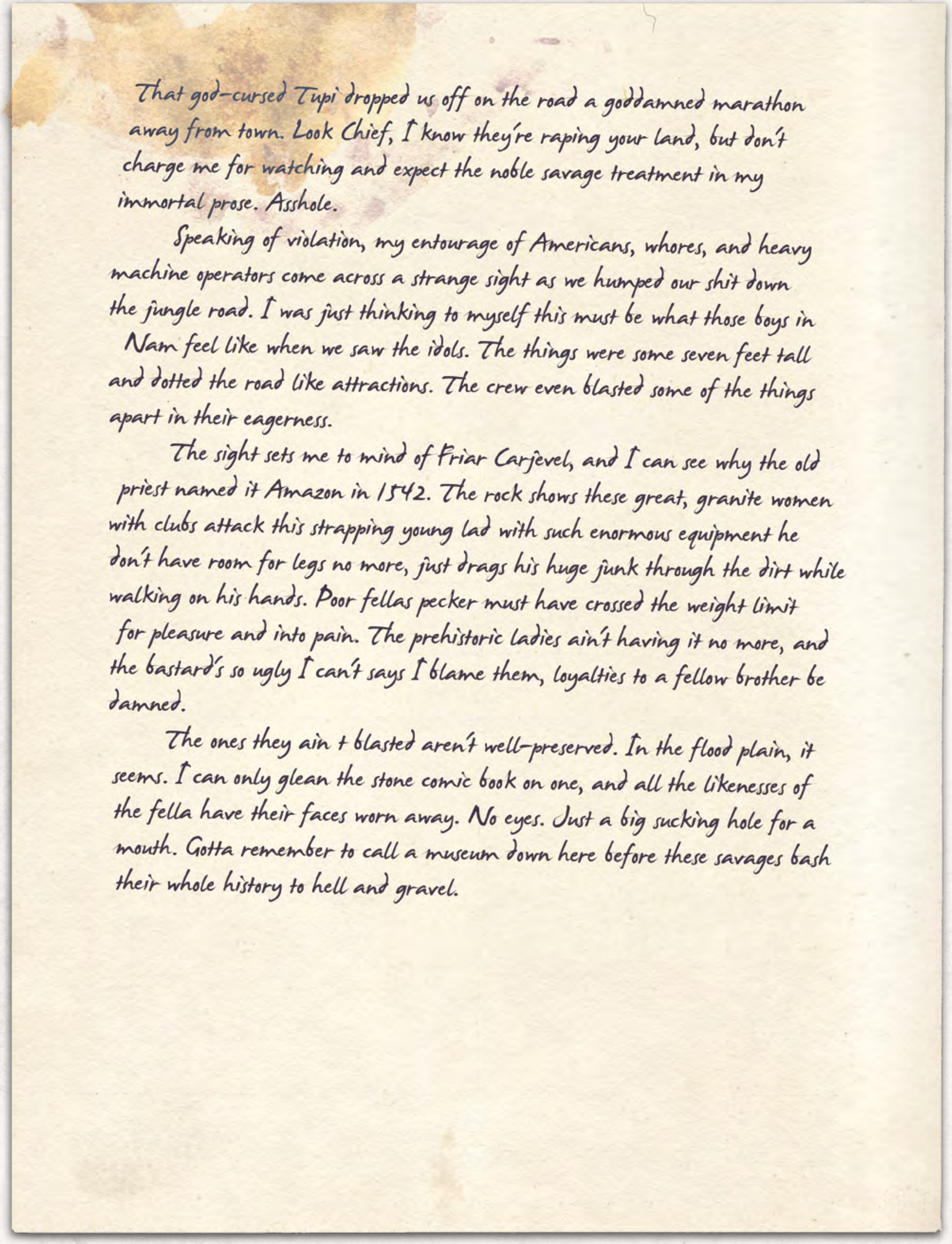
They got themselves a goddamned circus in their muddy wake, this nomad encampment called Lil' Altamira. As the road pushes through the humid jungle stink and poisonous everything, the town follows behind, serving the workers with booze and drugs and the bodies of its women, everyone hitchhiking along in the earth-moving spoonfuls of American-made CATS and deuce-and-a-half trucks.

I don't know where the fellas get the energy for that much shag, myself. Getting on the fucking plane to Belem would have killed my grand ass had I not been heavily fortified with a variety of chemicals.

Law has no meaning out in the wilderness. Men are getting shot and left in the trail. They're paving the road to Latino modernity with the bones of barroom shootouts and used rubbers, like all the good civilizations should. It's the last of the wild places where a man's leisure is as dangerous as his work, and Blammo! thought ol' Ryan here was meant to take the snapshot for y all.

And the plane is coming in over the Basin now, the muddy river cut into the green like a smile on a whore's face. I've got to meet my guide, Sgt. Travares, and get my pal Albert squared away medicinally despite the watchful eye of that damned sadist editor. We'll get a bead on the local debauchery by point of contrast, then it's off down the road to a town of dreams. . . the one that's never in the same place twice but always two-lanes wide. . . where we hope to meet men intent on fucking and drinking their way into places humanity weren't meant to tread

HANDOUT B1



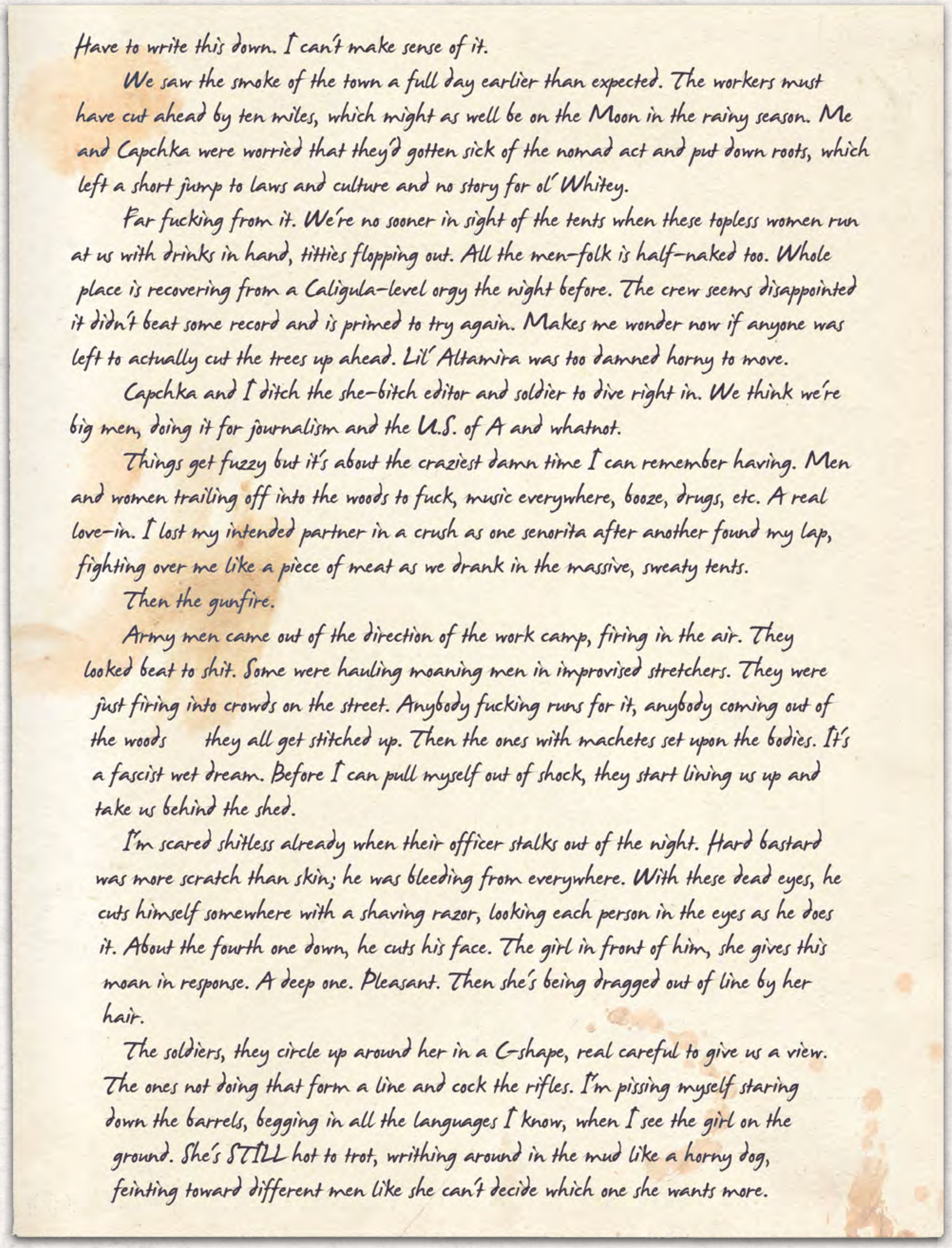
That god-cursed Tupi dropped us off on the road a goddamned marathon away from town. Look Chief, I know they're raping your land, but don't charge me for watching and expect the noble savage treatment in my immortal prose. Asshole.

Speaking of violation, my entourage of Americans, whores, and heavy machine operators come across a strange sight as we humped our shit down the jungle road. I was just thinking to myself this must be what those boys in Nam feel like when we saw the idols. The things were some seven feet tall and dotted the road like attractions. The crew even blasted some of the things apart in their eagerness.

The sight sets me to mind of Friar Carjevel, and I can see why the old priest named it Amazon in 1542. The rock shows these great, granite women with clubs attack this strapping young lad with such enormous equipment he don't have room for legs no more, just drags his huge junk through the dirt while walking on his hands. Poor fellas pecker must have crossed the weight limit for pleasure and into pain. The prehistoric ladies ain't having it no more, and the bastard's so ugly I can't says I blame them, loyalties to a fellow brother be damned.

The ones they ain t blasted aren't well-preserved. In the flood plain, it seems. I can only glean the stone comic book on one, and all the likenesses of the fella have their faces worn away. No eyes. Just a big sucking hole for a mouth. Gotta remember to call a museum down here before these savages bash their whole history to hell and gravel.

Handout B2



Have to write this down. I can't make sense of it.

We saw the smoke of the town a full day earlier than expected. The workers must have cut ahead by ten miles, which might as well be on the Moon in the rainy season. Me and Capchka were worried that they'd gotten sick of the nomad act and put down roots, which left a short jump to laws and culture and no story for ol' Whitey.

Far fucking from it. We're no sooner in sight of the tents when these topless women run at us with drinks in hand, titties flopping out. All the men-folk is half-naked too. Whole place is recovering from a Caligula-level orgy the night before. The crew seems disappointed it didn't beat some record and is primed to try again. Makes me wonder now if anyone was left to actually cut the trees up ahead. Lil' Altamira was too damned horny to move.

Capchka and I ditch the she-bitch editor and soldier to dive right in. We think we're big men, doing it for journalism and the U.S. of A and whatnot.

Things get fuzzy but it's about the craziest damn time I can remember having. Men and women trailing off into the woods to fuck, music everywhere, booze, drugs, etc. A real love-in. I lost my intended partner in a crush as one senorita after another found my lap, fighting over me like a piece of meat as we drank in the massive, sweaty tents.

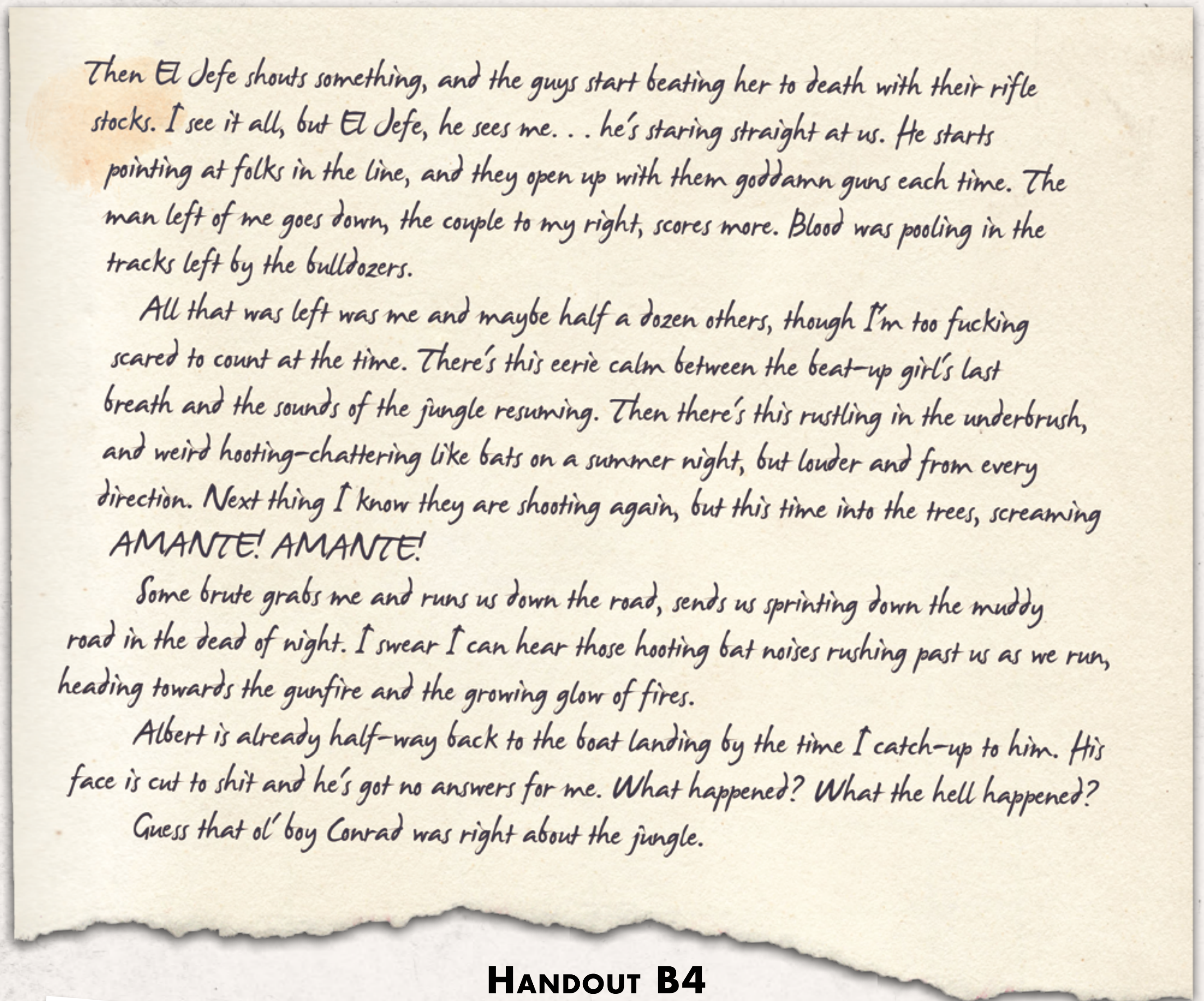
Then the gunfire.

Army men came out of the direction of the work camp, firing in the air. They looked beat to shit. Some were hauling moaning men in improvised stretchers. They were just firing into crowds on the street. Anybody fucking runs for it, anybody coming out of the woods they all get stitched up. Then the ones with machetes set upon the bodies. It's a fascist wet dream. Before I can pull myself out of shock, they start lining us up and take us behind the shed.

I'm scared shitless already when their officer stalks out of the night. Hard bastard was more scratch than skin; he was bleeding from everywhere. With these dead eyes, he cuts himself somewhere with a shaving razor, looking each person in the eyes as he does it. About the fourth one down, he cuts his face. The girl in front of him, she gives this moan in response. A deep one. Pleasant. Then she's being dragged out of line by her hair.

The soldiers, they circle up around her in a C-shape, real careful to give us a view. The ones not doing that form a line and cock the rifles. I'm pissing myself staring down the barrels, begging in all the languages I know, when I see the girl on the ground. She's STILL hot to trot, writhing around in the mud like a horny dog, feinting toward different men like she can't decide which one she wants more.

Handout B3



Then El Jefe shouts something, and the guys start beating her to death with their rifle stocks. I see it all, but El Jefe, he sees me. . . he's staring straight at us. He starts pointing at folks in the line, and they open up with them goddamn guns each time. The man left of me goes down, the couple to my right, scores more. Blood was pooling in the tracks left by the bulldozers.

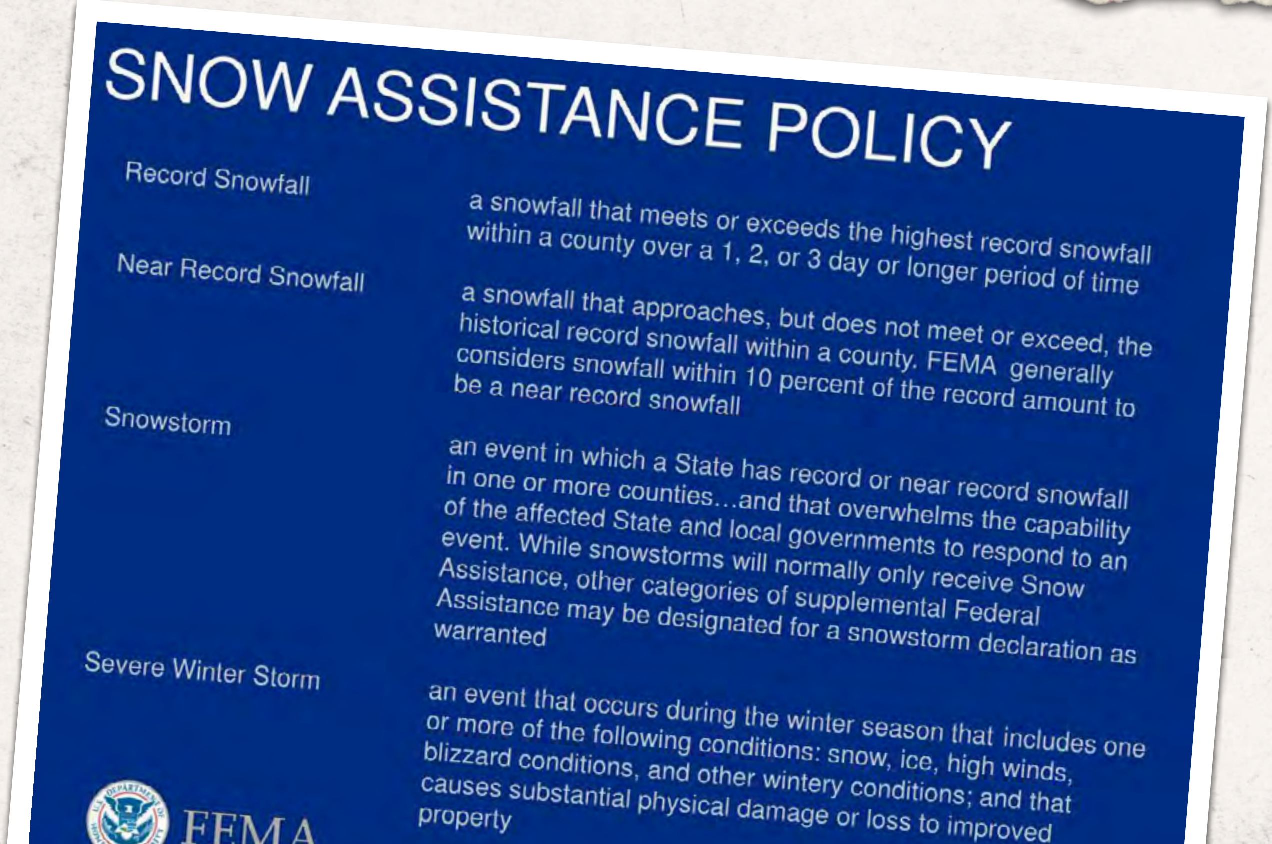
All that was left was me and maybe half a dozen others, though I'm too fucking scared to count at the time. There's this eerie calm between the beat-up girl's last breath and the sounds of the jungle resuming. Then there's this rustling in the underbrush, and weird hooting-chattering like bats on a summer night, but louder and from every direction. Next thing I know they are shooting again, but this time into the trees, screaming AMANTE! AMANTE!

Some brute grabs me and runs us down the road, sends us sprinting down the muddy road in the dead of night. I swear I can hear those hooting bat noises rushing past us as we run, heading towards the gunfire and the growing glow of fires.

Albert is already half-way back to the boat landing by the time I catch-up to him. His face is cut to shit and he's got no answers for me. What happened? What the hell happened?

Guess that ol' boy Conrad was right about the jungle.

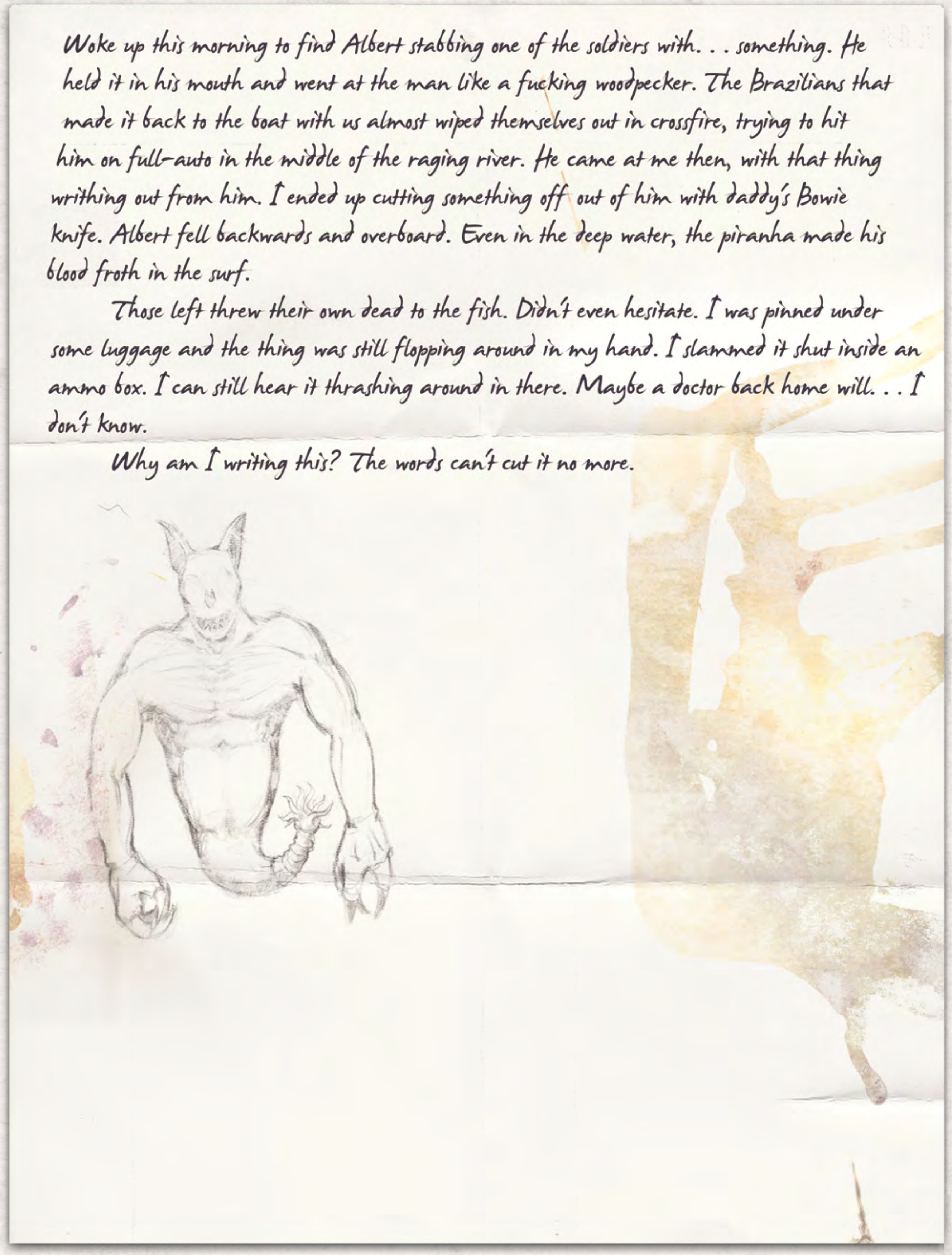
Handout B4



SNOW ASSISTANCE POLICY

Record Snowfall	a snowfall that meets or exceeds the highest record snowfall within a county over a 1, 2, or 3 day or longer period of time
Near Record Snowfall	a snowfall that approaches, but does not meet or exceed, the historical record snowfall within a county. FEMA generally considers snowfall within 10 percent of the record amount to be a near record snowfall
Snowstorm	an event in which a State has record or near record snowfall in one or more counties…and that overwhelms the capability of the affected State and local governments to respond to an event. While snowstorms will normally only receive Snow Assistance, other categories of supplemental Federal Assistance may be designated for a snowstorm declaration as warranted
Severe Winter Storm	an event that occurs during the winter season that includes one or more of the following conditions: snow, ice, high winds, blizzard conditions, and other wintery conditions; and that causes substantial physical damage or loss to improved property

FEMA



Woke up this morning to find Albert stabbing one of the soldiers with. . . something. He held it in his mouth and went at the man like a fucking woodpecker. The Brazilians that made it back to the boat with us almost wiped themselves out in crossfire, trying to hit him on full-auto in the middle of the raging river. He came at me then, with that thing writhing out from him. I ended up cutting something off out of him with daddy's Bowie knife. Albert fell backwards and overboard. Even in the deep water, the piranha made his blood froth in the surf.

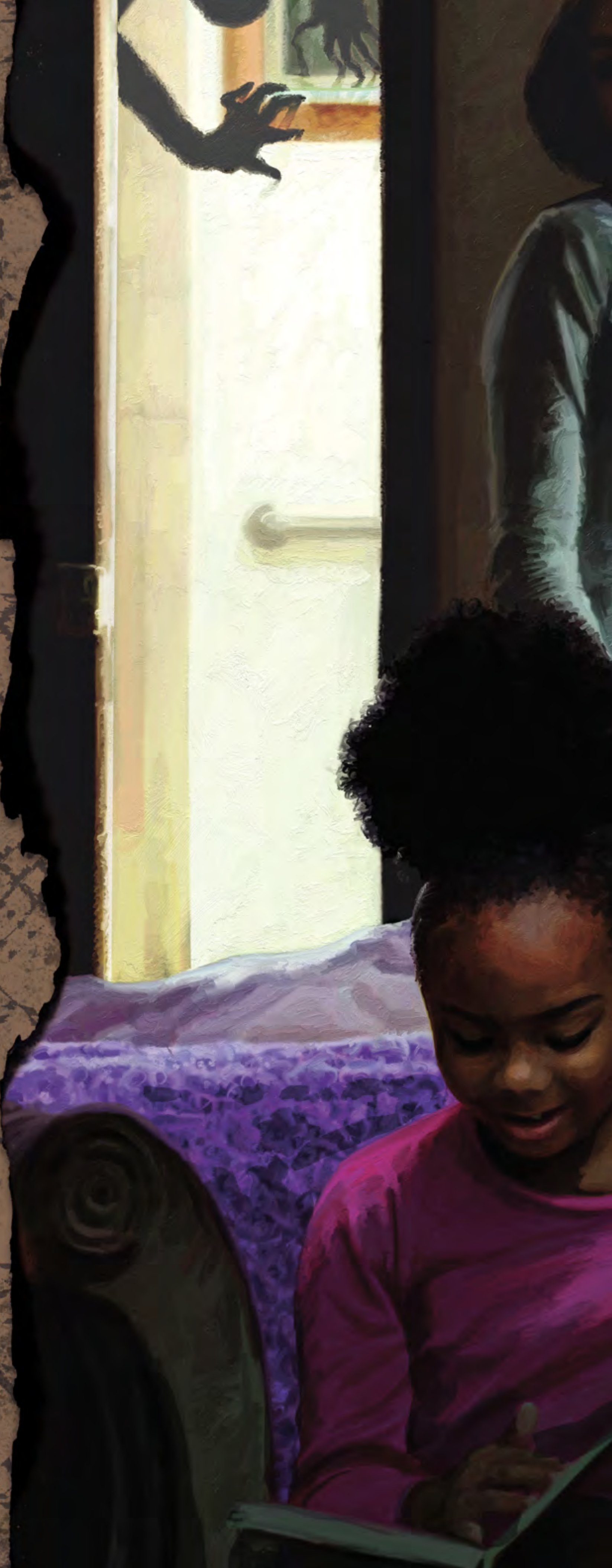
Those left threw their own dead to the fish. Didn't even hesitate. I was pinned under some luggage and the thing was still flopping around in my hand. I slammed it shut inside an ammo box. I can still hear it thrashing around in there. Maybe a doctor back home will. . . I don't know.

Why am I writing this? The words can't cut it no more.

Handout B5

// Sweetness //

> “The living. The dead. The dying.
> All the same.
> Open the way for me now.”



// Sweetness //

By Dennis Detwiller

Introduction

Sarah Garrison is a former Chicago police officer and former Delta Green Friendly who has lost everything. First, she lost her police partner to a cult. Then she lost the trust of Delta Green. Finally, after the divorce from her husband Timothy Bernier seven years ago—and the child-custody battle revealing the ritual abuse she perpetrated every night—she lost her children. After she failed her psych evaluation, she lost her job. Now she finds herself at 46, alone, in a walkup, with nothing but fragments of a pension.

It was only a matter of time before she lost her mind.

Garrison spent only a year in the service of Delta Green. In that time she faced several threats, human and otherwise. She faced and defeated a cult with access to a power only vaguely understood. She gained access to things we were not meant to know, including an artifact of unnatural potency. In secret, she kept it for herself.

The artifact, the Stone of Yos, is the centerpiece of a storage facility she rents. She spends a lot of time in front of it—and now, in it. Almost all of her time.

Garrison's ex-husband lives in Tampa, Florida, with her children and his new wife, happy to be rid of her. The kids were content to be away from their mother and the cuts she inflicted on them after dark.

Then the Shadowman came.

The Truth

Sarah Garrison recovered the Stone of Yos from a burned-out drug den eight years ago. She uses it to call up a power that allows her to spy on and interact with her children in Florida, from Chicago, every night. She does not know that the entity that manifests from the stone remains behind, invisible, even when Garrison is not using it. As she uses it more and more, the influence of this entity infects her.

Soon, the creature and Garrison will become one. She will be trapped in the stone forever, just as it has fed on human users many, many times before. Freed of her influence, it will feed on the Bernier family.

The News Story

Delta Green is alerted to incidents at the Bernier house in Tampa when a Friendly notices a crime story on the local news—and, in particular, a mark painted on the door of the house.

The news and police angled the story as if the Berniers, a biracial family, are the victims of a hate crime by someone terrorizing their house. The story is a short blurb on the news. The police were briefly involved. A small fire was reported, and graffiti and other marks were found on the house. So far, none of the family has been injured.

The mark on the door, scratched into its surface and coated in blood, triggered the call to Delta Green.

The Call

Agents are alerted to the operation via secure means, which can include:

- A FedEx envelope is returned to the Agent. The envelope appears as if the Agent filled it out and sent it to an obviously false address. The handwriting is *not* that of the Agent.
- An unknown person bumps into the Agent, drops a sheaf of stapled papers, and then pawns them off on the Agent as if the Agent dropped it.
- A phone call from the local police department informs the Agent that they've recovered the Agent's wallet. There is indeed a wallet in a plastic ziploc bag, with a state-issued ID for the Agent, plus a folder of papers.

The papers in these hand-offs are all the same: a brochure for a real-estate seminar at a Holiday Inn in Tampa, Florida, this coming Friday. The front is marked by a small, hand-drawn, green delta. On the last page is a ten-digit number written in the same ink. It may be a phone number but it has no dashes.

Calling the Number

Calling the phone number on the brochure before arriving in Tampa elicits no response. The phone rings and rings. Investigating the number with **Computer Science** or **SIGINT** skill of 35% or more reveals the number is likely a PIN dial-through number, not a real phone number.

The Contact

A huge sign floats above the entrance of the Holiday Inn: "THE TAMPA GREENFIELD HOLIDAY INN WELCOMES THE BURKETORRENCE REAL ESTATE SEMINAR." The hotel is filled with real-estate agents at all hours: in the bar, at the pool, in the lobby. The Agents have no problem fitting in if they're in business attire, and no problem moving about. They are assumed to be there for the seminar.

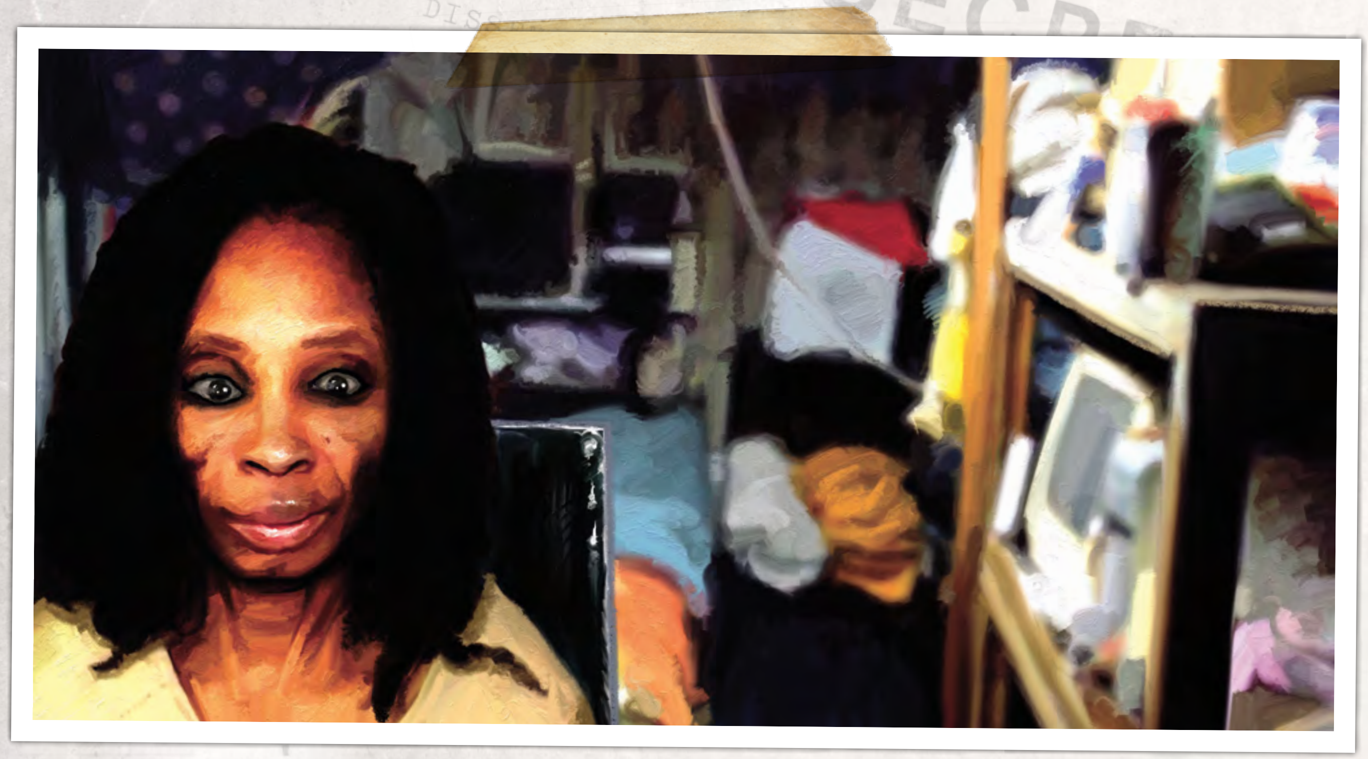
An Agent who makes a **Search** roll at +20%, or has a **Search** skill of 35% or more, spots their contact in the lobby. He's a white male in his late 40s. Sandy blond hair, round metal glasses, nicotine-stained fingers. He wears a concealed pistol and has the feel and mannerisms of law enforcement. An Agent with a **Search** of 60% or higher notices his shoes are stained with sidewalk salt from a much colder clime.

When the Agents notice him, he waves them over. He says nothing else but leads them to one of the smaller conference rooms (The Pine Room) for their briefing. This is their case officer, their Delta Green contact.

The Briefing

"Call me John," he says. He's brief and to the point.

- A Friendly called in a possibly unnatural incident after seeing a restricted symbol on the door of the Bernier house. (See **THE MARK** on page 127.)
- "John" shows the Agents the news story on a projector from a laptop. The news story is on the usual streaming video services. He writes a URL on a sheaf of hotel stationery.
- He hands out a brief dossier on the Bernier family.
- Delta Green has reason to believe the mark on the door is serious enough to warrant investigation.
- The Agents are to identify the origin of the mark and remove all vectors which might produce it.
- The Berniers are eager to cooperate with authorities, though they believe it is some sort of mundane harassment. John recommends the federal hate-crime angle, but how the Agents enter remains up to them.



"John" says that after the briefing, the number from the brochure will connect to him. It is not there for the Agents to ask for help. He only wants to hear confirmation that the threat has been neutralized.

He excuses himself to use the restroom and does not return. He leaves the laptop. It is new, nearly unconfigured, and its browsing history only shows the news video. There are no email accounts or passwords.

The Mark

The mark is an oblong circle cut with three lines, with a smaller circle and line within it, drawn in what appears to be blood and effluvia on the tan front door of the Bernier home.

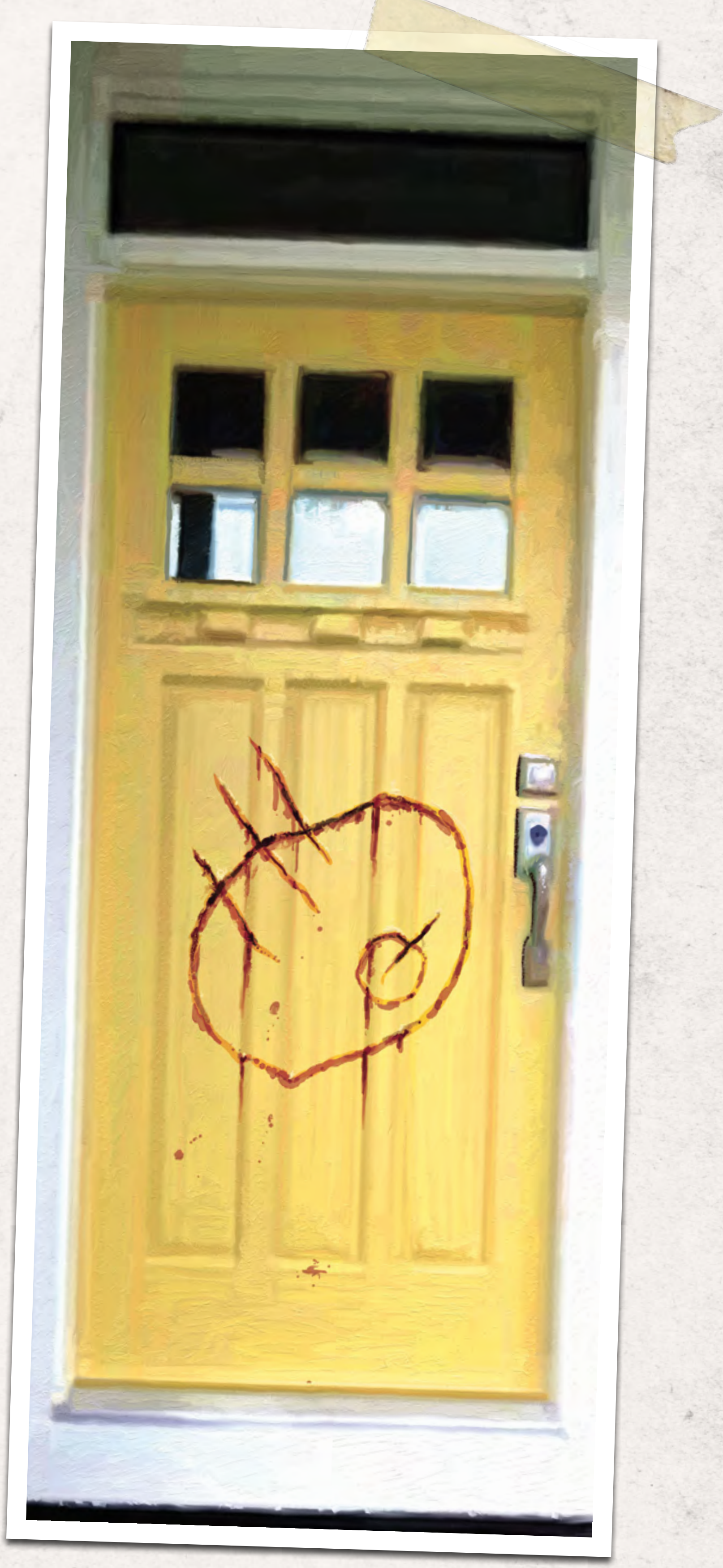
A successful **Forensics** roll, or **Forensics** of 30% or more, identifies the marks in the door as made with some sort of horn or claw—something sharp enough to deform the door but also somewhat blunt. The outside edges of the cuts are marked with black streaks. A police report says the blood and effluvia are a mixture of cat, lizard and small rodent innards. By the time the agents arrive, this effluvia has been removed by industrial cleaner, and a new door is ordered and expected to arrive within the week.

A successful **Occult** roll, or having an **Occult** of 60% or more, identifies the mark as a symbol for a deity worshipped by a Greek mystery cult, called Kore, Kos, or Yos, about which very little is known. One source calls Kore the "queen of the underworld," related to rituals called *katabasis*—a physical descent into the underworld. The etymology of the names Kos and Yos is unknown.

A successful **Unnatural** roll at +20%, or having an **Unnatural** skill of 30% or more, indicates that Yos is actually an abbreviation used in many restricted hypergeometrically active books, usually written "Yo.s." It stands for Yog-Sothoth, a Great Old One said to control the ways between worlds.

The Bernier House

The Bernier house—at 3591 North Ridge Avenue, Tampa, Florida—is a recently-built, 3,500-square-foot rambler in the upscale North Ridge area. Timothy Bernier



purchased it eight years ago, new, from the QuadMark Housing development company. He paid $350,000 with a mortgage from Bay Street Bank. These facts are easily checked out, and nothing illegal is involved. Before the housing development, the area was occupied by a large scrap yard from 1913 to 1988.

The house is recessed behind a high wall, with a large garden, a back yard with pool, and several fruit trees. The garage is accessible via remote-controlled gate, with a long driveway up through the yard.

The house is pink stucco, the roof new with grey shingles, and the decor light and airy. It is has no structural secrets, cubbyholes, or a basement (this is common in Florida), and is temperature-controlled.

The Berniers lived here for six years without incident until the mark appeared on the front door.

The Berniers

The Berniers are a normal family who, until recently, lived a quietly unremarkable existence in Tampa. Tim Bernier is a microchip designer for Altex Microelectronics, a local secure chip production company. He makes a very good living. His wife Evelyn is a stay-at-home mom who was once a dispatcher for the Tampa Police Department. Though the children are not hers biologically, their relationship is as close to perfect as can be imagined.

The children, Chad (16) and Kathryn (8), have not seen their birth mother in years. They barely remember her and never speak of her.

Kathryn was born deaf in both ears, and the entire family is fluent in American Sign Language.

The family's days are mostly concerned with getting the kids to school, sports, shopping, and generally enjoying each other's company. They are a tight-knit family. However, lately, it seems something has been haunting them.

Count all of the Berniers except young Kathryn as having 10 HP and 50 SAN. Kathryn, still growing, has 5 HP and 30 SAN.

Timothy Bernier

Timothy "Tim" Bernier (Black male, age 49) is a microchip engineer with a degree from CalTech and a string of high-paying jobs. His job history, easily searchable, meanders from California to Chicago to Tampa. His employer is ecstatic to have him and has lavished him with bonuses, raises, and perks like free vacations.

Tim thinks the current string of problems at the house are a combination of some idiotic racist, overexcited children, and a protective wife. He has seen nothing "supernatural" and he doesn't believe in such things. He always works to talk a situation back down to the solid ground of reality.

Tim is the only one who will talk about Sarah Garrison. His children do not mention her, and Evelyn does not believe Tim's relationship with his first wife is her business. If probed, Tim reveals that he gained custody of the children after their mother was found to have been abusing the children. He grows visibly uncomfortable, clearly disturbed by memories and unwilling to share them.

If the Agents press, he says the abuse had ritualistic elements. The children had burns and cuts. Chad, then only seven, had to be coaxed into saying that she prayed over them in words he could not understand.

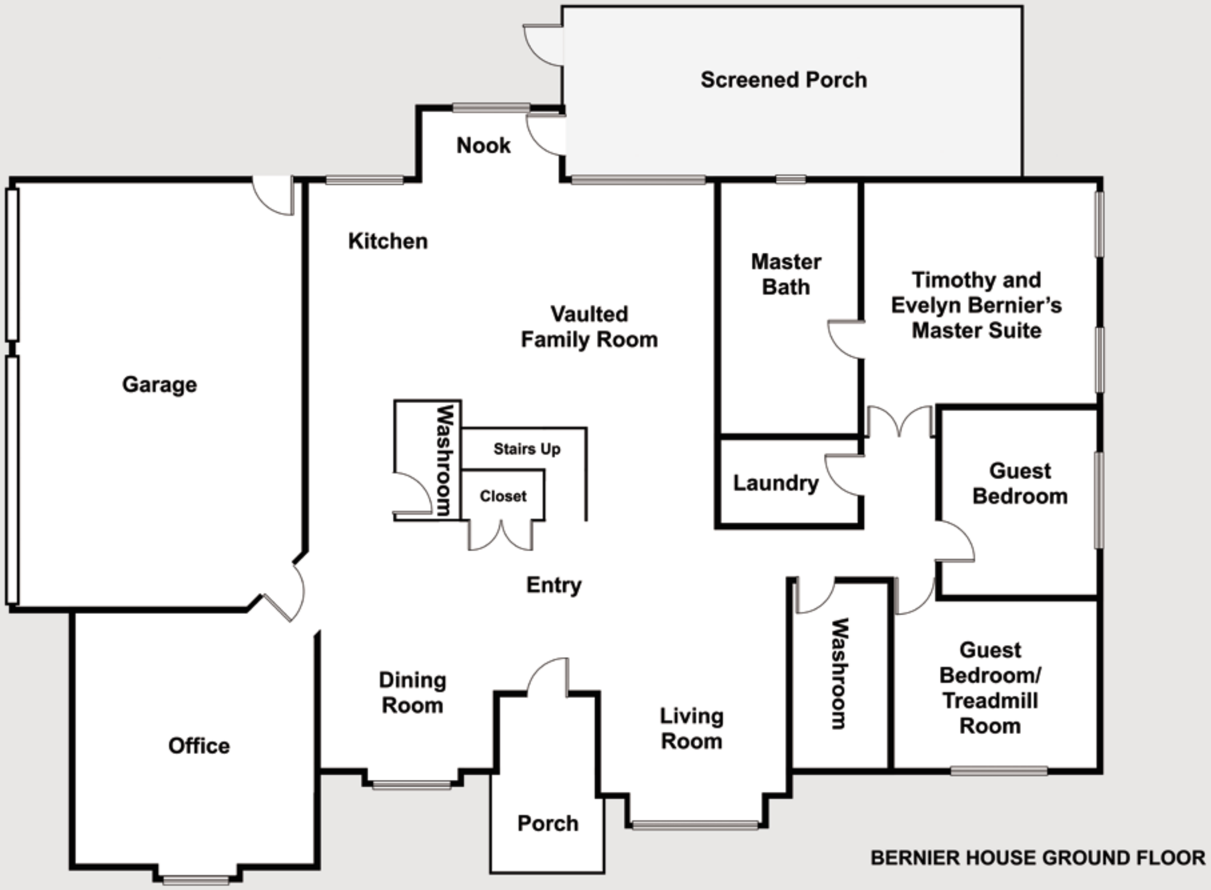
Tim says Garrison lives in Chicago as far as he knows. She has had no contact with the children in years. Further prying reveals that she was a Chicago police detective.

If her name is run up the chain, Delta Green has no organizational memory of Sarah Garrison.

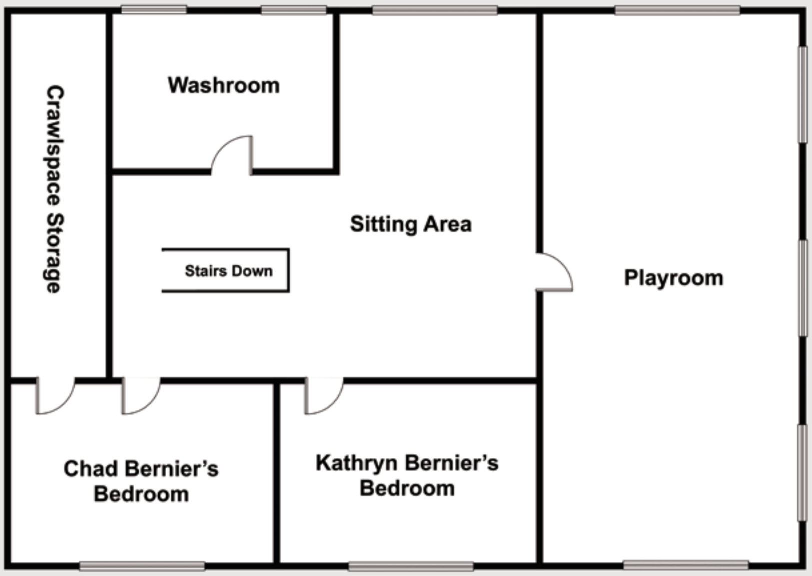
Evelyn Bernier

Formerly a Tampa Police department dispatcher, Evelyn (white female, age 42) met Tim Bernier at a Clearwater beach a year after his move from Chicago. They became involved quickly. Evelyn, who cannot have children due to polycystic ovarian disease, nearly instantly became the surrogate mom to the Bernier children. They took to her just as quickly.

Tim and Evelyn have been happily married for nearly seven years. Having deep involvement with law enforcement, she knows the ropes, and cooperates with feds (or people pretending to be feds) unless she spots something unusual. Anytime an Agent makes a miscue, have them make a **Luck** roll to avoid her becoming suspicious.


Screened Porch
Nook
Kitchen
Vaulted Family Room
Master Bath
Timothy and Evelyn Bernier's Master Suite
Garage
Washroom
Stairs Up
Closet
Laundry
Guest Bedroom
Entry
Washroom
Guest Bedroom/ Treadmill Room
Dining Room
Living Room
Office
Porch

BERNIER HOUSE GROUND FLOOR


Washroom
Crawlspace Storage
Sitting Area
Stairs Down
Playroom
Chad Bernier's Bedroom
Kathryn Bernier's Bedroom

BERNIER HOUSE SECOND FLOOR

Evelyn is certain something bizarre is going on in the home. She has entered a mode where she hopes to brute-force her way to the bottom of the mystery. She can't say exactly what is going on, but she has a terrible feeling of foreboding.

Chad Bernier

Chad (Black male, age 16) is a teen boy with all that implies. His mind is elsewhere. He is out and about until 10 P.M. almost every night. He knows of the things going on in the house, but chalks all the concern up to an overzealous stepmother. He believes the mark on the door might have been a prank by someone at his school.

Twice, he has heard things in the house when he thought he was alone, at night. Once, he thought he heard his sister *and someone else* moving around upstairs when he knew they were alone. But this doesn't weigh too much on him. He assumes she was playing.

Kathryn Bernier

Kathryn (Black female, age 10) is a very smart young woman who is completely deaf. She attends the Tampa Language and Learning Center, a school which caters to those with hearing impairments. She is an excellent student. She is clearly the favorite of the family. Even her brother dotes on her.

Kathryn has a secret. *Something* has been visiting her at night since the mark was made on the door. At first she was terrified. She woke her parents the first night complaining of nightmares. Later, as the creature approached her and contacted her through sign language, she became fascinated with it. It named itself "Sweetness." She does not know what "Sweetness" is, but she is so drawn to the mystery that she lies to cover it up. Only very careful interviewing can coax the secret out of her.

She has no idea it is her biological mother.

Incidents in the House

The Shadowman appears only at night. However, a version of it (the non-Garrison version) haunts the shadows of the house even during the day. In a shadow mote form, it can do next to nothing but listen and follow, creeping along the cracks of the house where the light cannot go. (See **THE SHADOWMAN** on page 135 for details.)

When Garrison is piloting the Shadowman, it appears late at night in some random, reflective surface near the Bernier house. Then she asserts control. Under Garrison's guidance, it swims through the air back into the nearest reflective surface, and emerges from another reflective surface in the Bernier house (usually the kitchen) 20 minutes later. It freely stalks the house, collapsing into a mote when someone comes near and it does not wish to be seen. It always moves to Kathryn's room. Once inside, it wakes her and converses for hours in sign language.

Otherwise, it might be found moving around the house in the dark of the night.

If the Agents plant cameras in the house, late at night they see the Shadowman manifest in a kitchen or bathroom mirror and swim through the air to Kathryn's room. As it settles on her bed, she awakens and does not seem afraid. They begin conversing in sign language.

If anyone interrupts, the Shadowman vanishes into a tiny mote of darkness and retreats into the nearest reflective surface.

If Garrison has been killed or captured but the Stone of Yos is intact, the Shadowman still appears. But it does not converse with Kathryn. It seizes her and drags her to the nearest large mirror, vanishing with her into its netherworld.

Sarah Garrison

Sarah Garrison (Black female, age 46) is sick. Anyone who sees her during one of her many furtive trips to and from the place where she stores the Stone of Yos in Chicago thinks "cancer." Her clothes hang off. Her teeth seem too big. The whites of her eyes are a yellow-brown. She coughs all the time.

She's also quite insane. She lost her mind about a year back, after having been "in" the stone once too often. She has moved the Shadowman—it cannot ride in vehicles—relentlessly south to Tampa, one manifestation at a time.

She carries a revolver in her coat pocket. If confronted by authorities, she shoots to kill. If she ditches her pursuers, she flees to the storage facility and disappears into the Stone. If the Agents subdue her, she collapses in weeping hysterics. If given a moment's respite from captivity, she attacks them and attempts to escape.

Capturing or killing her is not enough to stop the Shadowman manifestations.

Chicago PD

Asking the Chicago police about Sarah Garrison is like talking to a brick wall. The Agents are connected with human resources, who connects them with a department lawyer, who says only that Sarah Garrison was in fact employed by the Chicago Police Department but is no longer. Trying to impress or intimidate the police with the Agents' status as federal agents, if they are, gets nowhere. The FBI has no jurisdiction over Sarah Garrison's case file. Even saying that she is suspected in a federal crime does no good.

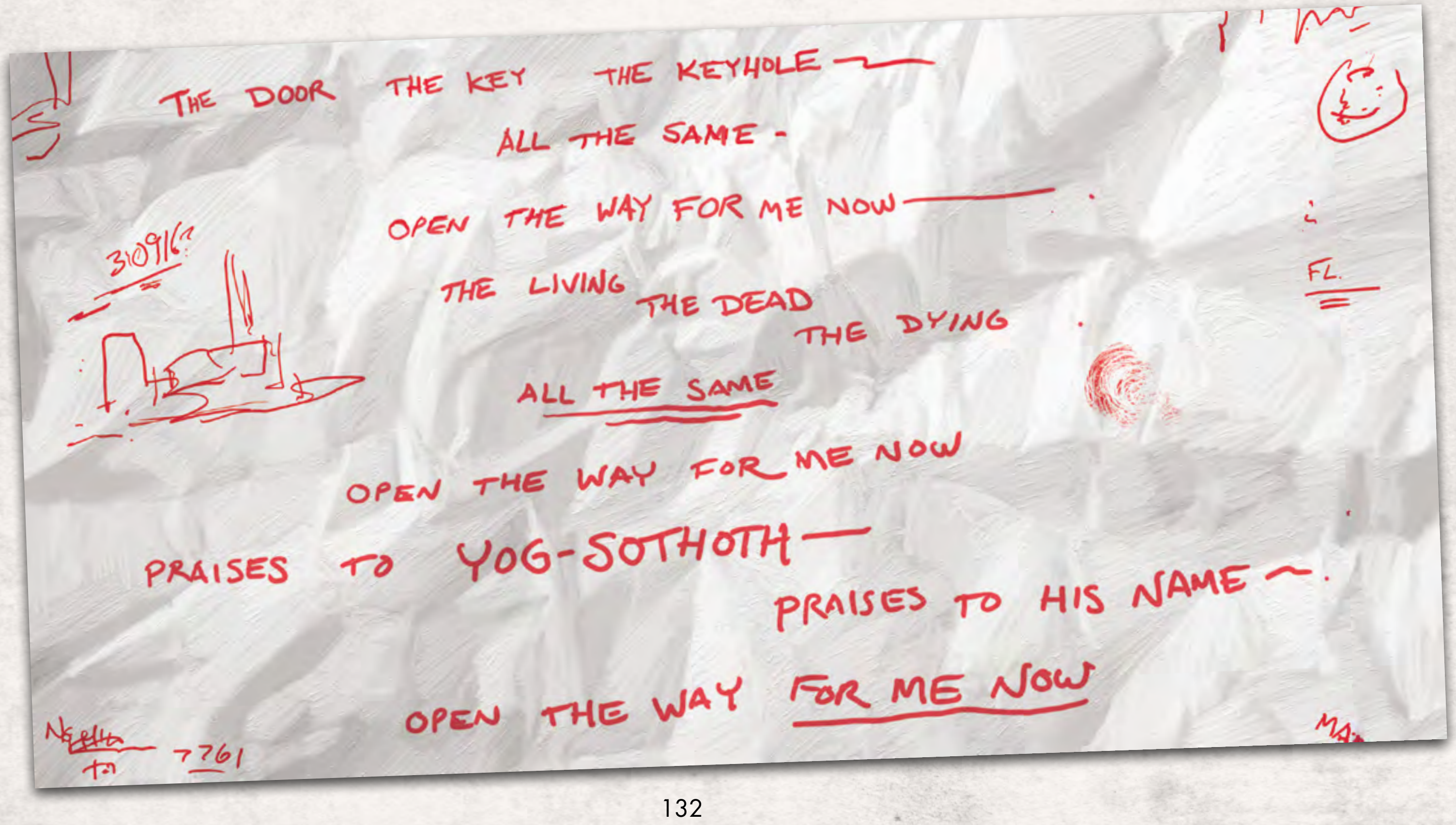
Agents with police background get the sense that stonewalling this complete can only be due to potential liability issues. The department must see something about Garrison's service as a serious lawsuit risk.

It requires a search warrant to get access to Garrison's official files. An Agent making that argument to a local federal judge needs to make a **Law** roll.

The Agents could also get more information by approaching one of Garrison's old coworkers privately, off the record, by explicitly saying the conversation is *not* part of an official investigation. One of Garrison's former colleagues is Detective Adrienne Moreno.

Moreno, or a case file produced by warrant, can reveal that Garrison and her partner, Detective Hank Thomas, were on an extended drug case that involved some very paranoid confidential informants and some very bad perpetrators. Moreno does not know any details, and the case file is extremely cursory, but after about two months it went bad. Thomas died in a shootout and Garrison was clearly suffering bad PTSD. She tried to tough it out but it just got worse. The department let her go, the union negotiated a partial pension, and that was that. Nobody on the force has seen or heard from her since.

Investigating Hank Thomas proves a dead end. His lived alone and nobody knew a thing about his work.



THE DOOR THE KEY THE KEYHOLE —
ALL THE SAME -
OPEN THE WAY FOR ME NOW —
THE LIVING THE DEAD THE DYING
ALL THE SAME
OPEN THE WAY FOR ME NOW
PRAISES TO YOG-SOTHOTH —
PRAISES TO HIS NAME ~.
OPEN THE WAY FOR ME NOW

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Garrison's Apartment

Garrison's apartment (Rosehill Apartments, 2399 North Clark Street, Apartment 311, Chicago, Illinois) is a studio walk-up on the third floor of a large building with a view of the Graceland cemetery and, beyond it, Lake Michigan.

It is obvious even from the hallway that something is not right. A strong smell of rotting food is detectable outside the door.

The apartment is a wreck. Flies swarm on piles of fast-food bags, rotten food, and half-consumed Coca-Cola two-liters congealing to caramel. This filth is in the bathroom, the kitchenette, and even on the bed, where it's clear no one has slept for some time.

On the wall is a map of the eastern United States, carefully marked with thumbtacks and strings in intervals heading southeast, first towards Indiana and then into Kentucky. By Tennessee the tracking becomes erratic and is no longer marked in thumbtacks but in scribbled red pen. It ceases to be updated past Alabama.

At the bottom of the map, in tightly-written Pilot marker, is a bizarre scrawl of writing:

The door. The key. The keyhole. All the same.
Open the way for me now.
The living. The dead. The dying. All the same.
Open the way for me now.
Praises to Yog-Sothoth. Praises to his name.
Open the way for me now.

Piles of bills are scattered about, some ripped open. Looking these over as a whole and making an **Accounting** roll at +20% (or having **Accounting** skill at 30% or higher) indicates two things:

- Garrison is on the brink of bankruptcy. She's moving money between credit cards to cover bills she can't afford. In the last year, those payments have become crazily erratic.
- She has defaulted on her Jeep but is up to date renting a storage facility in Chicago: Unit 31, Lock 'Em Up Self-Storage, 3306 North Kedzie Avenue.

Neighbors questioned about Garrison make faces indicating they know something is deeply wrong with her, and that, frankly, the building might be better without her. But they are reluctant to speak too much about her, with her "being a cop and all." No one, including the super, knows she was dismissed from the Chicago police.

They say they see her at odd hours coming and going from the building. They get the feeling she's not here often. Twice, due to complaints, the super watched as she filled garbage bags with filthy food and trundled them down to the compactor. She did so willingly, though she seemed sick, miserable, and "pretty messed up."

Garrison's Schedule

Garrison goes to a few all-night shops, cashes her pension check, and spends the money on junk food. She drives around in a rusted-out Jeep Cherokee which is falling apart. She makes no secret of going between the storage location and her tiny walkup on the lake. She doesn't believe she has anyone to hide from.

She spends most of her time not in her apartment or the storage facility but in the Stone of Yos.

The Storage Facility

Lock 'Em Up Self-Storage is a four-level, climate-controlled facility with forty big lockers (20 feet by 15 feet, or about six by five meters) on each floor. It is maintained by a clerk 24 hours a day. There are three clerks, each with a very different attitude on life and the value of personal property. No one can access the upper levels without a key card, which is carried by one of the clerks. To enter, visitors must pass the front desk.

LARRY MARTINEZ (HISPANIC MALE, AGE 24): Flash a badge, any badge, and Larry jumps to attention. He lets anyone into any locker with no hassle if they even vaguely smell of the police. He did two years in federal prison for auto theft, which is something no one at Lock 'Em Up knows. He eagerly identifies which unit is rented by Sarah Garrison.

SONNY CARDWELL (WHITE MALE, AGE 36): Sonny is aggressively libertarian. He carries a copy of the Bill of Rights on his person and immediately reacts to any badge by actively recording the Agent while asking for their ID numbers, agency, and full names. He refuses access to anything without a warrant. Even then, he tries to insist (without legal grounds; it's a rented unit) that the Agents get permission from the renter of the unit. He does everything he can to *not* identify which unit is rented by Sarah Garrison.

AMBER BRODERICK (WHITE FEMALE, AGE 29): Amber is a student of the human condition. Anyone attempting to bluff her must roll **Persuade** against her Persuade skill of 44%. If they fail, she *knows* the Agents have no authority and openly demands a $200 bribe. If paid, she hands them the key card and says "30 minutes." Amber identifies Garrison's unit for an additional $50.

Unit 31 and the Stone of Yos

Any clerk's key-card opens Unit 31, which has a rolling garagelike door that rises easily with a tug. The Stone of Yos is the only significant object. It stands in the center of the room, a waist-high, polished blob of obsidian which weighs about 160 kg (350 lbs). Nearby are a filthy sleeping bag and a bucket filled with urine cut with industrial cleaner.

When the Agents find it, there's a 50% chance that the Stone of Yos is "active," with Sarah Garrison inside. Otherwise it is "dark."

When active, the stone catches the light in unusual ways, seeming to emit blue-green highlights where there should be none.

No one else may enter the stone when it is active. An Agent touching the stone must make a POW×5 roll. Failure indicates 1 **POW** permanently lost. Luckily, this can only happen once per victim. This psychic drain costs the victim 1/1D10 **SAN** from the unnatural. If the **SAN** roll succeeds, the victim sees nothing but feels a crazed wrenching of their consciousness. The victim's point of view seems to be accelerated at speed across the surface of the Earth before returning to their body. If the **SAN** roll fails, the victim is overcome with otherworldly visions of space-time which lasts for minutes.

When dark (unoccupied and inactive), the stone is completely black. An Agent touching the stone vanishes instantly into it. For a moment the stone glows bluewhite and then fades back to normal. Inside, to the "operator" it feels as if they are in a diving suit. They become the Shadowman (see page 135) and may explore its abilities normally. When they wish to "leave," they can exit instantly. Exiting the stone, the victim loses 1 **POW** permanently (only once per victim) and 1/1D10 **SAN** (each time).

Destroying the stone is as easy as striking it with a sledgehammer, though guns have little effect. Anyone inside the stone when it is destroyed is lost forever. The manifestations of the Shadowman cease. Those who realize that the Shadowman has been stopped gain 1 **SAN**.

Researching the Stone of Yos

Anyone with **Occult** of 40% or more or **Unnatural** of 20% or more, or who makes a roll of either at +20%, can find the Stone in a few minutes on the Internet. It was first identified in Greece in 1946, sold at auction in 1951, and stolen from the Drake Field Museum in London in 1967. Since then it has been reported missing.

The stone is linked to the same mythology as the Mark (see **THE MARK** on page 128).

Characters

Sarah Garrison

If caught outside the Stone of Yos, Sarah looks and smells sickly and homeless, with clearly crazed eyes. Her old colleagues at the Chicago police would barely recognize her. But she might recognize the Agents—not by name but as murderous members of "The Group," come to ruin her last chance of happiness with her children. Those accusations may clue the Agents in that they are dealing with someone who once served Delta Green. Garrison is a 46-year-old Black woman.

Sarah Garrison

Maddened mother

STR 12 **CON** 7 **DEX** 10 **INT** 14 **POW** 9 **CHA** 9

HP 10 **WP** 9 **SAN** 0

SKILLS: Alertness 45%, Athletics 30%, Bureaucracy 45%, Criminology 35%, Dodge 55%, Driving 55%, Firearms 45%, First Aid 25%, Forensics 30%, Law 25%, Persuade 45%, Stealth 35%, Search 60%,

Unarmed Combat 45%.

ATTACKS: *Charter Arms "Bulldog" revolver* (.357 magnum, 5 shots) 45%, damage 1D12.

Unarmed 45%, damage 1D4−1.

The Shadowman

When Sarah Garrison "enters" the Stone of Yos, she vanishes into the stone and manifests in a shadowy, otherworldly form near the Bernier house. The location from which the shadow-form "emerges" is always a random, reflective surface. It swims through the air as if through water. When it hurries, it appears as if dozens and dozens of silhouettes were overlaid in movement in time-lapse.

When it holds still, it appears as an indistinct, human-sized shadow which looks *wrong*. Distances to it are difficult to judge when it is not moving, as if it is both two- and three-dimensional at the same time.

It has no eyes or orifices of any kind and is utterly silent. It can collapse into a mote of darkness at a moment's notice, like a shadow receding, and is nearly undetectable in this "hidden" form.

The Shadowman's plan—when manifested by Garrison—is to gain her daughter's trust and then pull the girl into a reflective surface with her. Garrison has no idea what or why this compulsion has gripped her. She feels that doing so will solve all her problems.

Garrison does not know that if she does not enter the stone at night, the Shadowman will still manifest. This has not happened yet. Without Garrison's guidance it acts much more primally, attempting to locate and drag one of the Berniers into a reflective surface. If Garrison dies and the stone is not destroyed, this more vicious version of the Shadowman continues to hunt the Berniers.

The Shadowman

Hunter from the Stone of Yos

STR 22 **CON** 30 **DEX** 13 **INT** 7 **POW** 10

HP 26 **WP** 10

SKILLS: Jumping 45%, Swimming Through Air 75%.

ATTACKS: *Grab* 50%, damage special.

GRAB: If the Shadowman grabs a victim, it swims toward the nearest Portal (see PORTALS on this page). Once per turn, the victim may attempt a STR test against the Shadowman's STR to break free. So can each helper trying to pull the victim free. If the attempt fails, it does not slow the Shadowman or the victim at all.

THE HOST: If the Stone of Yos is occupied, the Shadowman's INT, POW, WP, and SAN scores are those of the occupant, and it knows languages known by the host.

THE NAME: The creatures' chief vulnerability is the name of Yog-Sothoth. Whispering the name is enough to inflict 1 damage on the Shadowman. Saying it in a normal voice inflicts 1D4 damage. Screaming it, 1D20. If the Shadowman hits 0 HP it is dismissed it as if it had traveled through a Portal, though it may return. And you can bet anyone who knows that name will not see it coming a second time....

PORTALS: Any reflective surface can be used by the Shadowman as a Portal for escape. It typically manifests through mirrors, but a window seen from inside a bright room at night would also work. Whenever the Shadowman moves into a Portal, Sarah Garrison loses control of it and must re-enter the Stone of Yos to establish a new connection. It takes her 1D20 minutes to regain control and move the Shadowman back to the Bernier house.

SWIMMING: The Shadowman moves through the air as if it were water. It swims about as fast as a human walks. It can swim upwards, drift down, and float indefinitely in space. Seeing this strange movement for the first time costs 0/1 SAN. When the Shadowman alights on a floor, it can move as a normal human, but it always seems to be working against some sort of invisible force of resistance.

TRANSCENDENT: The Shadowman is immune to all physical attacks. Period.

VANISH: In direct sunlight, or when hit with high-intensity illumination, the Shadowman collapses instantly into a tiny mote of darkness, like a magic trick. Seeing this for the first time costs 1/1D4 SAN. It is very easy to assume it has teleported away. However, with a successful Search roll, this shadow is still visible as a tiny blob of impossible darkness. Hitting it again with a burst of such bright light causes the creature to retreat to a Portal.

SAN LOSS: 1/1D4.

// Hourglass //

“Show us the inner temple, the
Holiest of Holies! Let the sacred Ark
of the Sabaoth reveal its glory!”

// Hourglass //

By Shane Ivey

Briefing

In an Internet video, already viral, a middle-aged, dark-haired, harried-looking woman stands on a park bench in a small-town park. She is crying and shouting at a handful of befuddled people. She says they live with a place where awful things happen. They accept that place into their community. They take its money. And it takes women and children. "It takes them and it—it—"

Suddenly she vanishes, screaming in agony. The handful of people in the crowd scream in fright and recoil. The young man holding the phone shouts, "Whoa!" He turns the camera toward himself, a white teenager, and says, "You see that shit? What the fuck!" The camera jostles and the video stops.

The Agents are in a secure meeting room in the FBI offices in Portland, Oregon. Their case officer turns off the video screen and gives the rest of their briefing. It is 10:00 A.M. on a Thursday.

If your campaign features the Outlaws rather than the Program, the Agents got the video and relevant details from their cell leader in a couriered envelope, on an encrypted thumb drive that's programmed to erase itself and the attached computer if the wrong password is used more than twice.

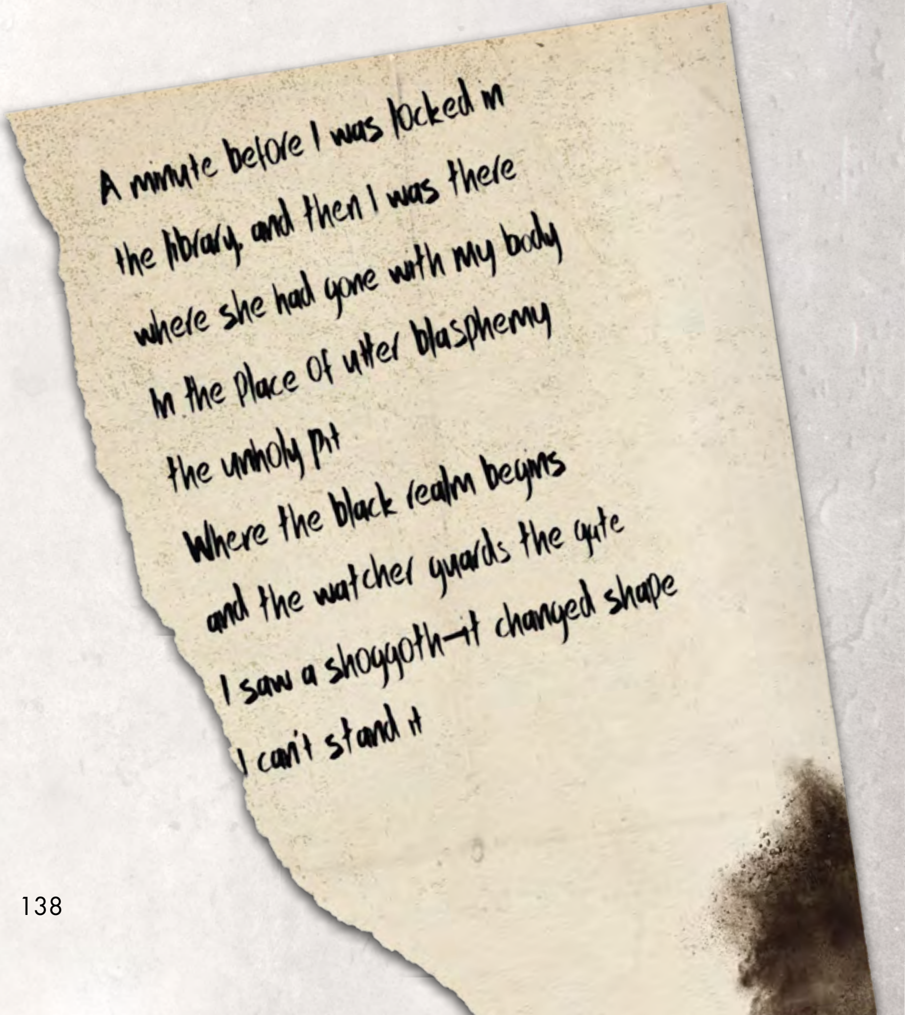
The Video

The video was recorded Sunday—four days ago—at 1:13 P.M. The case officer says experts cannot find signs that the video was produced with special effects. In a Program campaign, the Program's security section is already suppressing that fact, uploading doctored versions that show subtle signs of having been generated with special effects, establishing a narrative that it was produced by clever hoaxers, and backing up that narrative by posing as low-credibility viewers who insist it is genuine.

The video went online Sunday night, 86 hours ago. It began to go viral 37 hours ago. It came to Delta Green's attention 33 hours ago. It was posted by the boy who held the phone, a 17-year-old would-be Internet star using the pseudonym "Rawdog." He is Hourglass high schooler Herbert Roderick Salsbury. The briefing includes Salsbury's address. See **WITNESSES** on page 144 for details.

The Victim

The woman in the video is Terri Santos, née Terri Harding, then Terri Wilkins, a resident of a religious compound outside Hourglass, Oregon. She has worked off and on for 25 years as a retail clerk. Terri moved to Hourglass about ten years ago when her then-husband Edward Wilkins got a sawmill job. Five years ago, Edward Wilkins died in a bar fight. Four years ago, her son Lawrence Wilkins died of leukemia at age eight. Two years ago, Terri Wilkins moved to the property of a religious commune called the Church of the Twelve Martyrs. One year ago, she married another resident of the church compound, Robert Santos.



A minute before I was locked in
the library and then I was there
where she had gone with my body
in the place of utter blasphemy
the unholy pit
Where the black realm begins
and the watcher guards the gate
I saw a shoggoth—it changed shape
I can't stand it

Terri Santos has had minimal presence on social media, and none whatsoever for the past two years.

The Agents receive a dossier with Terri Santos's known relatives and associates. See **INVESTIGATING THE VICTIM** on page 142 for details.

Objectives

Find out what happened in the video. Stop the incursion. Save lives. Establish a mundane narrative to explain it all away. Protect Delta Green from exposure.

Background

Terri Santos died because of a sorcerous ritual cast by of a worshipper of the Great Old Ones, a survivor of centuries of unnatural life and reincarnation. The killer is Samuel Woodman, an ancient and evil cultist in the body of a 12-year-old boy named Jake Elliott. Woodman serves the Church of the Twelve Martyrs. The church is led by a more powerful cultist still, Gyles Root, in the body of Erol Salzo III.

Erol Salzo III is the 3rd-generation heir to leadership of the Church of the Twelve Martyrs. His followers call him The Host because he incarnates a returning spirit lifetime after lifetime, a part of the heavenly host, the Sabaoth, the uncountable army of Heaven that serves the throne of God. Erol Salzo III assumed the mantle 16 years ago, when the prior Host, Erol Salzo, Jr., died of a heart attack. Erol Salzo, Jr., had assumed the mantle 25 years before that when his father, Erol Salzo, died of a stroke.

Erol Salzo III had two younger brothers, Silas and David. Silas died in an apparent suicide 19 years ago. David died in a terrible car accident 17 years ago. In fact, Erol Salzo III had both murdered to prevent them from betraying the church. No evidence remains to link the deaths to the Host or his followers. Erol Salzo III never married and has no children on public records. His mother, Rhea Salzo, manages the business affairs of the church. His paternal grandmother, Ann Salzo, died six years ago of dementia. Ann's and Rhea's families have always been estranged from the Salzo line.

The Sons of Cerunnos

The Host is in fact Gyles Root, leader of an old band of sorcerers called the Sons of Cernunnos. Root has possessed the bodies of descendant after descendant for 200 years.

The Sons of Cernunnos began in 17th-century New England, a cult of warlocks dedicated to alchemy and sorcery. They hid among the Puritans but

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scattered when witch trials threatened. They met occasionally in rural Maine for hideous rituals in black caverns, joining a clutch of hidden shoggoths to worship Shub-Niggurath.

Their rites earned them long life and a postponement of the rigors of age, but not the perfect immortality they craved. That came only in the early 20th century. One of their allies, a scion of Innsmouth, found the secret in the *Necronomicon:* a way to transfer life and consciousness into the brain of another. But that ally was murdered, and word of their meetings spread to their enemies. The sorcerers wandered for nearly 20 years, seeking a new site to make contact with their grotesque gods.

They found it in 1948 near Hourglass, Oregon. Hills that rose wild with woods and rivers had once been home to the indigenous Takelma tribe, and to certain hills, groves, rock formations, and endlessly deep caves where a despised Takelma offshoot worshipped a spirit called the "Great Bat." The Takelma and their enemies were driven from the land in the 19th century, leaving only white settlers who knew nothing of the haunts of the Great Bat. But among seekers of certain kinds of esoterica, the legend lingered.

Gyles Root went first. He went to work for landowner Erol Salzo, and took opportunities to explore the area and find the forgotten vaults where the old powers held sway. He gradually used his sorcery to suborn Salzo's mind and body, until he took possession permanently. Above the caverns sacred to the worshippers of the Great Bat, Salzo built a church, a home, and ultimately a compound where followers could live.

The other Sons of Cernunnos gathered. In the Vault of the Bat, they prayed to Shub-Niggurath. On a Hallowmass Sabbath, the last of their number,

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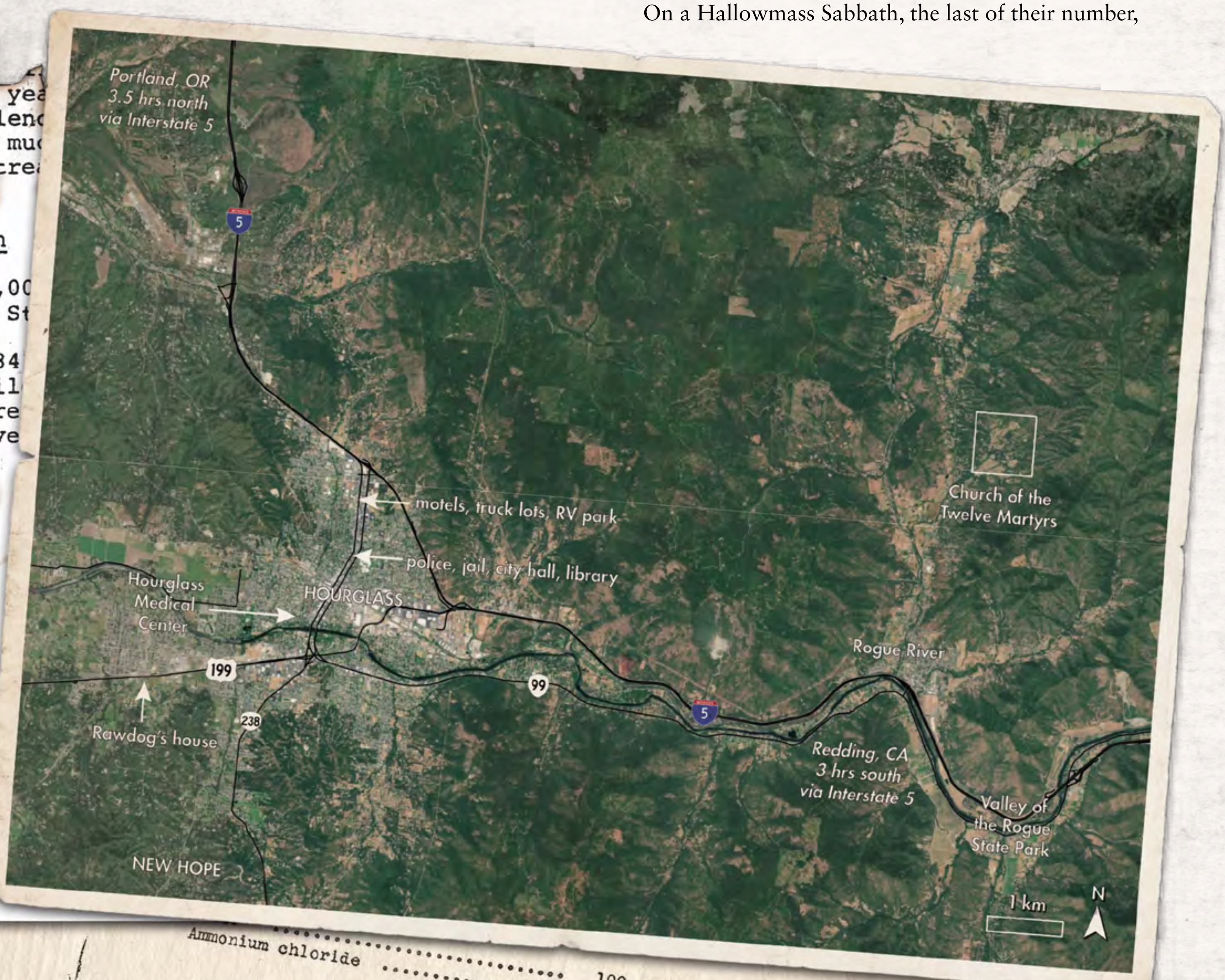

Portland, OR
3.5 hrs north
via Interstate 5
5
motels, truck lots, RV park
police, jail, city hall, library
Hourglass
Medical
Center
HOURGLASS
199
Rawdog's house
238
99
5
Church of the
Twelve Martyrs
Rogue River
Redding, CA
3 hrs south
via Interstate 5
Valley of
the Rogue
State Park
NEW HOPE
1 km
N

Ammonium chloride .... 100 cc.

Gyles Root's half-shoggoth son Silence, joined them from the depths. The sorcerers used rituals to house their essences in magical candles, from which they could emerge to possess new victims as the fancy took them. The Martyrs sometimes took long-term hosts, and sometimes returned to their candles when they grew bored.

Gyles Root, in the body of Erol Salzo, founded the Church of the Twelve Martyrs with a perverse, private glee. Silence Root assumed a form that looks like a black meteorite. Gyles Root dubbed the black meteorite the Ark of Sabaoth and called it holy. Decades passed. The Church of the Twelve Martyrs thrived. Seekers came. Those with wisdom fled. The weak and biddable remained.

The Sorcerers Today

Today, Gyles Root reigns in the body of Erol Salzo's grandson, Erol Salzo III. Two other Sons of Cernunnos live permanently in the bodies of young men born to Salzo and the desperate women who worship him. Silence Root thinks his strange thoughts.

The sorcerers have grown complacent. The Host's followers recruited Terri Santos, a seeker of wisdom who had been broken down by loss and grief. But she saw too much, too soon, and some unbroken part of her recoiled. She spoke out. In their arrogance and folly, the Sons of Cerunnos silenced her in the one way sure to attract the attention of angry outsiders—this time, the attention of Delta Green.

Hourglass, Oregon

Hourglass, Oregon (population 31,253) is a rural, insular town among forests and hills, founded by trappers in the early 19th century. The origin of its name is forgotten. It expanded for 100 years with the growth of the lumber industry, but lumber declined in the 1970s and never fully recovered.

Every decade, the area's economy is driven more and more by services, mainly outdoors tourism: hiking, fishing, and rafting. With the legalization of cannabis, a handful of local investors have planned marijuana growth operations and related businesses, but they have been slow to develop.

Hourglass stands at the crossroads of an interstate and three state and county highways. It has half a dozen motels and small inns. Interstate 5 runs through Hourglass, north to Eugene, Portland, and Seattle, and south to Redding and Sacramento. If the Agents ask about fire lookout towers for camping or spying, the nearest are 17 km north, 21 km west, and 25 km northeast of Hourglass.

Hourglass features a large number of non-player characters. See **FEATURED CHARACTERS** on page 163.

Community Leaders

Hourglass is governed by a mayor and an eight-seat city council, all elected for four-year terms. A city manager oversees day-to-day operations.

The mayor (Steven Polk, white male, 60 years old) considers the Church of the Twelve Martyrs eccentric but harmless and, importantly to his election, staunchly conservative. The video of Terri Santos disappearing is clearly some kind of hoax. The woman had a nervous breakdown in the town square and then ran off. Unless the Agents are quick and cautious, Polk soon wants a clear answer as to why they are looking into the church.

Other community leaders—members of the city council, leaders of other churches, business owners—offer variants of the same opinion. The more devout Catholic or evangelical Christians among them regard the Church of the Twelve Martyrs with greater suspicion, since it is so secretive and its representation of Christianity is at odds with theirs. But the Hourglass community has a substantial financial stake in the Church of the Twelve Martyrs, which brings significant revenues from donors around the world. And after all, the Church of the Twelve Martyrs are traditional, conservative, God-fearing folk in all the ways that matter most.

Many community leaders regard federal government investigators with wariness and suspicion, considering them interlopers who do not have the good of the Hourglass community at heart.

The Police

The Hourglass Police Department has 27 patrol officers and six detectives. Six to eight patrol officers are on duty at any given time. The detectives work regular business hours. Eight of the patrol officers and detectives are also part of the department's SWAT team, along with four tactical medics from the fire department.

Police Chief Colin Hughs (white male, 55 years old) shows deep skepticism about the Agents' presence and mission in Hourglass. He shares the mayor's opinion of the video being a ridiculous fake. If the Agents pose as private investigators or federal law enforcement, he asks them to tread lightly and avoid drawing attention. He will not allow this video hoax to disrupt the peace of the community.

Meanwhile, a few officers from the department keep unofficial watch on the witnesses to Santos's disappearance and on the Agents. See **BAD COPS** on page 158 for details.

Investigating the Victim

Terri Santos lived at the compound of the Church of the Twelve Martyrs for 23 months before the video went online. She married fellow resident Robert Santos 11 months ago.

Robert Santos

The Agents can find a phone number and address for Terri Santos's husband in government records. He has no social media presence. He has no cellphone. He has a landline in his small house in the Church of the Twelve Martyrs compound. He rarely leaves the compound, where he works as a volunteer in return for room and board. His income is negligible.

If the Agents are careful not to alienate Santos, they could get the most out of him by interviewing him in person at the compound. (See **THE COMPOUND** on page 149.) He has not seen his wife in a few days. He has almost total disinterest in her or her fate. He obviously cares nothing for Terri except as a servant of the church. She betrayed the church, which means she betrayed him. He says she could not tolerate her failures.

He does not easily expand on what he means by failure. If it's gotten out of him with a **Persuade** roll, he lets slip that he was not the true father of the child that Terri lost. The Host was. The Host is father to every child born in the compound. God wills it so, and it is the honor of the compound's men to obey the will of God. Women of the compound wed their husbands of record under the law of man, but they wed the Host in the flesh and the Martyrs in the spirit.

If the Agents only speak to Santos by phone, the **Persuade** roll reveals only that she conceived a child with him, but it was a girl, not a boy as the Host's scriptures demand. She miscarried. He says God took the girl back to make room in her for a boy child.

Friends and Family

Terri Santos's always-small circle of friends and family lost touch with her over the past few years. Those that remained in recent contact include Kenneth Collins of Redding, California, an uncle on her mother's side; Tiffiny Fritch of Redding, California, a cousin; Stephanie Vanderhoof of Redding, California, a childhood friend who stayed in touch; and Alice Padilla of Hourglass, Oregon, a coworker from a few jobs back who became friends with her. None of them had heard from her in the last couple of months before the video went online or since then. Interviewing them can uncover these details.

COLLINS OR FRITCH: Terri's first husband, Ed Wilkins, was an abuser. He was never arrested for it, never on any record. But everyone close to Terri knew. Her friends were relieved when he died, but Terri felt lost.

VANDERHOOF: Terri was always desperate for some source of meaning and grounding. Always a seeker, she filled her bookshelves with one spiritualist fad after another. Then she lost her husband and her son. Friends worried she might not survive.

PADILLA: Not long after her son's death, Terri met Rhea Salzo, a woman who belonged to the Church of the Twelve Martyrs. They became friends. Rhea took Terri to the church for services. Padilla can reveal her suspicions about the church; see **SUSPICIONS AND FEARS**, below.

PADILLA OR VANDERHOOF: After Terri joined the Church of the Twelve Martyrs, things seemed to turn around. Terri at least found some reason to live. But what she described was disquieting. She told friends privately that after worship services at the Church of the Twelve Martyrs she felt close to the Martyrs, but it was like they pushed her away. They preferred to influence men and boys, guiding them to righteous leadership. That only convinced Terri that she needed guidance.

ANY OF THEM: A few months after joining the church, Terri stopped communicating with friends outside it. She moved to the church's compound. About a year later, friends heard from strangers that Terri had married a man belonging to the church. They did not hear his name.

Suspicions and Fears

Terri Santos's friend Alice Padilla has more detailed suspicions about the Church of the Twelve Martyrs. The sorcerers who protect the church neglected to obscure Padilla's memories of an interview with them. But talking about the church frightens her. Drawing her out requires a **Persuade** or **Psychotherapy** test. Failing that, an Agent could draw her out by meeting privately, one on one, two or more times to establish a rapport and build trust.

Padilla suspects the church of coercing and brainwashing its members with mind games and physical abuse. She tried to convince Terri Santos to leave. But after she called too often and tried to visit the compound, other church members began visiting her at home and work.

The visitors said that everyone who lived at the compound was there by choice. They said that living at the compound fulfilled them and gave them peace. They said no loving friend of Terri's would try to stand in the way of that. They said the church community looked out for its own. They never came right out and made threats, but something in their tone and body language was frightening.

Worst of all, strangely, was a boy who accompanied two of the visits. He was only 10 or 11 years old and hardly ever said a word. But looking in his eyes felt like staring into a black abyss, a well with no bottom or light. It left Padilla terrified without being able to articulate why.

Padilla does not know the boy's name and has no photos of him. She can give a general description: a white male who would be about 12 years old now, with short brown hair, dressed like a grownup in khakis and a flannel shirt. A sketch-artist's rendition would look like half the boys in Oregon, except for the attire. Shown a photo, she identifies Jake Elliott with a chill of recognition.

Witnesses

If they have the right contacts to ask for help from the FBI, and make a **Bureaucracy** roll, the Agents can request facial recognition analysis on people in the video. That identifies ten of them. A few others are seen only in profile but can be recognized if the Agents meet them later. One of those is 12-year-old Jake Elliott. See **JAKE ELLIOTT/SAMUEL WOODMAN** on page 164 for details.

In the Background

Several people can be seen only in profile or with their backs turned, and cannot be identified.

Four people are identifiable in the footage and were near enough to hear Terri Santos shouting, but were not paying attention. Those include fast-food worker Theresa T. Babb; her husband, truck driver Robert H. Babb; hiking guide Craig D. Harmon; and Harmon's girlfriend, housecleaner Andra A. Kelly. These individuals did not see what happened to Santos and assume she ran away.

Up Close

Seven people saw Terri vanish: retired photographer Thomas P. Braley; bookkeeper Margaret W. Brito; rafting tourists and Southwestern Oregon Community College students Ismael M. Hay and Robert K. Jensen; Hourglass City Hall secretary Tammy A. Perry; nurse Etta D. Warren; and Herbert Salsbury, who recorded the video.

Most have talked themselves into believing it was some kind of dumb magic trick, a stunt she coordinated with the kid who recorded the video.

Brito, Hay, and Perry cannot be budged from that story. They dig into it harder and harder, either because they can't let themselves remember the truth or because they are friendly with the church and cannot bear admitting they were wrong about it.

What They Really Saw

Braley, Jensen, and Warren—and Herbert "Rawdog" Salsbury, the videographer—can be talked into admitting what they really saw: weird sparks floated out of her and away into the air as she died screaming; and a horrible rising whistling or howling noise. Inexplicably, neither of those details can be seen on the video. Talking any of these three into sharing the truth may take simply asking, if the Agents are patient and say that the witnesses won't have to say any of this in public. Or it might call for a **Persuade** roll.

Rawdog

The youth who recorded the video is Herbert Roderick Salsbury, but he insists on going by "Rawdog." All his online usernames are some variant of that nickname. Until recently, Rawdog was active on his social media and video feeds multiple times a day. For the first two days after the Santos video went live, he can be seen responding to viewers: some say it's obviously a dumb fake, and he good-naturedly insults them back; others admire its production values and ask how he did it, and he says he might show them his tricks someday. The third day after he posted the video, Salsbury stopped going online. His feeds have been silent since, all comments from viewers going unanswered.

Salsbury is a junior at Hourglass High School. He lives with his parents Amelia Salsbury, a day-shift nurse, and Rod Salsbury, a network administrator. Both work at Hourglass Medical Center, a small local hospital.

The Salsburys live in a three-bedroom house on a wooded residential street, with small yards in front and back and a few meters between the houses on either side. Herbert Salsbury lives in a large basement that has been converted to his apartment and makeshift recording studio.

RAWDOG'S CLAIMS: Salsbury wants the notoriety and pageviews that the Santos video brings. He has dreams of striking it big as an online influencer. But he has grown deeply afraid. He claims that he did *not* upload that video to the Internet. He says he recorded Terri Santos "acting crazy," but someone must have hacked his account. They must have edited the video to look like Santos caught fire and put it online under his account. Trolls who wanted to get him in trouble, maybe.

He is obviously lying. Any Agent with **HUMINT** 40% or higher or **Psychotherapy** 20% or higher, or who succeeds at a roll for either, recognizes that Salsbury is desperately trying to convince himself that what he saw, filmed, and uploaded was not real.

Confronted with that, he admits he uploaded the video, assuming Terri Santos had pulled some kind of trick. At first, he was enthusiastic about the attention it started to get. Then the blowback began. Two local police officers (he remembers the names Brown and Welch; see **BAD COPS** on page 158) paid him a visit, pressing him on the "hoax" video, and on the damage it could cause to the Church of the Twelve Martyrs, which is such an important part of the community. They warned him to take it down and made him afraid without explicitly threatening him.

Now, Salsbury is terrified of the church's influence. He is terrified of the police. Worst of all, his fears have made him remember the details of what happened to Terri Santos more clearly. He did not see a trick. He saw something impossible. And he thinks that whatever happened to her could happen to him or his family.

Local Legends

The Hourglass region has long been a hotbed of anti-government conspiracy theories, UFO abduction claims, and Bigfoot sightings. An Agent who looks into them finds all the claims are spurious, driven by hallucinogens or the conspiracy theorist's desperate need for recognition. Reaching that conclusion takes a few hours if the Agent succeeds at an **Occult** roll, or a few days if the roll fails.

A Quote From Gyles Root

"You'd have to ask the Takelma about the Great Bat. They were here first, you know. Indians of the Rogue River. They worshipped the Great Bat as their god. The hungriest of all the spirits! But you can't ask them, can you? Whites killed most and drove the rest out. Their Great Bat was mighty, but I reckon they weren't."

The Great Bat

An Agent who spends a day researching less standard esoterica, and who has an **Occult** or **History** skill of 50% or higher (or who succeeds at a roll), finds an interesting passage in *Rogue River Adventures,* a history of the region published in 1948 to mark the centennial of the California Gold Rush.

The passage mentions a legendary creature that 19th-century woodsmen called the Great Bat. Many claimed to either have heard its evil chittering or to have known someone who knew someone who saw its vast black bulk in the night. The book includes a quote from an old-timer named Gyles Root who worked for the Salzo logging company. It describes Root as "an ancient woodsman with keen eyes and a New England drawl." See **A QUOTE FROM GYLES ROOT** on this page.

All other references to the Great Bat ultimately derive from this one book, and all "sightings" of it occurred only after its publication.

If the Agents ask, experts at Oregon Caves National Park (a drive of a little more than an hour away) say they have no records of a cave in the region with any connection to the Takelma or the Great Bat spirit.

The Takelma Today

An Agent can learn more about the Great Bat by seeking descendants of the Takelma. Fewer than 20 remain. The Takelma people were scattered to reservations after the Rogue River Wars and fared poorly. A few of their descendants moved back to the Rogue River area in recent decades, but their original language is long dead.

Agents who look for experts on Takelma history find a family living in a small house just outside Hourglass. Hawilité Johnson is a 40-year-old real-estate lawyer and a spokeswoman for the local Takelma community. She lives with her four children, ages 8 to 17, and her 90-year-old great-grandmother, Shasta Walker. Shasta Walker grew up with ancient survivors of the Rogue River Wars.

Johnson and Walker say that the Great Bat was never the "god" of the Takelma. The Takelma honored many spirits of the natural world. Some Takelma clans honored the Great Bat, a spirit of night, the earth, and things that grow and feed in the dark.

Walker recalls her own great-grandmother once complaining about a Takelma clan that she disliked. Walker's great-grandmother disliked this clan because they kept to themselves, always fought their neighbors, and stole things rather than working together. Its leaders went into a deep cave, the story goes, and made a song to gain strength from the Great Bat in order to fight the white settlers. As far as Walker knows, that clan died fighting the whites. She has no idea whether the "deep cave" of their war song was real or where it might have been.

Investigating the Church

The Church of the Twelve Martyrs is housed on a compound in the wooded hills about 10 km northeast of Hourglass. The property's 120 hectares (300 acres) enclose crops; grazing land for sheep, cattle, and a handful of horses; a printing plant and warehouse; a dozen houses of varying size; and the central church building itself, not large but beautifully constructed of stone and wood.

A glossy, professional website displays big, well-lit photos of wholesome families smiling and enjoying the simple charms of rustic life, as well as videos and podcasts of the Host's sermons.

The Altar Names

An Agent who studies the church's website spots something interesting. In a close-up photo of an old wooden altar can be read a dozen engraved names: Joseph Adams, Makepeace Cotton, Goodman Griswold, Increase Hartwell, Nicholas Heaton, Ephraim Hickes, Hezekiah Hynde, Josiah Joiner, John Pemble, Gyles Root, Silence Root, and Samuel Woodman.

Agents have a few possibilities to find references to the names on the altar.

LOCAL RECORDS: By carefully sifting city, county, or state tax documents, an Agent can find the name "Gyles Root" as an employee of Erol Salzo for five months in 1948. If the Agent specifically looks for records around 1948, this takes a few hours. Otherwise, it takes a day or two. Root's employment came just before Salzo shut down his company and established the Church of the Twelve Martyrs. There are no birth or death records for Root, no Social Security records, nor any other records of him at all.

NAMES OF THE MARTYRS: Agents recognize the style of the names of the Twelve Martyrs. They closely match the naming conventions of early Puritans of New England.

If they investigate the names further, an Agent with **History** or **Occult** at 50% or higher (or who succeeds at a roll) can find the names Increase Hartwell and Samuel Woodman online, in a scanned page of an old book, after searching for a day or two. The book is *Witch Trials of the Miskatonic,* a 19th-century collection of first-hand accounts of the 17th-century witchcraft scares of northeast Massachusetts, with a focus on communities near Arkham on the Miskatonic River.

The scanned text says that a witch named Vanity None Tyler named Hartwell and Woodman as two brothers of the Sons of Cerunnos, which she called a cult of warlocks. The page says nothing more about Hartwell, Woodman, or the Sons of Cerunnos. It ends with a report of Tyler's death at the stake. Witnesses reported fearfully that, at first, the fire would not harm her. But good people prayed to God until suddenly the witch shrieked out and vanished, no doubt claimed by the Devil for an eternity of torment.

SONS OF CERUNNOS: An Agent with **History** or **Occult** at 40% or higher (or who succeeds at a roll) can find a cursory mention of the Sons of Cerunnos by digging through Wikipedia entries for a few hours. The mention gives it as an example of a rumored New England warlock-cult, the kind of rumor long disparaged by anthropologists and Wiccans alike. The entry cites three anthropology texts asserting that many such cults were simply trade or craft guilds, or informal clubs for men of shared academic interests, sometimes inspired by the same 17th-century Rosicrucian manifestos that inspired Freemasonry. In adopting mild and dissociated occult terminology, they aroused the fury of the witchcraft panics.

WITCH TRIALS OF THE MISKATONIC: Physical copies of *Witch Trials of the Miskatonic* can be found in the Miskatonic University central library in Arkham, Massachusetts, and in the Library of Congress in Washington, D.C. Neither copy can be requested by inter-library loan or taken off site, but either is available in the library's restricted stacks for on-site review. An Agent who spends a day traveling, a day reviewing the text, and another day traveling back can find the full list of the accused Sons of Cerunnos. It perfectly matches the names listed on the altar in the Church of the Twelve Martyrs. The book records no trials of any of the Sons of Cerunnos. One judge reported that an attempt to find Samuel Woodman ended when his former neighbors said the old man—locally infamous for his leering ways and the strange sounds and smells that emerged from his house—had departed New England with the rest of the Sons of Cerunnos. One neighbor said, "Woodman threatened to come back in a young, new body and take such revenge as to make Satan laugh."

Residents

The church compound is home to 10 men, 13 women, and 20 children, 15 of them boys. There is no crime on record for the church compound. Some members have had criminal records. Those that moved in stayed clean. The few who began attending and did not clean up their acts left without moving in. Another 80 regular members attend services twice a week but do not live on the compound.

Finances

The Church of the Twelve Martyrs makes money selling books around the world, soliciting donations via sermons by the Host, inviting visitors to come visit for a weekend at a time (after especially exorbitant donations), and selling top-quality farm and ranch produce around the region. The church's squeaky-clean tax returns are overseen by accountants and lawyers whose fees take up a substantial share of the church's nonprofit income.

Beliefs

The Church of the Twelve Martyrs emphasizes service to and communication with the triune God through the intercession of the Twelve Martyrs. Service is emphasized above all else: having a servant's heart as an expression of Christian love.

The church is led by Erol Salzo III, the grandson of the founder. He is called The Host because he incarnates and is inspired by an ancient enlightened spirit who returns lifetime after lifetime to guide the Church in the name of God, the Holy Spirit, and Jesus Christ. That blessed spirit is part of the heavenly host, the Sabaoth, the spiritual army of Heaven that serves the throne of God.

The spiritual leaders of the church are the Twelve Martyrs, followers of the Host and founders of his church, of which the Hourglass compound is only the latest incarnation. The Twelve Martyrs do not reincarnate. Their heavenly spirits share their wisdom with the Host.

The Host's daily noon sermons are recorded and livestreamed once or twice a week.

High Holy Prayers are held once per week, at midnight between Saturday and Sunday, only for church members who reside on the compound. High Holy Prayers are led by the Host, who reads from his personal, private Bible. They are not livestreamed or recorded.

Social Work

If the Agents contact a county social worker about the church, they learn that the church is very insular. It is the kind of place that raises suspicions, but its activities are legal. The demoralized, even traumatized, condition of women in the church community is distressing, but the social worker is not allowed to investigate them based only on misery. If the Agents specifically ask to review birth records, they find that about 75% of babies born at the compound since 1995—the first year for which records are available—have been boys. The social worker finds that unusual but she leaves it at that. There are many, many more pressing issues to address.

Medical Records

No medical clinic or hospital in the state agrees to share data about patients, including patients from the Church of the Twelve Martyrs. If the Agents find a way to access such data illegally—perhaps by by blackmailing an employee or hacking into a system through USB-stick insertion—they can find no records of abortions provided for residents of the compound.

At the Library

The Hourglass librarian, 40-year-old Magdalena Munsch, is also the town archivist. Documents pertaining to the cult tend to go missing (stolen by the cultists), but there are a couple she squirreled away. Agents who don't think to approach the librarian may find clues by searching obscure websites twenty years old.

The most important document is a little-known audio recording of a High Holy Prayers sermon at the Church of the Twelve Martyrs. The librarian does not know it exists and there is no record of who donated it. The Agents can find it if they commit to searching the library for a few days between them, as long as each searcher has a skill such as **Anthropology, History,** or **Science** (**Library**) at 30% or higher, succeeds at a roll of one of them, or succeeds at an **INT×5** test.

The recording is held on an audio CD in a paper envelope, hand-labeled "C. 12 Martyrs Hi H. Prayers," in a long-unsorted "Local Interest" collection. Examining the CD's audio file digitally finds that it was created on Monday, 14 SEP 1992.

The audio is a preacher reading from a sacred text. An Agent with **Anthropology, History,** or **Occult** at 30% or higher (or who succeeds at a roll) recognizes a passage from 2 Thessalonians:

> *"The word of God says: The Lord Jesus shall be revealed from heaven with his mighty angels in flaming fire, taking vengeance on them that know not God, and that obey not the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ, and who shall be punished with everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord and from the glory of his power."*

The speaker is not Erol Salzo III, but the voice is similar. An Agent who has listened to Salzo speak, and who has **HUMINT** or an audio- or speech-related **Art** or **Science** skill at 60% or higher (or succeeds at a roll), recognizes uncanny similarities in the speaker's cadences, pronunciation, and enunciation. Reviewing the audio file with a recording of Salzo confirms it. It's like Salzo today is doing a remarkably faithful impression of this speaker from 1992.

About 23 minutes into the sermon, the speaker is carried away on an ecstasy of inspiration and transitions into glossalia, speaking in "tongues." An Agent with **Unnatural** 15% or higher, or who succeeds at a roll, recognizes prayers to an obscure fertility goddess called Shub-Niggurath, who is said in certain outré occult texts to have inspired the worship of fertility goddesses around the world.

About 31 minutes in, the speaker reaches an emotional crescendo and reverts to English: "Show us the inner temple, the Holiest of Holies! Let the sacred Ark of the Sabaoth reveal its glory!"

There is a sudden, very long silence. Any listener with a **SAN** of 50 or higher thinks it's because the preacher and congregation have switched to silent prayer. It lasts a full, excruciating hour. Analyzing the audio (requiring **SIGINT** or an appropriate **Craft** at 20%, or **INT** 14; or succeeding at a **SIGINT** or **Craft** roll; or succeeding at an **INT×5** roll at –20%) finds that the room sounds have not changed. But there is no sound of breathing, shuffling, sniffing, or coughing. There are no sounds of the room's occupants.

Suddenly, one hour and 33 minutes into the recording, the audience's sounds return all at once. Shouts and weeping. Some thank the Lord for showing them the glories of the heavens. Others weep. One bellows as if their mind and spirit have broken. The recording ends.

Families of the Faithful

The families of members of the Church of the Twelve Martyrs are very unwilling to talk, especially on official records, for public reports, or in court.

An Agent with **HUMINT** 40% or higher, or who makes a successful roll, can tell they are afraid. Most can't say exactly why they are afraid. They hedge around it, saying only that the church makes them uneasy.

If the Agents did not speak to Alice Padilla (described in **INVESTIGATING THE VICTIM** on page 142), one relative of another recent church recruit can convey those suspicions about the church.

Former Cultists

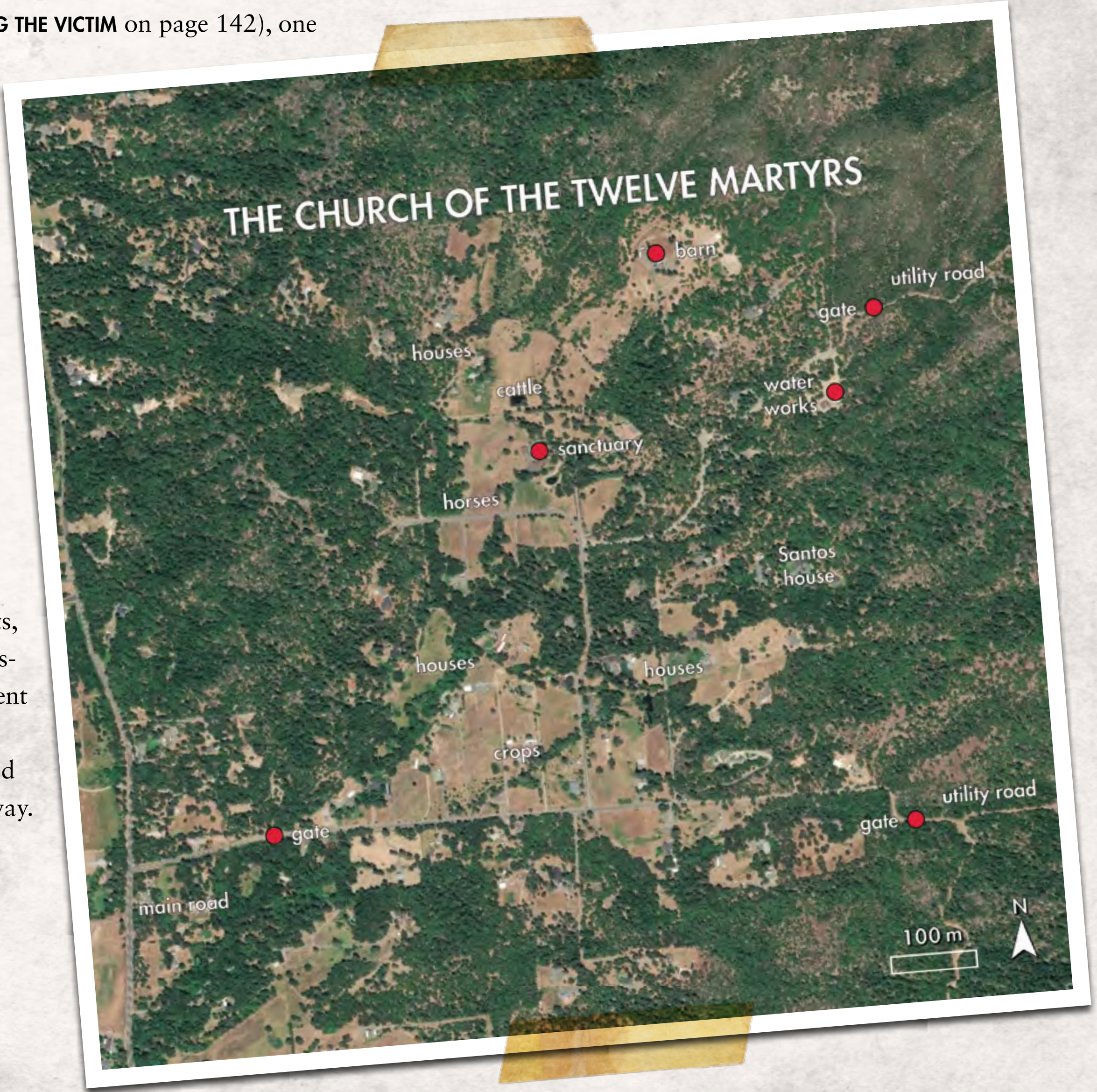
Improbably, there are no former residents of the Church of the Twelve Martyrs. Those who have moved out and split with the Church uniformly died early from accidental overdoses, car accidents, suicides, disease, domestic abuse, or other violent crimes. None of those deaths can be connected to the Church in any way.

The Compound

The sprawling property that is home to the Church of the Twelve Martyrs is green and lovely. A large portion is dedicated to farming. Another is a ranch that raises goats, cows, and horses, and sells popular grass- and corn-fed beef in town. Small, well-maintained, old-fashioned homes are scattered around. This idyllic vision garners donations and fans worldwide.

The Woods

Forest rises and spreads wild around the cultivated church property. For one or two kilometers, the soil is extraordinarily rich, even on rocky slopes where high granite should make the earth barren. Funguses are especially fecund, spreading deep and far in the earth. An Agent who examines the environment with **Science (Botany)** or an equivalent skill at 50% or higher, or who succeeds at a roll, discerns



that the ground is in fact far more fertile than the soil chemistry can explain.

By night, the woods rustle constantly with life and motion even when the wind is still as death. An Agent in the night woods who makes a **Survival** roll notices a strange smell in the air, not just soil and trees but something oily and fleshy, almost putrid. It is not a smell the Agent has ever encountered before. That realization costs 0/1 **SAN** from the unnatural.

IF THEY KNOW THE AGENTS: After the church knows about the Agents' investigation, another piece of strangeness appears to Agents who explore the woods near the compound by day, or who use flashlights or vision devices by night and succeed at a **Search** roll. They spot clusters of crude stick figures hanging here and there from the trees, hand-crafted by children of the compound. Each is a cluster of figures made of twigs and twine. All figures in a cluster are bound together by black electrical tape, stick arms facing outward as if reaching for something not there. Each cluster has exactly one stick figure for each Agent. Making that connection costs 0/1 **SAN**. An Agent with 50% or higher in **Anthropology** or **Occult** (or who makes a roll) suspects ritualistic meaning but can make no sense of the design.

Security

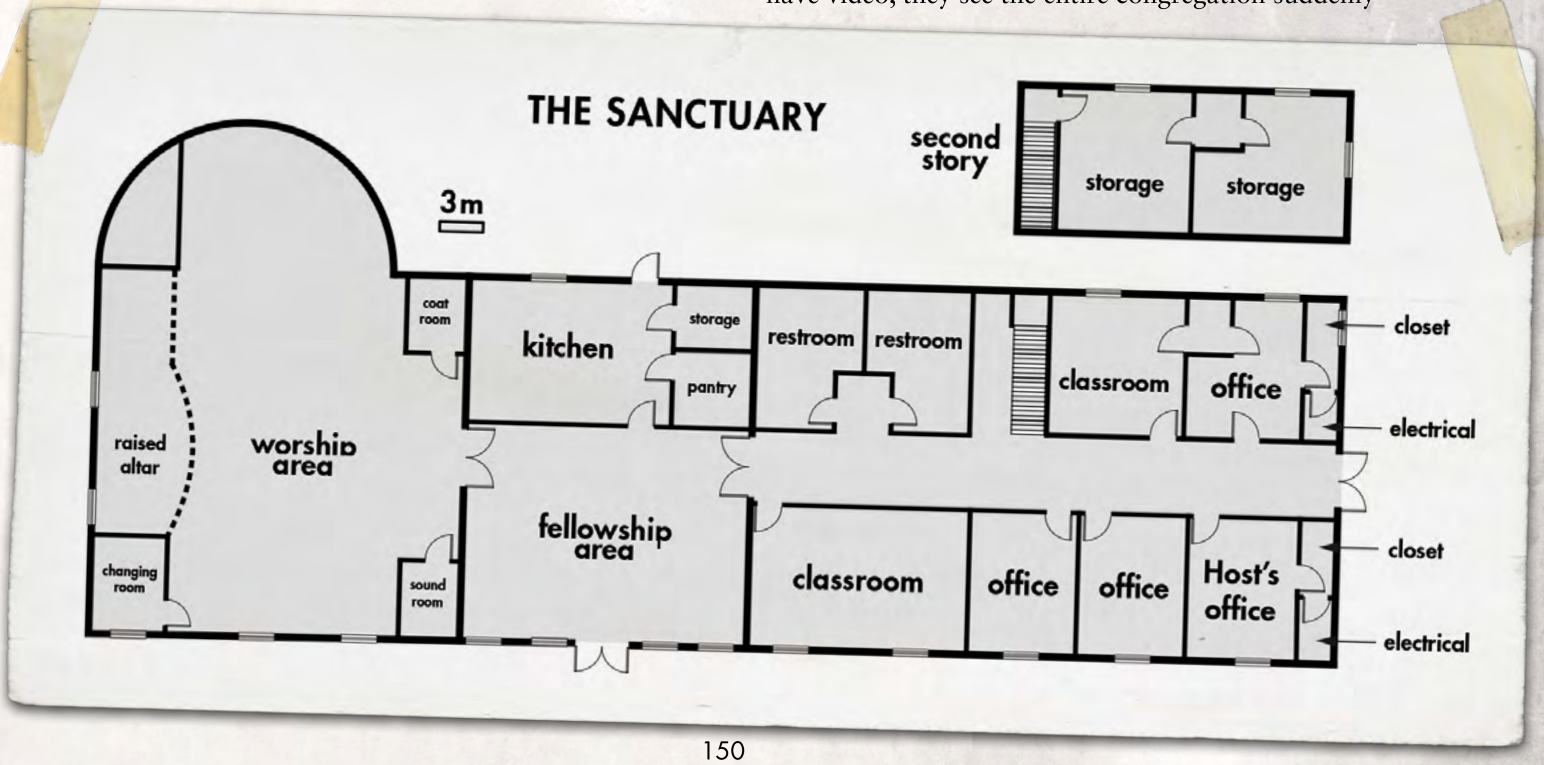
Every building that has electricity has a security camera watching the main entrance. The water treatment building—where well water is pumped up, filtered, and piped out to the compound—has a motion-sensing interior burglar alarm. That alarm is silent, but it sends an alert to an old-fashioned pager carried by Andy Welks, who drives up within 3D4 minutes in a pickup truck with another man from the church.

There is no fence around the property, except for the wooden fences that keep horses and cattle from straying. Utility roads that lead onto the compound are barred by chains on steel posts. The chains are not locked. Prominent signs declare the compound private property.

Church Services

Public services are held in the sanctuary each Wednesday at 7:00 P.M. and each Sunday at 1:00 P.M. They last about two hours and are innocuous, revealing nothing that the Agents could not find online.

High Holy Prayers are held at midnight between Saturday and Sunday. They are restricted to congregants who live on the compound. Agents surveilling High Holy Prayers hear or see an event much like that described under **AT THE LIBRARY** on page 148. If they have video, they see the entire congregation suddenly



vanish at the moment the audio goes silent. The congregation suddenly reappears when the audio of them resumes. Seeing that recording costs 1 **SAN**.

A Tour

Visitors can contact the church a day or two ahead of time for a guided tour of the property on an old-fashioned, horse-drawn hay wagon. Dead-eyed Robert Santos acts as guide, driving the wagon and pointing out highlights: the crops and farmhouses; the fenced fields of horses, cattle, and sheep; little springs between the tumbling trees; the printing plant; workshops; and finally the sanctuary, where the visitors can meet the Host for a few precious minutes. (See **THE HOST** on page 153.) The whole affair lasts about two hours, and then the visitors are ushered back to their cars and away with many smiles. Generous donations are welcome but not required.

Joining the Church

If an Agent asks to join, the Host encourages and welcomes them. They may come to noon services any day of the week, and of course they may donate to support the church's mission. After they have been members in good standing for a year or two, they might even be invited to move into the compound and dedicate themselves to the church full time. Under no circumstances does the Host invite newcomers to move in or even to remain more than a few hours at a time.

The Faithful

The women, men, and children who live at the compound are uniformly subjugated and fascinated by the Host. They adore him. They are terrified of him. The only thing that frightens them more is Agents coming to investigate. Visitors and supporters are one thing; investigators mean trouble.

The Agents see hollow-eyed boys and dead-eyed and cruel young men. All of them are on record as children of married men and women who live at the compound, but in fact all were fathered by the Host.

There are very few girls. Women at the compound were almost all recruited from outside. Those born and raised at the compound are mostly the Host's own daughters, who grow up to serve the church. (He only rarely takes one of them as a wife in the spirit and flesh.)

Most members of the church avoid strangers like plague. They speak only if the Agents approach with great care and reassurance. Those that do speak with the Agents are glad to share strange details about their living faith:

- The spirits of the Twelve Martyrs reside in sacred receptacles called arks.
- There are many arks, one to hold each Martyr.
- The arks are candles that were crafted with the remains of the Martyrs.
- During High Holy Prayers in the Inner Temple, the Martyrs emerge from the arks.
- The Martyrs do not emerge in person but speak through the men of the church.
- If a woman or girl of the church is asked about Terri Santos, she says it was sad that Terri "had to lose" her baby. If asked to explain that, she goes silent and flees out of fear that she has said something wrong.

About the Inner Temple

Church members say that the Inner Temple can be seen only in the church sanctuary, and only during High Holy Prayers. They say the Inner Temple is not a geographical place. It is more like a true vision of the sanctuary itself.

The faithful either cannot or will not remember further details of the Inner Temple or what happens there. If an Agent interviews one with great patience, they recall only sparks in the air, prayers, and weeping that they desperately insist was joyful.

An Agent can elicit more from a witness by conducting an interview of an hour or more and succeeding with a **Psychotherapy** roll. In that case, the witness says that the rites of High Holy Prayers are violent and sexual.The rites are led by a handful of young men who become possessed by the spirits of the Martyrs.

Such extended interviews are likely to attract attention. Men of the church investigate if they suspect a stranger is speaking at length with anyone on the compound. They tell the interviewee to be quiet, and the interviewee instantly complies. They tell the strangers to leave. If the strangers refuse, they call friends among the local police. See **BAD COPS** on page 158 for details.

Rhea Salzo

Rhea Salzo is the 73-year-old mother of Erol Salzo III. She is administrator of the Church's business and financial affairs, secretary to the Host, and the undisputed leader of the compound's women. Warped by a lifetime of abuse and manipulation, she is a true believer in the Host's connection with the divine. She is one of the Host's most reliable and ruthless servants.

In her office in the sanctuary, Rhea keeps detailed notes that she feeds into a shredder at the first suspicion of outside investigation. An Agent can find the notes and recognize their importance by taking a few hours to search, or only half an hour with a successful **Search** roll. The notes reveal:

- Rhea saw to Terri Wilkins's recruitment and kept her under control when Terri had moments of doubt.
- Rhea persuaded Terri to marry Robert Santos under the law and to wed the Host in the spirit and the flesh.
- A few months after the wedding, Terri Santos became pregnant.
- At the 10th week of Terri's pregnancy, Rhea helped her perform an at-home DNA test and mailed the results to a lab for analysis. The results came in a week later: a girl.
- The Host said that God told him that Terri Santos was meant to deliver a boy. Rhea administered strong doses of misoprostol and oxytocin to Terri over the course of half a day, ensuring a miscarriage.
- There have been many other miscarriages by church women after DNA tests indicated female children.

In Rhea Salzo's home, a small trunk in the attic contains her extensive supplies of misoprostol and oxytocin, and enough scrawled records of off-the-books suppliers' addresses, names, dates, and costs to send her and half a dozen medical personnel to prison. If the Agents pursue that line of investigation, the Handler can invent details on one of Rhea's contacts who could be pressured into incriminating her: pharmacist's assistant Sean Horton at the Woodlands Women's Clinic in Salem, Oregon.

The Sanctuary

The Sanctuary is a single, large building. Its largest chamber is a church-room with pews and an altar. The building houses a fellowship room, a kitchen, bathrooms, offices (one for church administrator Rhea Salzo, one for the Host himself, and one for general use by church personnel), and storage. The Host lives in a small house nearby, but everything of interest to the Agents is in the Sanctuary.

The sacred Ark of the Sabaoth, a strange black meteorite that weighs about 20 kg, rests upon the altar in the worship chamber. It is about the size of a bowling ball. Examining it closely costs 0/1D4 **SAN** from the unnatural. What the examination reveals depends on the **SAN** loss, whether or not any is projected onto a Bond.

- **0 SAN:** The meteorite smells of fear and death.
- **1–2 SAN:** As above, and the smell triggers scent memories from things the Agent has never experienced. Choose one for each Agent: (1) alchemical reagents bubbling, acrid over charcoal smoke and the oily scent of burning lamp oil; (2) fat and brain matter melting into hot pork tallow; or (3) a distressing blend of sex, decay, and some unknown scent-shock that reminds the Agent of the taste of a live battery's terminal.
- **3–4 SAN:** As above, and some of the sense memories are not scent but sensations that can barely be comprehended or articulated by the human brain: energy conversion, magnetic attraction, electrical connection, or movement in and out of the four dimensions of spacetime.

Beneath the meteorite can be seen the seams of a lid in the top of the altar, the sort that would open to reveal a space for a bible or other supplies. The space holds only an old padlock key. It opens the iron door in the secret sacristy, described on page 154.

The meteorite remains inert if the Agents touch it or pick it up. It remains inert even if the Agents smash it with pickaxes or blow it to pieces. But if the Host is injured for 4 or more points of damage, or if the Host cries out for help, the meteorite comes hideously alive. Its broken pieces reform and it suddenly grows in size and mass. See **SILENCE ROOT** on page 165.

On the side of the altar, the names of the Martyrs are engraved: Joseph Adams, Makepeace Cotton, Goodman Griswold, Increase Hartwell, Nicholas Heaton, Ephraim Hickes, Hezekiah Hynde, Josiah Joiner, John Pemble, Gyles Root, Silence Root, and Samuel Woodman.

The Host

Erol Salzo III is a 50-year-old white man, slim and good-looking, serious yet friendly, with magnetic eyes. He presents an earnest face to the world, embracing honesty and meaningfulness. He speaks eloquently. His sermons are enormously popular.

Salzo's goal is to satisfy the Agents' curiosity with lies that make the church seem harmless, and then to send them on their way in mock friendship. He welcomes the Agents. Even if he meets them unexpectedly, if they have trespassed onto the compound and broken into the Sanctuary, he invites them to join him in the kitchen for coffee. He offers to answer their questions to the best of his ability.

If the Agents indicate that they know something they should not, then his goal changes. He tries to get them talking about what they experienced and what they heard that was so distressing. He pretends to be alarmed at what he hears and to have an earnest wish to set things right.

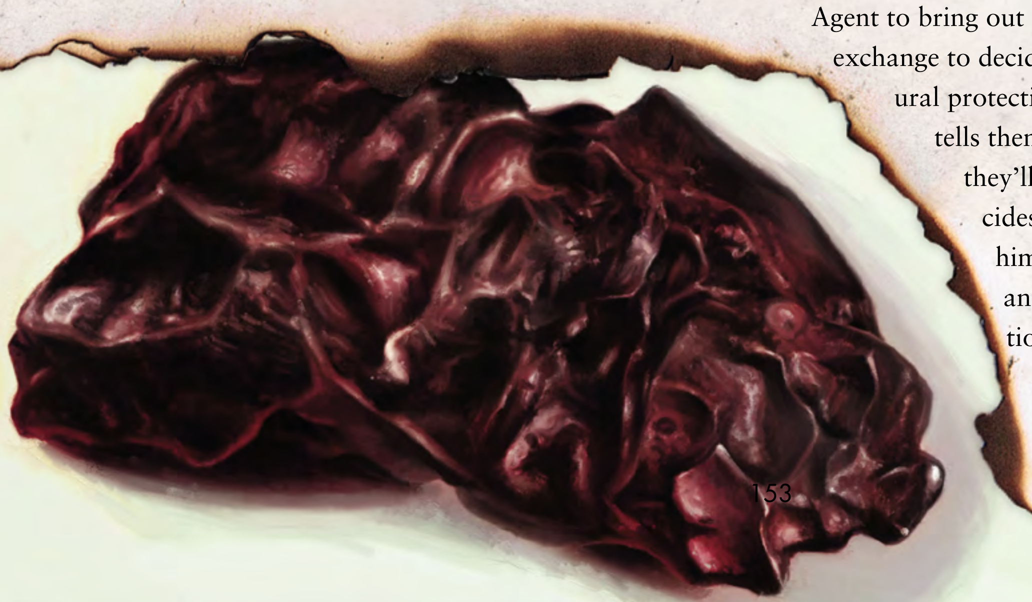
The Agents can see through Salzo's deceptions by opposing his Persuade roll with their own **HUMINT** rolls, or get him to reveal too much by opposing his Persuade roll with their own **Persuade** rolls.

Salzo denies sleeping with the women in the compound and denies a boys-only birth policy. He says that some of his followers get carried away and say metaphorical things that are easy for outsiders to misconstrue.

OCCULT ERUDITION: Salzo could be drawn out by an Agent who focuses on occultism, and who succeeds at either an **Occult** roll or an **Unnatural** roll.

An Agent who succeeds at an **Occult** roll while discussing occultism and faith with Salzo sees Salzo's interest piqued despite himself. Salzo gives nothing away concretely but he takes an increasingly sharp interest in the matter, belying his earnest pretense.

An Agent who attempts an **Unnatural** roll while discussing such matters with Salzo truly catches Salzo's attention. If the roll fails and the Agent's **Unnatural** skill is lower than 10%, Salzo mockingly warns the Agent not to dabble in deadly matters beyond the Agent's understanding. Salzo's eyes become cruel. If the roll succeeds, or the Agent's **Unnatural** skill is 10% or higher, Salzo drops every pretense. He demands to know what the Agent seeks here. What has the Agent come to steal? Which allies wait for the Agent to bring out some prize? Salzo takes this brief exchange to decide whether the Agents have unnatural protection. If the thinks they do, then he tells them to leave at once, and warns that they'll be killed if they return. If he decides they don't, then he tries to excuse himself so his followers can assault and capture the Agents for interrogation in the Inner Temple. Salzo is far



too canny and paranoid to be persuaded that erudite Agents can ever be his allies.

GUARDIANS: While the Agents interview Salzo, five of his followers gather at the Sanctuary with pistols on their belts, led by young Andy Welks. They quietly surround the kitchen or office where the meeting is held. An Agent who makes an **Alertness** roll hears them. If the Agents threaten Salzo, Welks steps in and says the Agents should leave. If the Agents attack, the armed men fight back while Salzo dodges and flees. If Salzo is injured for 4 points of damage or more, the Ark of the Sabaoth comes vengefully alive to defend him; see **SILENCE ROOT** on page 165.

If the Agents attack Salzo, his placid and earnest act drops to reveal his true nature: vicious, cunning, supremely arrogant, and vindictive.

The Martyrs

Two other Martyrs permanently possess the Host's descendants, Nicholas Heaton in 20-year-old Andy Welks and Samuel Woodman in 12-year-old Jake Elliott. The sorcerers inside them are prone to boasting and gloating. They may offer clues that the Agents have not uncovered.

The rest of the Martyrs are stored in their Arks, which are large candles stored in a secret place (see **THE SECRET SACRISTY** on page 154) and brought out for High Holy Prayers. They are lit for an hour at a time so that the Martyrs may awaken. Those Martyrs are content to remain inert and only to awaken for their cruel joys. When a candle gets low, its Martyr begins possessing a favorite victim more extensively, over the course of a month, until the possession becomes permanent.

The Secret Sacristy

In a walk-in closet in the Host's office, a door is concealed by wall paneling. Finding its hidden seams while searching the room requires a **Search** roll, with a bonus of +40% if the player specifically focuses on the walls. The door opens with firm pressure, that of a grown person leaning against it or a child pushing hard, suddenly released. It reveals cement stairs that lead down about five meters to a locked, steel trapdoor.

The padlock can be opened with a key that the Host always carries around his neck. It can also be opened with lockpicks, using **Craft** (**Locksmithing**) skill or a **DEX×5** test and special training with lockpicks. The padlock can be broken with a boltcutter or crowbar and a **STR×5** test; each failed attempt costs 1D4 WP or inflicts 1 damage, at the player's choice.

Beneath the trapdoor is a bunker strong enough to survive a conflagration or tornado. The bunker is the Host's private sacristy. It holds his private Bible and eight large, sacred candles; see **ARKS OF THE MARTYRS** on page 161. (There are no candles for Samuel Woodman, Nicholas Heaton, Gyles Root, and Silence Root.)

For High Holy Prayers, 12-year-old Jake Elliot and 20-year-old Andy Welks help the Host take the candles to the sanctuary. They are the only ones who know of the trapdoor and what it contains. Other residents of the compound know that they set out big candles but do not know where the candles are kept.

At the far wall of the sacristy is a simple iron door, bound into bedrock and secured by another heavy padlock. Its key rests underneath the black altar stone in the Sanctuary. Beyond the door, an uneven, narrow cavern leads away and around and gradually down, carved by water or other forces over countless years. After an hour of walking in the dusty blackness, it opens to the Inner Temple—the Vault of the Bat.

Captured!

Agents captured by the Host and his followers are bound, blindfolded, and held in the worship hall. At midnight, the Host, Jake Elliott, Andy Welks, and Silence Root (in a human form) light the Martyrs' candles and conduct an unscheduled and much abbreviated version of the High Holy Prayers ceremony. They cut out the preaching and leave only the "glossalia," a casting of Whispers of the Dead.

That brings them and the captives to the Inner Temple (see **THE INNER TEMPLE** on this page).

Each Agent is psychically assaulted by one of the Martyrs (other than Silence), who attempts to use Exchange Personalities to possess the captive. First a Martyr must succeed for a turn, then for a minute, then for an hour.

When a Martyr succeeds at possessing an Agent a third time, lasting an hour, he greets his old companions through the Agent's mouth, uttering praises to Shub-Niggurath and the shoggoths of the Deeps. The others release that Agent so the possessing Martyr can use the Agent's flesh to torture the other Agents. Suffering torture costs 1/1D8 **SAN.**

After one Agent is possessed, a Martyr possessing another Agent only on the second attempt grows impatient. Despite the possession not lasting long, the Martyr greets his comrades and they cut the Agent's body free. Then the Martyr's influence fades and the Agent regains control. At the beginning of each turn that follows, the Agent must make a **Luck** roll or the Martyr tries to possess the Agent again, spending 4 WP with each attempt.

An Agent who hears a possessed Agent win freedom can try to mimic the phrases and win freedom. That requires a **Persuade** roll, with a bonus equal to the Agent's **Unnatural** skill rating.

After a few hours of this, the Host, Elliott, Welks, and Root summon a hideous spawn or fragment of Shub-Niggurath from the deep pits. That takes an hour or so. It takes the captives as a sacrifice. At that point, nothing the Agents can do can stop it.

The Inner Temple

Congregants visit the Inner Temple only during High Holy Prayers. The Host leads the church in elaborate prayers and speaking tongues—really, a casting of Whispers of the Dead—in the presence of the candles of the Martyrs. To everyone within the Sanctuary, the chamber seems to reshape and fold in on itself amid a rising, keening psychic noise. The Sanctuary around the worshippers vanishes, giving way to a vast, black cavern: the Vault of the Bat.

Anyone watching it happen from outside would see the congregation giving in to an ecstasy of prayer and shouting, and then suddenly vanishing. The black meteorite—the Ark of the Sabaoth—vanishes from the altar.

In the Inner Temple, the Host stands with the congregants. The Ark of the Sabaoth now rests on a rough-hewn stone altar at the edge of a pit that gapes like a hungry maw. From time to time, a strange whistling or howling echoes up from the unseen depths. An Agent who has inspected the Ark closely enough to smell it recognizes the same scent everywhere here. Visiting this place costs 1/1D6 **SAN** from the unnatural, or 1/1D10 if transported here by a ritual.

The vault is dimly lit by the Martyrs' candles and by streaks of phosphorescent green fungi along the walls. Ancient gouges in the wall crudely depict an immense bat that looms over dancing human figures. An Agent with **Anthropology** at 50% or higher or who makes a successful roll recognizes a few similarities to centuries-old northwest Native American designs.

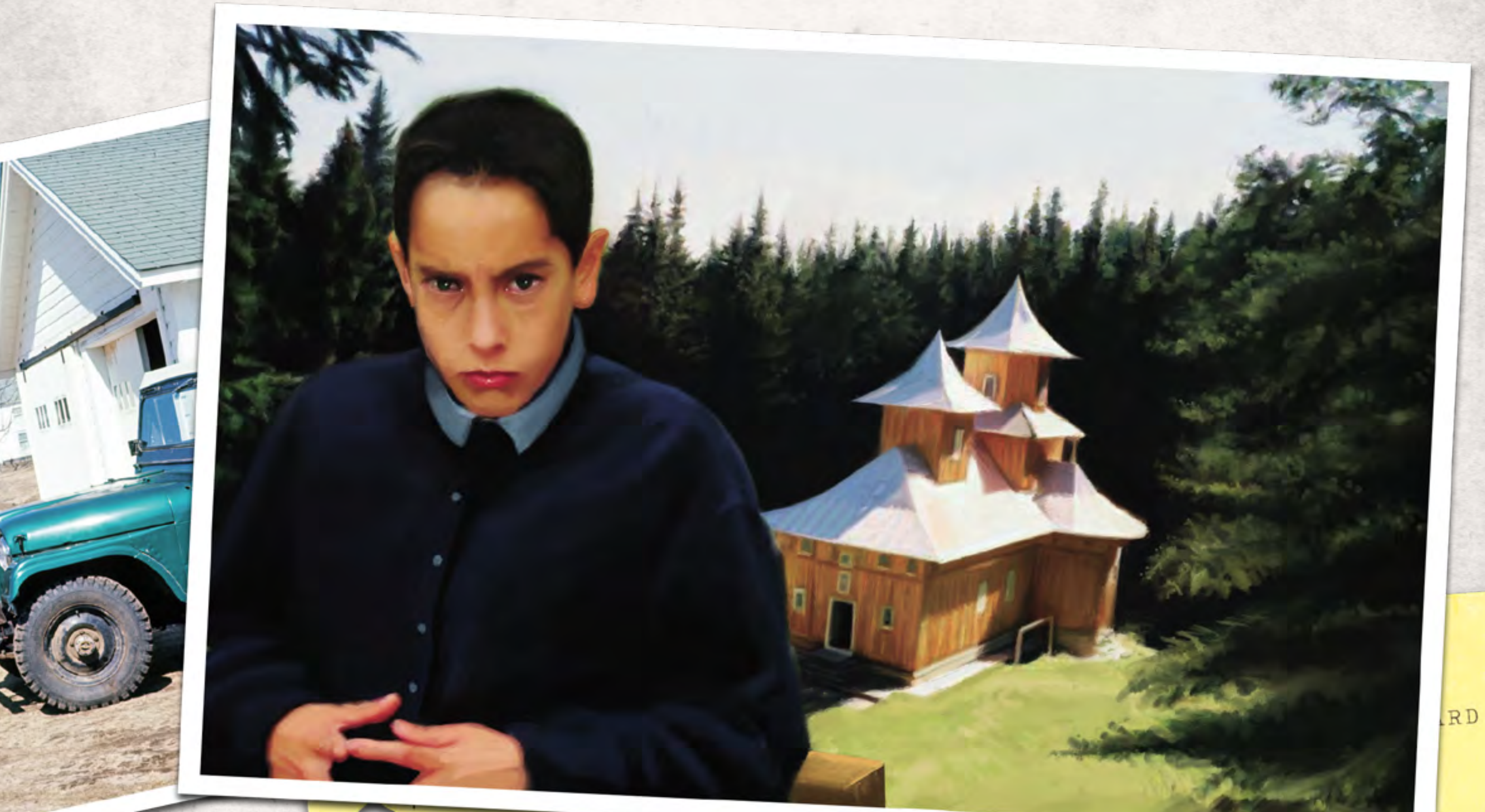
Here the spirits of the Martyrs emerge from their own Arks, their candles lit for the ceremony. The Host leads the congregation, aided by young Andy Welks and even younger Jake Elliott, in brutal, unspeakable, unnatural rites. The other Martyrs cast Exchange Personalities to possess living bodies for an hour and enjoy the pleasures and pains of the flesh. The glow of the fungus and the keening from the depths grow with the intensity of their rites.

If the Host detects intrusion by the Agents, he cries out: "Hear me, Hosts of Heaven! Smite them with the word of God!" If the Martyrs have already possessed men and boys of the Church, they begin attacking with the Withering ritual: drifting spores that glow like sparks and a psychic keening sound emerge from the victim. The Martyrs are not perfectly coordinated. In any given turn, if the Agents fail a group **Luck** roll, one Martyr casts Wither on a random Agent, or two Martyrs if the **Luck** roll is a fumble. Everyone else cowers, overwhelmed by horrors.

If those gathered in the Inner Temple came during a ritual, killing the ritual's operator returns everyone to the Sanctuary's worship hall.

Exchanges

Once the Agents catch the attention of the Church of the Twelve Martyrs, 12-year-old Jake Elliott begins watching them from the concealment of storefronts and playgrounds. Elliot is the permanent vessel of one of the Martyrs, a centuries-old sorcerer named Samuel Woodman. He singles out the Agent who seems to be most nervous or psychologically fragile, preferably male due to Woodman's prejudices, and casts Exchange Personalities.



An Agent who gets a good look at Elliott and makes an **Alertness** roll recognizes the boy's profile, seen briefly and at a distance in the video where Terri Santos vanished.

A MOMENT: If the spell's opposed **POW** test fails, the Agent feels a sudden sense of vertigo and déjà vu. If it succeeds, the Agent feels a sudden, fleeting sense of disconnection, as if for an instant he were watching himself from outside.

A MINUTE: The second time, probably the next day, the exchange lasts a full minute if successful. The Martyr then casts Obscure Memory. If that succeeds, the Agent simply has a blank space where that minute was.

AN HOUR: The third time, probably the next day, it lasts a full hour. See **WOODMAN'S WORK** on this page. The Martyr again attempts to obscure the possessed Agent's memory.

An Hour With Andy

If Woodman's casting of Obscure Memory fails, the Agent's mind spends a full hour in Jake Elliot's body—and the Agent remembers it afterward. The boy's body is guarded by the other incarnate Martyr in the safety of a pickup truck belonging to the Church: the old sorcerer Nicholas Heaton in the body of 20-year-old Andy Welks.

The Agent quickly realizes they can act and speak in the boy's body. In combat, they use Jake Elliot's **DEX** score.

If Jake Elliott, under the Agent's control, asks any questions, Welks smiles knowingly and cruelly. He controls the truck's locks from the driver's side and prevents the possessed boy from getting out. If Elliott, under an Agent's control, tries to draw attention, Welks drives somewhere more private.

The old sorcerer in the young man's body cannot resist taunting the hapless Agent. He may even revert instinctively to archaisms, laughing wickedly:

> *"I see old Samuel failed to cover his tracks. When he takes thee up the next time, mayhap he'll take an hour to enjoy thee. Wouldst thou like that? To be enjoyed in this little body by Samuel wearing thine?"*

Welks says he is called Andy Welks in town, but "friends" like the Agent may call him Nicholas. He mentions Samuel Woodman only by first name. Amidst all his taunting, he might arrogantly answer some questions, giving clues that the Agents have not yet uncovered. In particular, he might boast of being part of the Sons of Cerunnos, survivors of centuries of would-be witch-hunters like the Agents. If the Agent tries to convince Woodman that they want to join the cult, Woodman laughs. He says there is no room for newcomers in their ancient order.

Woodman's Work

Spending an hour in the Agent's body, Samuel Woodman has time to do real harm. He looks for personally identifying possessions and memorizes their details. He studies names, numbers, and messages on the Agent's phone. Later, he will turn those details over to the church's allies (see **BACKLASH** on this page) to go after the Agents and their Bonds.

Woodman studies the Agent's teammates. He asks the team for an update. He asks to go over again what they know and what they need to do, saying that they might turn up some new, critical idea by starting fresh.

Another Agent who suspects strangeness might confirm it with a **HUMINT** test, or by asking questions that only the real Agent could answer. If that catches Woodman, he acts insulted and angry at being interrogated. If restrained, he returns to his own body.

Backlash

The Church of the Twelve Martyrs has spent decades building connections that offer it protection from outsiders. The Agents could face interference from community leaders, local reporters, and local police on the take.

Congressional Review

Once the church realizes it is under investigation, its pricey law firm sends complaints to the DOJ and FBI. Even if the Agents have a perfect cover for their actions, the complaints can cause grief. The firm's private investigators try to confirm the Agents' identities, meaning to firm up details of the complaints. They begin legal proceedings, contacting the Agents' Bonds as part of the investigation, stirring up worry and trouble. What they uncover depends on how carefully the Agents have covered their tracks. If in doubt, let an Agent make a **Luck** roll to avoid having details uncovered.

If the church's lawyers find that the Agents are using false identities, they inform the FBI that the Agents have been pretending to be federal law enforcement officers.

Furthermore, Hourglass community leaders have an interest in the church's financial stability. If word gets around of a threat to the church, they are quick to contact their Congressional representative, who complains to the FBI and DOJ.

The Handler should decide how much impact this has. It could mean the Program's people in the FBI work with the Portland feds to quietly negotiate while the Agents cover their tracks and wrap things up. Or it could mean some Agents are at risk of firing or even prosecution as described in the *Agent's Handbook*.

Eyewitness News

If word gets out that federal agents are investigating the Terri Santos "hoax," a news team from Eugene, Oregon, comes to Hourglass in a bright "News at Nine" van. Reporter Henrietta Hyre and camera operator Ashley Willette spend an afternoon interviewing police ("It was a hoax. We know nothing about any government investigation."), tracking down and interviewing one witness ("She started screaming and everybody jumped. That's when must have she ran off. It was crazy."), and trying to corner one of the Agents for an on-camera interview.

If the Agents do or say anything to make the journalists think there is a cover-up, they stick around and continue to be a nuisance until they go a day without the Agents giving them anything interesting. That could easily mean more witnesses to unnatural events or to the Agents' actions.

Bad Cops

The Hourglass Police Department is infested by a small cadre of brutally corrupt but well-connected officers. They include patrol officers Cynthia Brown and David Welch, Patrol Sergeant Calvin Maloy, and Detective Eugene Woods, and are led by Patrol Captain David Morales, the supervisor of all patrol officers. Morales and his four conspirators consider themselves untouchable, and experience has proved them right. Honest cops in Hourglass bend over backwards to not notice the extent of the gang's wrongdoing. To do anything else would breach the trust that all the officers need to remain safe in their work.

These five bad cops are tightly bound to the Church of the Twelve Martyrs, thanks to years of steady bribery, and they facilitate and extort meth traffickers and producers in the region.

When the Agents arrive, they can spot the bad cops keeping tabs on witnesses to Santos's disappearance. They go to great lengths to cover up crimes by the church. Their measures against the Agents rapidly escalate.

Once they become aware of the Agents' interest in Santos or the church, these cops begin following the Agents around in unmarked cars or patrol SUVs, one or two of them at all hours.

They watch for opportunities to place bugs in the Agents' vehicles and hotel rooms, and GPS trackers in the vehicles, when no Agents are around. If a player says the Agent is looking for surveillance devices, a successful **Search** roll finds it.

If they learn that the Agents are on the verge of raiding the church compound—not just visiting it but launching a raid to arrest or kill its leaders—the bad cops attempt a preemptive strike.

Death by Meth

If they decide to hit the Agents, the bad cops convince an unhinged, meth-producing family that the Agents are members of a rival mob come to kill them all and steal their business. Samantha Robinson, her brother Charles Smith, and her grown children Christopher, Joel, Judy, and Larry Robinson, hopped up on cocktails of crystal meth and PCP, attempt a clumsy attack on the Agents in their hotel rooms. The assault is unlikely to eradicate the Agents, but the bad cops figure it might draw enough attention to make them want to wrap up the investigation quickly.

When the attack goes down, officers Brown and Welch wait in their patrol cars nearby. Brown hears gunfire. After two combat rounds, she calls it out and asks for backup.

Meanwhile, one of the gangsters screams at the Agents that this is what they get for coming into Robinson territory. The Robinsons have cop friends on their side. They said just where to hit.

Brown and Welch reach the scene about a minute after the combat ends. If they think they can get away with it, they pick up guns dropped by the Robinsons and use them to finish off the Agents and the Robinsons alike. If not, they take any survivors of the Robinson gang into custody, escorting them in ambulances if necessary. The Robinsons immediately stop claiming that the local police had anything to do with it. Hourglass detectives interview the Agents exhaustively about their activities and what might have brought on conflict with a local drug gang. They take everything from the scene as evidence for processing, including all the Agents' belongings, unless the Agents succeed at a **Law** roll on the spot to talk them into bagging only weapons and spent ammunition. If the Agents possess anything incriminating or clues as to their investigation of the church, the bad cops use those things to worsen the Agents' backlash.

Arresting the Robinsons

The Agents may want to take surviving Robinsons into custody themselves and keep them out of the cops' hands. If they find a way to ask the opinion of their Delta Green case officer, the case officer sends an urgent message: "NO." It will draw too much attention.

Otherwise, it becomes a tense argument between the Agents, the FBI field office in Portland, the Portland-based U.S. Attorney for the District of Oregon, and the Hourglass police chief. Allow the Agents to state their case and then allow one of them to attempt a **Law** roll. If it fails, the U.S. Attorney sides with the local police. If it succeeds, the U.S. Attorney approves asserting provisional federal custody over the Robinsons. If the Agents mentioned the Robinsons' claim that the police put them up to it, the U.S. Attorney instructs the Agents to establish a federal investigation of corruption in the Hourglass police department. That may give the Agents a great deal more latitude in investigating or covering up Terri Santos's disappearance.

Either way, the U.S. Attorney asks the FBI for a report on the Hourglass investigation within 24 hours. The Portland FBI office sends agents and lawyers to demand explanations and evidence from the Agents. Local and then national news catch the story. Within about 12 hours the Agents are surrounded by fellow investigators, every one of them ready and willing to learn about Hourglass corruption and the unnatural doings at the Church of the Twelve Martyrs.

Violence at the Compound

If there is combat at the compound, most women hide with the children. Most men try to find and protect the Host. They attempt to barricade themselves inside the sanctuary. On the Host's orders, one of them calls the police for help, trusting TV news crews to hear it over police scanners and come as witnesses. Let the Agents attempt a **Luck** roll. If it fails, reporters hear and respond.

Jake Elliott and Andy Welks peer out from tiny gaps in curtains. It takes an **Alertness** test to spot one, at a penalty of –20% unless an Agent is exclusively watching the windows. The sorcerers possessing them attempt to possess Agents with the Exchange Personalities ritual. Possessing an Agent, they turn that Agent's weapons on the other Agents, or on unarmed women or children. Their weapon skills are poor, but they do not have to be terribly accurate to either have the Agents kill each other or force them to retreat to avoid prosecution. Failing that, one of them in an Agent's body casts Withering on another Agent in sight.

The police show up in 15 minutes. Patrol officers and detectives set up a perimeter and order the Agents to stand down so they can clear everything up. Failing that, the department's SWAT team sets up: five officers with extensive training and kitted out for battle in a military-surplus M-ATV, a sniper and a sniper's lookout riding a helicopter overhead, and four tactical medics from the fire department, all commanded by the SWAT team leader, Patrol Captain Morales (see **BAD COPS** on page 158).

Captain Morales coordinates from a headquarters van at the perimeter. The medics remain at HQ, ready to move in to treat casualties. The fire team moves in to arrest the Agents or kill them if they refuse to comply. They drive onto the compound in an armored, military-surplus M-ATV, one of them driving and the other four ready to bail out and assault.

The M-ATV keeps to paved roads to avoid getting stuck. When it runs out of paved road, the fire-team disembarks and continues on foot. The driver pulls the M-ATV back to the perimeter until it is needed to pick up the team.

If by this time the Hourglass Police Department is embroiled in a corruption investigation, the SWAT response may be sent by the FBI instead. Play it out the same.

A news helicopter arrives about the same time as the SWAT team, hungry to record the most lurid details and share them with the world.

Resolution

When their unnatural activities threaten to become public, the Host, Silence Root, and the incarnate Martyrs—Heaton and Woodman in the bodies of his sons Jake Elliott and Andy Welk—attempt to flee with the Arks of the Martyrs and the Salzo Bible, planning to start again in some distant place. Stopping them earns 1D4 **SAN**.

Permanently cutting off access to the Vault of the Bat, perhaps by collapsing the tunnels, earns 1D4 **SAN**.

Destroying the Arks of the Martyrs destroys the essences of the sorcerers bound in them. Doing so while knowing the consequences earns Agent 1D6 **SAN**, or **1D4** if only some were destroyed.

Destroying Silence Root earns each Agent 1 **SAN**.

Repercussions

How extensively did the investigation draw the Agents into conflict with police, politicians, and the Department of Justice? Use the rules for firing and prosecution from the Agent's Handbook to explore the ramifications for each Agent's life. If backlash from the Church reached an Agent's Bond, play through the trouble. It may call for a **CHA×5** roll to smooth things over, with the Bond losing a point if that fails.

Saving Elliott and Welks

The sorcerers Heaton and Woodman have permanently possessed their young victims. If the Agents capture them and ask Delta Green what to do with them, their case officer sends unwelcome orders to terminate them and end the threat. Doing so costs 0/1D6 **SAN** from violence for Andy Welks and 1/1D6 for young Jake Elliott.

Heaton and Woodman could be driven out forever by the Exorcism ritual in the Salzo Bible. But the boys, and more importantly the sorcerers inhabiting them, would have to be restrained safely while the Agents study the ritual. That is a home activity that the Agents can pursue, so we leave the details to you. If the Agents succeed, each earns 1D4 **SAN** per boy saved.

The boys themselves, freed of their haunters, suffer multiple disorders but have not yet reached zero **SAN**. Each must then make a **CON×5** roll to survive the surgeries and treatments required to excise cancerous shoggoth-growths from their bodies. The Handler can decide the repercussions of medical professionals being exposed to those. If a boy dies in the process, each Agent who learns about it loses 0/1 **SAN** from helplessness, or 0/1D4 if both die.

Artifacts, Rituals and Tomes

The Arks of the Martyrs and the Salzo Bible are found in the Host's secret sacristy. The Deathless Flame ritual is described in the Salzo Bible. Other rituals are described in the *Handler's Guide*.

Arks of the Martyrs

Artifacts. In the Host's secret sacristy are stored eight large, heavy candles, sculpted with esoteric designs but half-melted. These candles were fashioned by the Deathless Flame ritual, described in the Salzo Bible. Each candle holds the spirit of an undead sorcerer from the Sons of Cerunnos.

Deathless Flame

Complex ritual. Study time: *days; 1D8 SAN*. Activation time: *an hour; 1D12 SAN, 3 POW.*

The operator fashions a large candle using fat and brain matter rendered from the corpse of someone who died within the last 24 hours. If the activation roll succeeds, the ritual infuses the spirit of the dead person into the candle. When the candle is lit, the spirit awakens (losing 1/1D20 **SAN** from the unnatural the first time and 1/1D6 **SAN** from helplessness with each additional awakening) and can sense anything within the candle's light. The sensations are translated into the senses that the candle's occupant most favored in life, usually sight and sound. The spirit in the candle possesses the **INT**, **POW**, **SAN** (except for costs sustained in awakening), and skills that it had in life. It can use rituals that allow psychic communication and have no overtly physical effects or requirements, such as Clairvoyance, Exchange Personalities, Speaking Dream, or some versions of Whispers of the Dead. The ritual may be recast to infuse a new candle with essences in the melted remains of a prior candle. If the candle is destroyed in any other way, the sorcerer's spirit is lost.

The Salzo Bible

A tome in English. Study time: *months. Occult +4%, Unnatural +7%, SAN loss 1D8.*

Salzo's personal scriptures contain haphazard translations from the words of the Ark of the Sabaoth, which only the Host can hear. It describes psychic correspondences with the Martyrs. It includes excerpts from John Dee's translation of the *Necronomicon, the* most extensive being a rambling disquisition on a protomythical, immortal goddess, called Shub-Niggurath in the oldest texts, as the source of all organic life. It makes incomprehensible claims that life forms exist both in and beyond four-dimensional spacetime. It expounds on the body-switching techniques of Ephraim Waite, a sorcerer from Innsmouth, Massachusetts. It describes Waite's service to Shub-Niggurath and his consorting with terrifying, protean slave-monsters called shoggoths and an aquatic species called "deep ones" that interbred with humanity.

It gives a detailed history of the Sons of Cerunnos, described on page 139. The Sons of Cerunnos used the Deathless Flame ritual to bind their spirts into large candles. They use the Exchange Personalities ritual for immortality and to enjoy the flesh by reincarnation into new bodies. The texts claim that male brains are better suited for magical power, and so the Sons of Cerunnos demand male children to raise and possess.

RITUALS: Call Forth Those From Outside (Shub-Niggurath), Deathless Flame, Exchange Personalities, Exorcism, Obscure Memory, Whispers of the Dead (the Martyrs), Whispers of the Dead (Shoggoths), Withering.

Researching Innsmouth

The Agents may read about Innsmouth and grow curious. A brief Internet search finds that Innsmouth is a small, long-abandoned town in Massachusetts. Agents can pursue further information on Innsmouth according to their skills and contacts. Details they uncover could connect them to the horrors of the scenario *Ex Oblivione*.

HISTORY: An Agent with a skill of 50% or higher, or who makes a successful roll, learns that Innsmouth is notable for the government raid that occurred there in February 1928. According to news reports and Massachusetts histories, the town was home to an inbred religious cult which traded in drugs, bootlegging, and worse. It had terrorized the area for decades. Their "church," called the Esoteric Order of Dagon, was linked to abductions and murders.

Finally, after a witness reported a rum-running operation in town, agents from the Bureau of Investigation (the precursor to the FBI) and the Treasury Department raided it, with assistance from Coast Guard and Navy vessels which ran interdiction on boats. They arrested most of the town.

Innsmouth never recovered. It remains a long-overgrown ruin on the shores of Massachusetts, which has taken on a local legendary "ghost town" status. Teenagers still drive into Innsmouth to make out, break what few windows remain, and mark up the abandoned buildings with graffiti. Stories are told of devil worship out on the long-gone reef, and of pacts struck with monsters for gold and treasure from beneath the sea.

OCCULT: An Agent with a skill of 50% or higher, or who makes a successful roll, learns that various conspiracy theories say that the 1928 Innsmouth raid was cover for the outright extermination of immigrants, the homeless, socialists, unionizers, or townfolk who were in league with aliens or demons.

BUREAUCRACY (NAVY): A successful roll by an Agent with extensive Navy connections can reveal several minor things which hint at the bigger picture. First, according to news reports, the federal raid on Innsmouth occurred on 23 FEB 1928. On that date, the Marines reported a dozen or so casualties, suddenly, in various far-flung locations far outside of the United States. Five of those occurred in an attack on a Marine patrol on a coastal road just west of Chinandega, Nicaragua. The Marine Corps reported it as an ambush by rebels fighting the U.S. occupation. There was no pattern to the locations of the other deaths. A second Bureaucracy roll on any one of those names indicates their last location for receiving mail was listed as the Boston Naval Annex—even those killed in places like Nicaragua, whose mail should have been handled someplace farther afield.

PERSUADE (MARINES): A successful roll by an Agent with connections to any high-ranking Marine indicates that the contact has heard the name "Innsmouth." It is a tall tale that some career Marines pass down from their fathers and grandfathers, about a town in the U.S. overrun by a devil cult which the Marines busted in a hard fight sometime in the 1930s. The Marine doesn't believe such nonsense, of course.

Asking the Program About Innsmouth

Sending a request up the chain to the Program about Innsmouth is met with a solid rebuff. Innsmouth is beyond the scope of this investigation. Further prodding might be met with a telephone call from the Director himself. Notably, he is much more expressive in his commands that the agents leave it alone.

Asking the Outlaws About Innsmouth

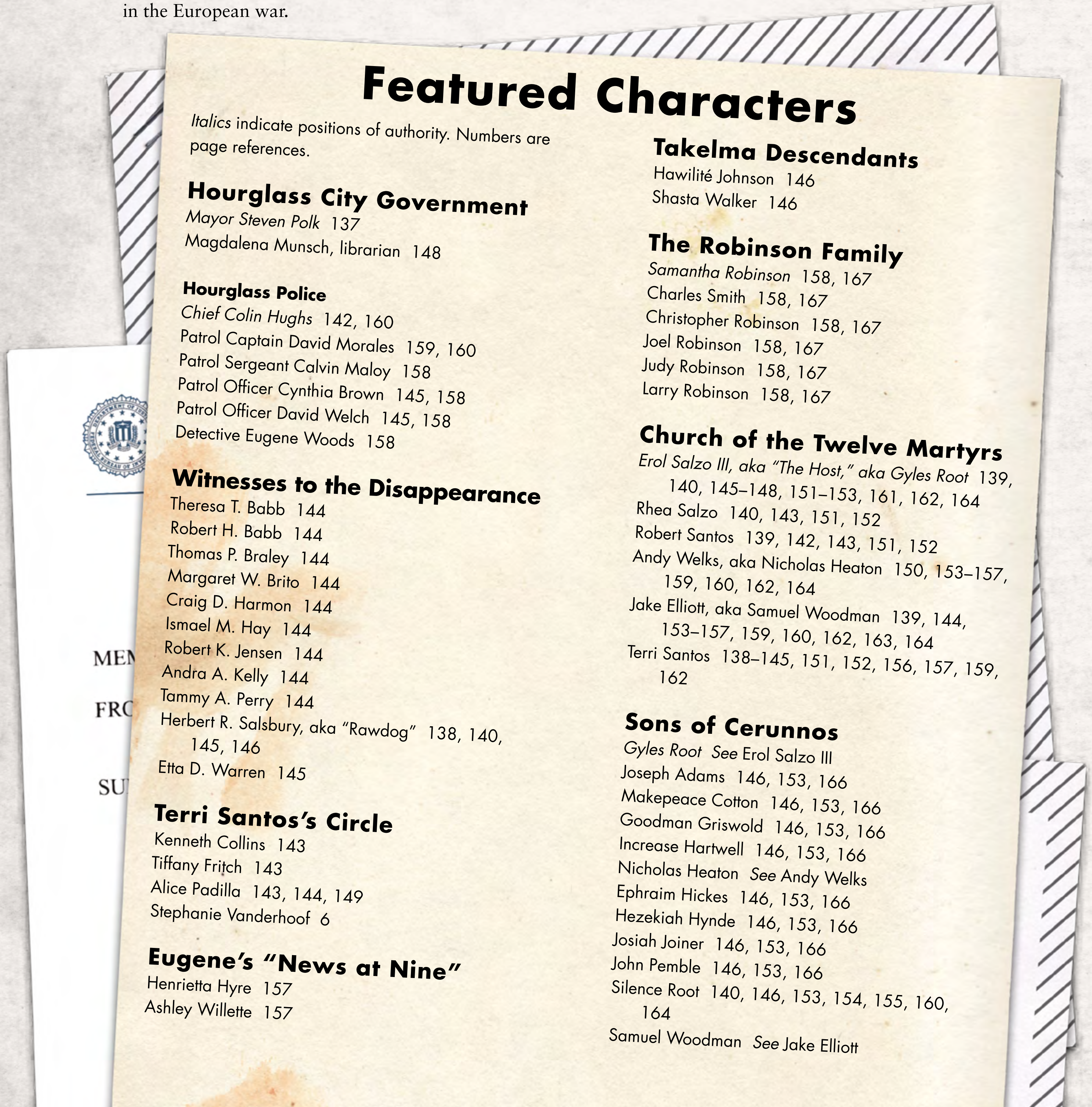
Innsmouth is well known to the Outlaws. If the Agents ping A-Cell, it returns a scattered series of reports from different generations. These grant +1 to the Unnatural skill of any Agent reading through them carefully, and reveal the following:

YUMA-YUCCA II: An Office of Naval Intelligence (ONI) subsection called P4 built and ran an Arizona facility called Naval Medicine Annex Yuma, codenamed "YY-II" after its code on surveyor maps: "Yuma-Yucca Lot 2." Naval Medicine Annex Yuma housed prisoners from a 1928 government raid on Innsmouth. There is nothing more available about P4 in public records or from A-Cell.

NOT ENTIRELY HUMAN: The Innsmouth prisoners held by P4 were *wrong*. Some were physically almost identical to human, but most had anomalous biology that could not be readily identified. Some had functioning gills. These creatures are sometimes referred to as "Deep Ones" in the files. P4 added more captives to YY-II after a Marine Corps raid in Nicaragua in 1933.

DELTA GREEN TAKES OVER: At some point between 1939 and 1942, Delta Green took over Deep Ones research from ONI. Three Delta Green "actions" agains the Deep Ones are noted, including something called OPERATION LIFEGUARD, which took place in France near the beginning of America's involvement in the European war.

NOT CLOSED BUT MOVED: Due to a change in commands (from Delta Green to some other group), YY-II was closed in Arizona and moved to an unknown location in New Mexico. This facility was also called YY-II, or sometimes the ICE CAVE. Also stored at this location were "anomalous remains recovered at Corona, NM, in 1947."



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Characters

These are the characters most likely to help or hinder the Agents.

Jake Elliott/Samuel Woodman

On record, 12-year-old Jake Elliott is the child of Church of the Twelve Martyrs residents Hank Elliott and his wife Liza. In fact, he was fathered by the Host, Erol Salzo III, like most children at the compound. Jake was an ordinary boy—other than his unusual home and upbringing—for his first 10 years. About two years ago, during his first attendance of a High Holy Prayers ceremony, his mind was violated by sorcerer Samuel Woodman. The evil sorcerer attacked until the boy's mind was his forever. Backed up by Andy Welks, Jake acts as the Host's chief troubleshooter, going about without arousing suspicion and using sorcery to spy on or even kill troublemakers. It was his casting of the Withering ritual that killed Terri Santos. He dresses unusually for a boy his age, wearing a buttoned-up long-sleeve shirt and neat, khaki trousers.

Jake Elliott/Samuel Woodman

Old evil in a young host, age seemingly 12

STR 7 **CON** 9 **DEX** 10 **INT** 16 **POW** 17 **CHA** 7

HP 8 **WP** 17 **SAN** 0

SKILLS: Alertness 50%, Drive 30%, Firearms 25%, History 80%, HUMINT 70%, Occult 90%, Persuade 80%, Search 50%, Stealth 50%, Unnatural 40%.

RITUALS: Call Forth Those From Outside (Shub-Niggurath), Deathless Flame, Exchange Personalities, Obscure Memory, Whispers of the Dead (Martyrs), Whispers of the Dead (Shoggoths), Withering.

INFESTATION: Elliott's body is infested with bits of shoggoth-life thanks to his worship of Shub-Niggurath in the Vault of the Bat. It renders him slightly feverish all the time, with elevated counts of white blood cells that strive uselessly against the infestation. If he is injured for 4 or more points of damage but still has at least 1 hit point, tumorous flesh erupts and closes the wound. The pain stuns Elliott (as per the *Agent's Handbook,* page 55) but he immediately heals 1D4 damage. Seeing this costs 0/1 **SAN** from the unnatural.

Andy Welks/Nicholas Heaton

On record, 20-year-old Andy Welks is the child of Church of the Twelve Martyrs residents Orenthal Welks and his wife Eugenia. In fact, he was fathered by the Host, Erol Salzo III, like most children at the compound. Andy was an ordinary boy—other than his unusual home and upbringing—for his first 11 years. Not quite 10 years ago, during his first attendance of a High Holy Prayers ceremony, his mind was violated by sorcerer Nicholas Heaton. Heaton gradually took permanent possession. Nicholas Heaton has always been overawed by Samuel Woodman, regardless of which bodies they occupy. Welks supports Jake Elliott, driving the boy around and watching out for risks as they deal with threats to the Church.

Andy Welks/Nicholas Heaton

Cruel Samuel's acolyte, age seemingly 20

STR 12 **CON** 13 **DEX** 12 **INT** 15 **POW** 15 **CHA** 11

HP 13 **WP** 15 **SAN** 0

SKILLS: Alertness 40%, Athletics 50%, Dodge 40%, Drive 40%, Firearms 25%, History 70%, HUMINT 60%, Occult 90%, Persuade 60%, Search 50%, Stealth 50%, Unnatural 30%.

RITUALS: Call Forth Those From Outside (Shub-Niggurath), Deathless Flame, Exchange Personalities, Obscure Memory, Whispers of the Dead (Martyrs), Whispers of the Dead (Shoggoths), Withering.

INFESTATION: Welks's body is infested with bits of shoggoth-life thanks to his worship of Shub-Niggurath in the Vault of the Bat. It renders him slightly feverish all the time, with elevated counts of white blood cells that strive uselessly against the infestation. If he is injured for 4 or more points of damage but still has at least 1 hit point, tumorous flesh erupts and closes the wound. The pain stuns Welks (as per the *Agent's Handbook*, page 55) but he immediately heals 1D4 damage. Seeing this costs 0/1 **SAN** from the unnatural.

The Host, Erol Salzo III/Gyles Root

The Host seems to be a friendly, charismatic, earnest faith leader. It does not take much frustration to break that façade and reveal the razor-sharp flint underneath. Salzo is only the latest body to host Gyles Root, leader of an ancient order of sorcerers. Root is cunning and patient, but boundlessly arrogant. That readiness to revel in his power could mean overconfidence that Agents could use against him.

The Host

Favorite Son of Cerunnos, age seemingly 50

STR 9 **CON** 10 **DEX** 10 **INT** 16 **POW** 18 **CHA** 16

HP 10 **WP** 18 **SAN** 0

SKILLS: Alertness 50%, History 70%, HUMINT 80%, Occult 90%, Persuade 90%, Search 50%, Stealth 50%, Unnatural 50%.

RITUALS: Call Forth Those From Outside (Shub-Niggurath), Deathless Flame, Exchange Personalities, Obscure Memory, Whispers of the Dead (Martyrs), Whispers of the Dead (Shoggoths), Withering.

INFESTATION: The Host's body is infested with bits of shoggoth-life thanks to his worship of Shub-Niggurath in the Vault of the Bat. It renders him slightly feverish all the time, with elevated counts of white blood cells that strive uselessly against the infestation. If the Host is injured for 4 or more points of damage but still has at least 1 hit point, tumorous flesh erupts and closes the wound. The pain stuns the Host (as per the *Agent's Handbook,* page 55) but he immediately heals 1D4 damage. Seeing this costs 0/1 **SAN** from the unnatural. What's more, his son Silence Root awakens in the Sanctuary and comes to its father's defense.

Silence Root

Silence Root is the half-human son of the sorcerer Gyles Root, spawned by a shoggoth during Shub-Niggurath a ritual centuries ago. A proto-shoggoth, Silence Root has kept the form of the Ark of the Sabaoth for decades. He sometimes takes a human form, but his stats are the same. If the Host is hurt or calls for help, he awakens, take a form half man and half roiling black impermanent flesh, and rushes glubbing and keening to Salzo's defense, making humanlike mouths to blubber *"FFFATHER!"* If the Host is slain, and a turn goes by in which the Agents did not attack Silence Root, he seizes Salzo's remains and departs. He returns to the black pits below the Vault of the Bat, never to be seen again.

Silence Root

Child of horrors, age seemingly 30 or incalculable

STR 25 **CON** 13 **DEX** 10 **INT** 9 **POW** 12

HP 19 **WP** 12 **SAN** 0

SKILLS: Alertness 80%, Swim 90%.

ATTACKS: *Grapple and crush* 55%, damage 1D8 (see **CRUSH).**

Smash 35%, damage 2D6 (see SMASH).

Impale 35%, damage 1D6, Armor Piercing 5 (see **IMPALE).**

CRUSH: A target grappled and pinned by Root, even if the target has already acted in that turn, may attempt a single, unopposed **DEX** test to struggle free. Failure means the victim is engulfed and crushed for 1D8 damage, which ignores armor. The victim must then make a **Luck** roll once per turn to be spat back out. Failure means the victim is consumed, ground up into nutrients; the victim loses 1D4 HP each turn and Root gains an equivalent amount. Against a target that's larger than human-sized, Root simply squeezes whatever portion seems most vulnerable, inflicting 1D8 damage without absorbing nutrients.

ENDURANCE: If Root has at least 2 HP, it heals 1D10 HP, up to his maximum, every turn that he neither moves nor attacks. Root can survive comfortably in vacuum, in any depth of water, in freezing temperatures, and in catastrophic heat. Radiation which would cause cell-death in mammals is quite harmless to Root. Root suffers no ill effects from aging. Presumably Root must feed, but he has been known to sit in torpor for decades with no apparent harm. The limits of Root's endurance are unknown.

IMPALE: Root suddenly extrudes a thin tentacle tipped with a bone-talon, impaling a target and inflicting 1D6 HP damage. Each HP inflicted on the target is added to Root's own HP as it absorbs nutrients.

LOCOMOTION: Root can roll along the ground, disperse his density to rise lighter than air, or pull water or air through himelf like a jet. Victims can escape by speeding away via automobile, boat, or airplane.

PLASTIC: Root can ooze, grow, shift or change his plastic form to fit through almost any gap. If air can pass through an opening, Root can as well. Any attack against Root inflicts no more than 1 damage except one using hypergeometry or a weapon with Lethality of 30% or more.

SENTRY: Unless he is deliberately attempting to pass as human, Root often manifests shifting eyes that can see in every portion of the electromagnetic spectrum. All Stealth attempts against him are at −20%. This does not apply while Root is dormant, in his rock-like form in the Sanctuary.

SMASH: Gathering up a dozen limbs, Root can smash or dismember a target for 2D6 damage. An attempt to **Dodge** this attack is at +20%.

TEKELI-LI: Can imitate sounds perfectly and is an incredible mimic. An Agent who specifically asks whether an imitated sound seems wrong can attempt an Alertness test to tell the difference.

UNSTOPPABLE: If reduced to 0 HP, Root collapses into inert, hardened, desiccated bits of organic matter. However, he is not dead. If left in this state in an environment with access to oxygen and water, even trace water in the air, he reconstitutes to half strength in 2D20 hours. If this desiccated matter is burned or subjected to other destructive forces (even ones which would not usually affect Root), Root is permanently destroyed.

RITUALS: Call Forth Those From Outside (Shub-Niggurath), Whispers of the Dead (Martyrs), Whispers of the Dead (Shoggoths).

SAN LOSS: 1/1D10 from the unnatural.

Other Martyrs

While possessing a man of the church, a Martyr uses his own INT (14, on average), POW (15, on average), CHA (8, on average), skills, and rituals. The Ark-bound Martyrs include Joseph Adams, Makepeace Cotton, Goodman Griswold, Increase Hartwell, Ephraim Hickes, Hezekiah Hynde, Josiah Joiner, and John Pemble.

Martyrs' Skills and Rituals

SKILLS: Occult 80%, Persuade 50%, Unnatural 30%.

RITUALS: Exchange Personalities, Obscure Memory, Whispers of the Dead (Martyrs), Withering.

People of the Church

The Church of the Twelve Martyrs forces men and women into specific, traditional roles. Women grow things, clean things, and bear and rear children. Men build things, repair things, earn money for the Church, and defend the Church. Unlike in other traditional churches, the men do not father children. That is solely the prerogative of the Host. Even in the Inner Temple, when a man of the Church is possessed by a Martyr and takes a woman for the dead sorcerer's sexual gratification, the Host makes sure any resulting pregnancies are terminated. In general, stats apply to adult residents of the compound, but only the men have weapons or attack skills beyond the skill base.

Servant of the Host

Victim of unnatural abuse, age 20–60.

STR 10 **CON** 10 **DEX** 10 **INT** 10 **POW** 7 **CHA** 8

HP 10 **WP** 7 **SAN** 23 **BREAKING POINT** 21

DISORDERS: Each suffers from dissociative identity disorder (often resulting from a Martyr taking over), intermittent explosive disorder, obsessive/compulsive disorder, and/or paranoia; adapted to helplessness and violence.

SKILLS: Alertness 30%, Athletics 40%, Craft (Butchering, Carpentry, Cooking, Electrician, Mechanic, Plumbing, Ranching, etc.) 40%, Firearms 30%, Persuade 30%, Ride 40%, Survival 30%, Stealth 30%.

ATTACKS: *9 mm pistol* 30%, damage 1D10.

AR-15 carbine 30%, damage 1D12, Armor Piercing 3.

Hunting rifle with telescopic sight 30%, damage 1D12+2, Armor Piercing 5.

Knife 30%, damage 1D4, Armor Piercing 3.

Wood axe 30%, damage 1D10.

Unarmed 40%, damage 1D4−1.

TELESCOPIC SIGHT: The hunting rifle's base range is doubled to 500 m if the shooter spent the last turn aiming.

Hourglass Police

Protecting and serving.

Patrol Officer or Detective

Mostly honest, age 25–55

STR 13 **CON** 11 **DEX** 10 **INT** 10 **POW** 12 **CHA** 10

HP 12 **WP** 12 **SAN** 60 **BREAKING POINT** 48

ARMOR: 4 points from a reinforced Kevlar vest.

SKILLS: Alertness 50%, Athletics 50%, Bureaucracy 30%, Criminology 30%, Drive 40%, Firearms 40%, HUMINT 40%, Law 30%, Melee Weapons 50%, Persuade 50%, Search 40%, Unarmed Combat 50%.

ATTACKS: *.40 pistol* 40%, damage 1D10.

AR-15 carbine with holographic sight 40%, damage 1D12, Armor Piercing 3.

Extendable baton 50%, damage 1D6.

Stun gun 50%, stuns target. Unarmed 50%, damage 1D4–1.

HOLOGRAPHIC SIGHT: Gives a +20% bonus to hit as long as the officer has taken no damage since their last action.

SWAT Officer

Trained to kill, age 30–50

STR 14 **CON** 11 **DEX** 10 **INT** 10 **POW** 12 **CHA** 10

HP 13 **WP** 12 **SAN** 60 **BREAKING POINT** 48

ARMOR: 6 points from tactical body armor and helmet.

SKILLS: Alertness 60%, Athletics 50%, Bureaucracy 30%, Criminology 30%, Dodge 50%, Drive 40%, Firearms 60%, Heavy Weapons 40%, HUMINT 40%, Law 30%, Melee Weapons 50%, Persuade 50%, Search 40%, Stealth 50%, Unarmed Combat 50%.

ATTACKS: *MP5SD suppressed submachine gun with ACOG* 60%, Lethality 10%.

AR-15 carbine with ACOG 60%, damage 1D12, Armor Piercing 3.

.308 sniper rifle with ACOG 60%, damage 1D12+2, Armor Piercing 5.

.45 pistol with hollow-point bullets 60%, damage 1D10+1, doubles target's Armor.

Flash-bang stun grenade 80%, stuns targets.

Combat knife 50%, damage 1D6+1, Armor Piercing 3.

Stun gun 50%, stuns target.

Unarmed 50%, damage 1D4.

ACOG (ADVANCED COMBAT OPTICAL GUNSIGHT): The officers' rifles and submachine guns are equipped with advanced combat optical gunsights. An ACOG gives a +20% bonus to hit as long as the officer has taken no damage since his or her last action. It also doubles the base range if the officer spent the last turn aiming. Note that the sniper suffers a –20% penalty to hit while firing from the helicopter in the air.

FLASH-BANG GRENADES: Each SWAT officer carries two stun grenades. A stun grenade stuns everyone within a 10 m radius. Each victim also suffers a –40% penalty to all actions for 1D6 turns. The attack chance includes a +20% bonus for the blast radius.

The Meth Family Robinson

The Robinson family—Samantha Robinson, her brother-in-law Charles Smith, and her grown children Christopher, Joel, Judy, and Larry Robinson—manufacture crystal methamphetamine. They have a couple of crooked cops in their pocket, which helps them avoid trouble but also makes them pawns when those cops decide to disrupt the Agents' plans.

A Robinson

High on things other than life, age 23–54

STR 10 **CON** 8 **DEX** varies **INT** 8 **POW** 8 **CHA** 6

HP 9 **WP** 8 **SAN** 30 **BREAKING POINT** 24

DISORDERS: Adapted to violence; each suffers from addiction, anxiety disorder, intermittent explosive disorder, or PTSD.

SKILLS: Drive 40%, Firearms 30%, Persuade 30%, Pharmacy 40%, Stealth 30%, Survival 30%.

ATTACKS: As follow.

SAMANTHA ("MAMA"), DEX 12**:** *Desert Eagle .50 pistol* 10%, damage 1D12.

CHRISTOPHER, DEX 11**:** *AR-15 carbine* 10%, damage 1D12, Armor Piercing 3.

JOEL, DEX 10**:** *Kel-Tec KSG shotgun with targeting laser* 30% (firing shot at point-blank or short range; 50% with the laser, if Joel has not taken damage since his last action), damage 2D8 at close range; armor counts double against this damage.

JUDY, DEX 10**:** *Glock 30S pistol* 10%, damage 1D10.

LARRY, DEX 9**:** *Agram 2000 submachine gun with a suppressor* (a rare Croatian weapon, Larry's pride and joy) 10%, damage 1D10 or Lethality 10%.

CHARLES SMITH ("UNCLE CHUCK"), DEX 8**:** *Glock 19 pistol* 10%, damage 1D10.

ALL: *Knife* 30%, damage 1D4, Armor Piercing 3.

Unarmed 40%, damage 1D4–1.

STIMULATED: High on PCP and/or methamphetamine during their attack on the Agents, the gangsters suffer a –20% penalty to all skill tests except Melee Weapons and Unarmed Combat (already included in their attacks), and to Sanity tests, but gain a +20% bonus to CON×5 tests to resist shock, stunning, and unconsciousness. They do not fall unconscious at 1 or 2 hit points, but they die as usual at zero. They never shirk from violence, regardless of its SAN cost.

// Ex Oblivione //

“HOME DAGON HOME HOME YHANTHLEI
SEA TO THE SEA”

CTHULHU
FHTAGN

// Ex Oblivione //

By Dennis Detwiller

Introduction

The town is small. It huddles in low arroyos and pits among the yucca of the Arizona desert. It's not near anything, anymore, but once it stood next to Naval Medicine Annex Yuma. The people who worked in the annex lived in the town. The janitors and clerks and doctors called the town their home, and for two decades the town blossomed.

That flower has faded. The annex is closed. The highway bypassed the town. Still, manages to hang on. Six hundred and thirty-six people call the town their home, working for its lone enterprise: Marine Corps Publications.

Black flattop, dirt roads, sun devils, and emptiness wait for them, each and every day.

Few ever leave.

Something evil has stirred and holds them in check. It once lived in a tank at the Naval Medicine Annex. Now it haunts the area like the thin clouds which cover the sky each morning, turning the sun blood red. Sometimes, it is thick and choking. Other times, it's a skein so barely there that you might forget it exists at all.

The evil came early and settled in as the years went on. Fly Field became Yuma Army Airfield, then Yuma County Airport, then Vincent Air Force Base, then Yuma Air Force Station, and then Marine Corps Air Station Yuma. Only a few kilometers away, the Naval Medicine Annex closed but the town built for it remained. Evil seeped into the bones of every resident of the town and the fabric of every child born there.

It's still there, and to the locals (although they don't know it), it's *familiar*. The evil has a place in the minds of the town. It squats and watches and sometimes makes them do things. Horrible things.

It punishes them. It punishes them for the ways it was punished in those tanks at the annex.

After all, no one is innocent. They have many crimes to atone for, out there in the dust.

Overview

Mustang is a small town founded in 1930 in southwestern Arizona. It is 1.1 kilometers east of Yuma and 1.2 kilometers southwest of Naval Medicine Annex Yuma, long abandoned and reclaimed by the desert. Mustang once housed the workers employed at the annex and their families. Many who live in the town are the children or grandchildren of people who worked at the annex before it closed in 1947.

From 1929 to 1947, this annex held a highly classified assembly of prisoners, most captured in an odd raid in the town of Innsmouth, Massachusetts, in 1928.

When the annex closed, many believed that might be the end of Mustang. But the answer to that problem had arrived quietly during the war, along with so many other things.

Since 1945, the principal industry of the town has been Marine Corps Publications, Inc. This company prints periodicals, advertising and mailer inserts for the United States Marine Corps. Nearly everyone in town is, now, one way or another, connected to the company. Some work low-pay jobs at the outskirts of Yuma, others at Arizona Western College; but few escape the pull of Mustang. It keeps locals close in a subtle way that no one really even notices.

As the locals say, it's the prettiest little piece of nowhere in the state.

The Murders and the Message

On June 2nd, Private Homer Ryan, a 21-year old Marine stationed as a clerk at the Marine Corps Air Station, returned to the home of his fiancée and his future in-laws in the Desert Sunrise Estates on the outskirts of Yuma, Arizona. He had picked up takeout for Cierra Abril, his teenage wife-to-be, after his shift in the air controller's office. His car was seen on three traffic cameras as it headed for 771 Palma Avenue. He had lived in the Abril house for more than a year and helped take care of his and Cierra's five-month-old daughter.

Yuma police believe Ryan entered the house at approximately 8:41 P.M., was ambushed by multiple parties unknown, and was killed later after a prolonged struggle.

On June 4th, two employees from DEPCOR Carpet Cleaning—who had been booked the previous week to clean the home—discovered the door to the house ajar. After knocking, the cleaners were momentarily startled when two coyotes fled the scene, running across the road into the open desert.

Inside the home, the workers discovered six bodies—three women, two men, and an infant—who had been ritualistically murdered. The bodies had been gnawed on by the coyotes. The police were immediately alerted and for four days, the Yuma Police Department's Violent Crimes Unit descended on the house, cataloging every detail. In the end, although the police wouldn't say so, few real leads were found.

The victims, who all lived in the home, were identified as:

- **DANIEL W. ABRIL:** Father, owner of the home, age 45
- **SANDRA S. ABRIL:** Mother, married to Daniel Abril, age 46
- **GRACE W. WRIGHT:** Mother of Sandra Abril, age 66
- **CIERRA ABRIL:** Daughter of Daniel and Sandra Abril, age 17
- **PVT. HOMER L. RYAN:** Fiancé of Cierra Abril, age 21
- **BETH RYAN:** Daughter of Homer Ryan and Cierra Abril, age 5 months

All the victims were stabbed at least 60 times each, leaving the rooms of the house blanketed in blood. The lips, eyelids and ears of the victims had been removed. Strange, striated marks were carved into their limbs post-mortem. More than one detective noted the "occult" nature of the markings, signs and names.

Carved into the drywall of the living room were the words:

HOME DAGON HOME HOME YHANTHLEI SEA TO THE SEA

Some religious members of the Yuma police pointed out that Dagon was a fish-tailed god of fertility or agriculture noted in the Bible as worshipped by the Philistines. No one could make anything else out of the message.

There were no credible witnesses, no clues and no leads to speak of. The crime hit the wire to police departments in the state. Yuma police are looking for a hypothetical drifter or gang who saw an opportunity and took it. Nothing else makes sense.

That is where Delta Green became involved.

The Truth

A huge task force of Treasury agents, Marines, and Navy and Coast Guard vessels raided the crumbling town of Innsmouth, Massachusetts on 23 FEB 1928. Two hundred and nine humans who had interbred with things from the ocean were permanently seized by the federal government, and made to disappear into various Navy facilities.

Soon, the Navy realized their mistake in spreading the infection of Innsmouth around. Problems were immediate in the facilities into which these prisoners were moved. Murders, insanity, and escape attempts invariably broke out within days of their arrival.

On 29 DEC 1929, the Navy consolidated all these prisoners at a newly purchased patch of land in Arizona: Fly Field. Called YUMA YUCCA LOT II in survey reports, it was sometimes called by its nickname: YY-II.

The Prisoners

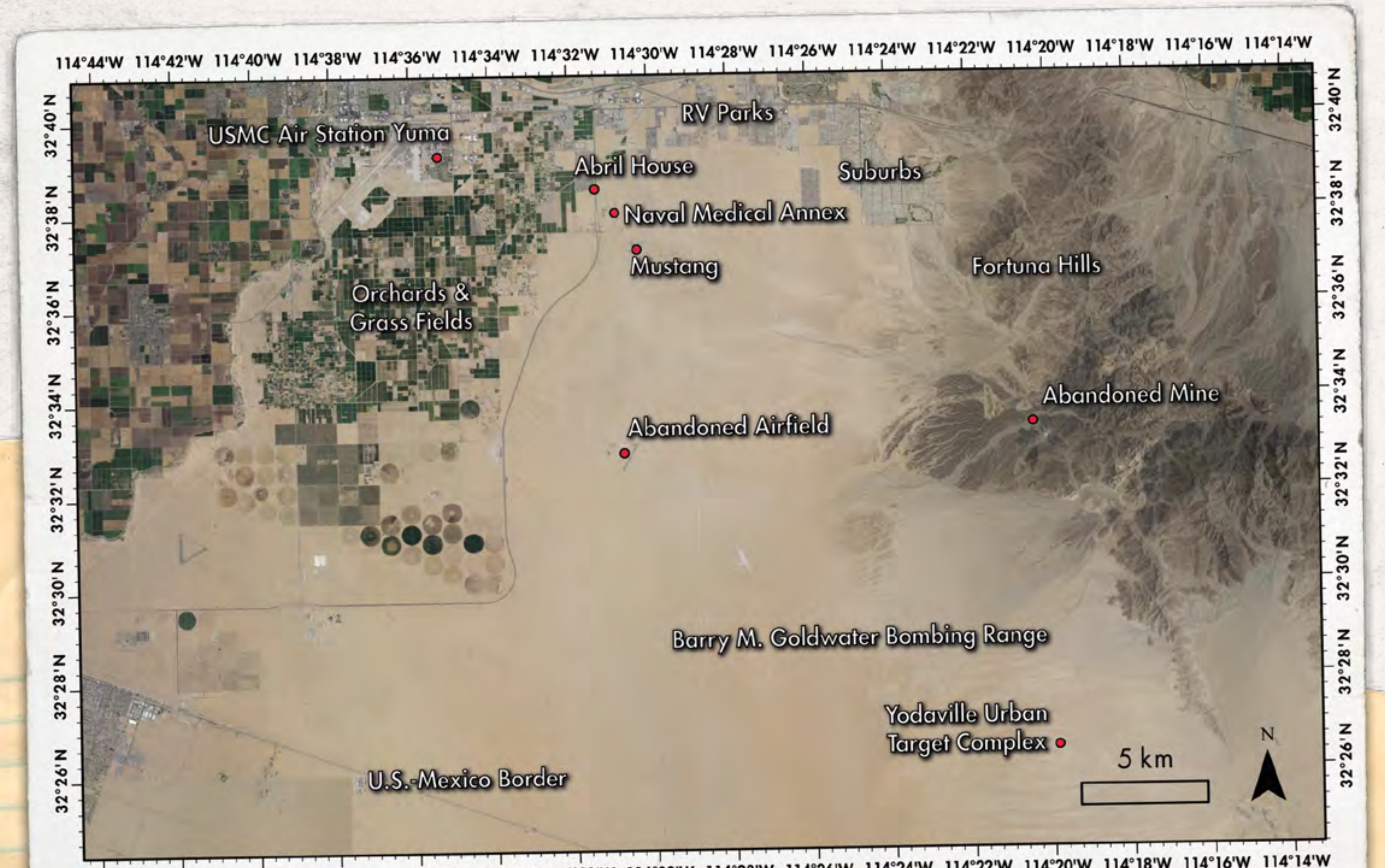
Fly Field was a proposed refueling point for inland flights of the Navy's *Akron*-class rigid airships, but doubts about that style of aircraft left it little more than a ramshackle assemblage of tin shacks in the middle of nowhere.

This environment, the lack of significant nearby population centers (at the time), and its isolation from the ocean made it a perfect place to keep the strange prisoners secured at Innsmouth. The prisoners loathed high temperatures and could stand the sun for only minutes a day. Escape was all but impossible.

At first, the prisoners were housed in a tin aircraft hangar surrounded by guard towers and barbed wire. It grew into a concentration camp. In 1930, Office of Naval Intelligence's little-known P4 Desk—from Parapsychology, Paranormal, and Psychic Phenomena—was tasked with dealing with the threat of the Innsmouth hybrids, the so-called "Deep Ones." P4, a precursor to Delta Green, built Naval Medicine Annex Yuma outside town to hold the prisoners.

In the Annex

In the Naval Medicine Annex, the creatures were subjected to the best tests 1930s science had to offer. Navy scientists performed full-blown biological examination and, later, experimentation on the Deep Ones. They tested the limits of Deep One anatomy, going so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Abril House
Suburbs
Naval Medical Annex
Mustang
Fortuna Hills
Orchards &
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Abandoned Mine
Abandoned Airfield
Barry M. Goldwater Bombing Range
Yodaville Urban
Target Complex
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far as to expose them to diseases, chemical agents, and weapons testing. Finally, in 1936, nine live vivisections were performed to study just what made a “Deep One” tick. What they found was disturbing. Some of their test-subjects were human. Some were something else. Most were somewhere in between.

One prisoner, Albert L. Marsh, considered a leader, was subjected to psychological testing. He was deprived of food and water, kept awake for prolonged periods, and endlessly questioned, over and over again, while subjected to electrical shocks. Researchers determined that Marsh and his family (most of whom were killed in the raid) had been the backbone of the Innsmouth community, running something approaching a religion that they called the Esoteric Order of Dagon.

As the years went on, the prisoners degraded. First they descended into madness, begging for “the ocean and home.” Later, they entered a torpor. When they were placed in salt water tanks, their degeneration seemed to slow or even halt.

By 1937, all the remaining subjects had fallen into a torpor and were stored, somehow alive but in a stasis, in salt water tanks. Then, on 25 APR 1938, came the only escape the facility ever suffered. During the normal morning count, one prisoner was found missing from its sealed tank.

Alternate Dates

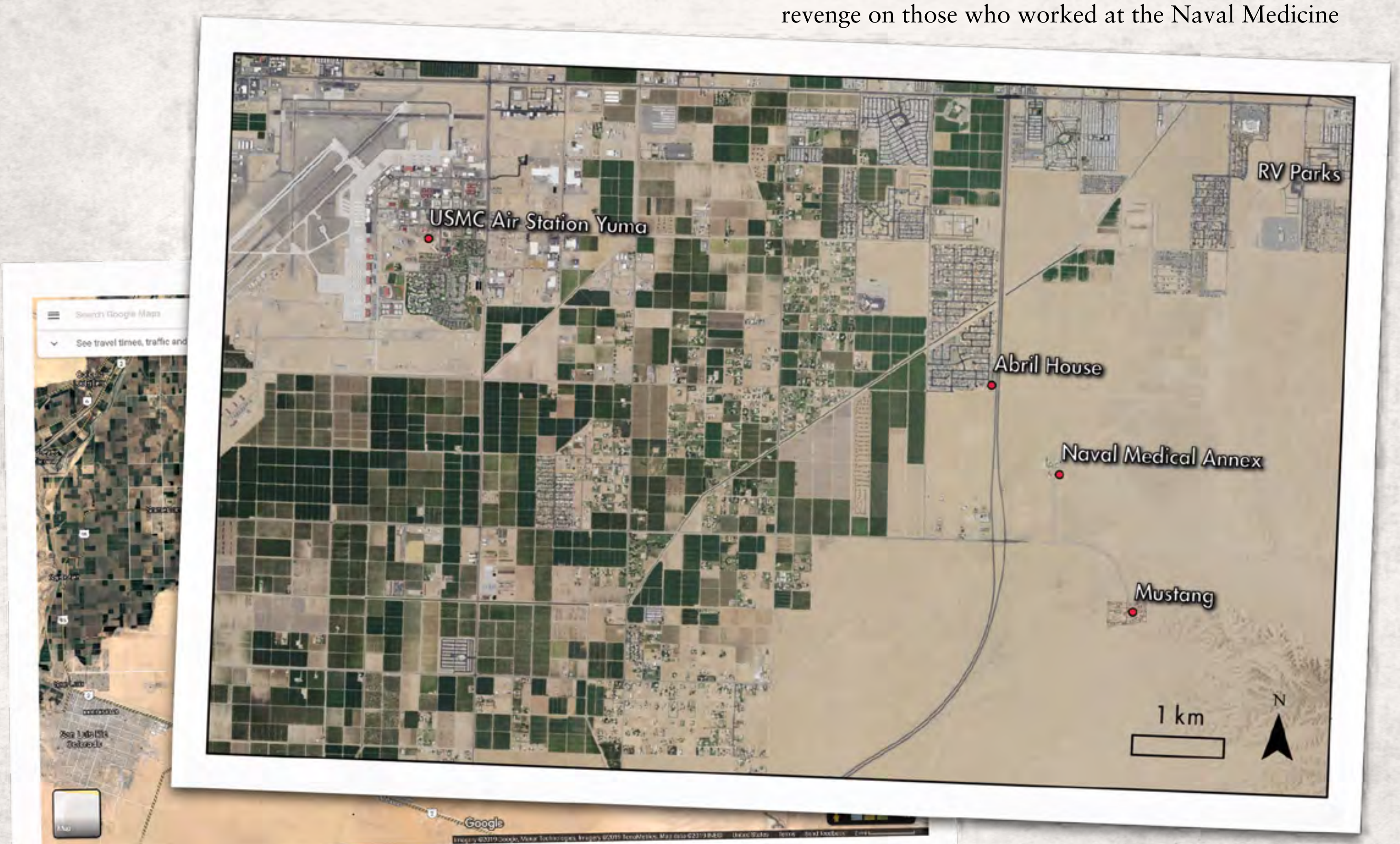
The key date in this scenario is June 21st, the day of the summer solstice. In the years 2016, 2020, and 2024, the summer solstice occurs instead on June 20th.

Albert L. Marsh was gone, missing from a tank bolted from the outside with unbroken five-inch glass windows. This prisoner was never found.

Marsh’s Revenge

What was unknown was that Marsh, who was 144 years old when he was captured, was an accomplished sorcerer. Marsh had enacted a plan to escape using hypergeometric principles, destroying his body in the process. He still lives, after a manner. He manifests as a presence that, from time to time, can enact its will on the minds of humans and animals in the area. Sometimes, due to forces beyond this world, Marsh’s mind is coherent and powerful, just as other times it is dim and vague.

Over the years, Marsh has tried to enact his revenge on those who worked at the Naval Medicine



Annex, rising up and seizing control of people. Often it feeds its rage without knowing why. It causes random, bizarre crimes that almost defy description, such as the murders at the Abril home. That might be called Marsh's equivalent of a pleasant dream.

In the recent years, though it does not know why, the power and coherence of Marsh's presence has grown, year upon year. Now, it has seized much of the town of Mustang. It has begun to act out its fantasies of revenge. The tables have turned, and it is Marsh's turn to push humans to their limits for its endless, immortal entertainment.

But recently, the fuzziness has crept in once more, and the spirit of Marsh fears that oblivion awaits; and who knows for how long? Perhaps forever. It must act more swiftly. It must end the blight of Mustang, Arizona, in a great conflagration of sufficient potency to stir the spirit of its inhuman master, the ancient entity called Dagon.

On June 21st—the summer solstice—Mustang will burn in one final day of terror.

Operational Structure

Ex Oblivione is an operation designed to put the Agents in a worst-case situation: being attacked by an entire town of normal people. But it begins as a normal Delta Green mystery, luring and drawing the Agents in, seemingly pointing towards some standard unnatural threat. Only when the trail leads to Mustang do things take a deadly turn. This operation is composed of the following steps:

1. **ARRIVAL:** The Agents arrive in Yuma, Arizona, and investigate the deaths at the Abril house.
2. **THE MURDERS:** The Agents search the home, read reports, dig into the past of the area, and talk to living witnesses. This likely reveals the children's footprints, the bike tracks or the sighting of the kids on bikes. That leads to the Naval Medicine Annex in the desert.
3. **THE DESERT RUINS:** The Naval Medicine Annex once held the Deep One prisoners from Innsmouth. Now it is smashed windows and fractured, sand-eaten concrete. But children from Mustang, Arizona, under the influence of the Marsh spirit, often visit it. The Agents might ping their contacts for more information on the facility, and could find out about Deep Ones and Innsmouth.
4. **DETECTION BY MARSH:** One of the Agents is psychically invaded by the Marsh spirit, which uncovers every single piece of information in that Agents' mind: every secret, loved one, and piece of history about Delta Green and the Agent's relationship to it. Marsh becomes obsessed with the Agents as a focus for revenge.
5. **WELCOME TO MUSTANG:** The Marsh spirit draws the Agents to Mustang through various means. Once they are there…
6. **THE RITUAL:** Approximately half the townfolk who are under Marsh's control become violent, and begin enacting a ritual to Dagon. This involves fire, explosions, torture, and lots of murder. The town turns on itself in an orgy of violence, depravity, and death, with the Agents as the guests of honor.

Delta Green Arrives

It doesn't take long for the words DAGON and YHANTHLEI to trigger interest from Delta Green. Whether the Program or the Outlaws respond remains up to the Handler.

The Program

The police case file triggers a hit from Program search algorithms the moment it goes on the wire from the Yuma police department. Admiral George Gates (ret.), head of intelligence, knows the Director's obsession with Deep Ones and brings it to his desk directly.

Within 10 hours, a team is wheels-up and on their way to Marine Corps Air Station Yuma with a clear mandate: identify the threat, locate the threat, destroy the threat. The Director knows that the original site of YY-II was just a few kilometers from the scene of the murders, but that information remains need-to-know for the time being.

The Agents arrive on the evening of June 6th.

The Outlaws

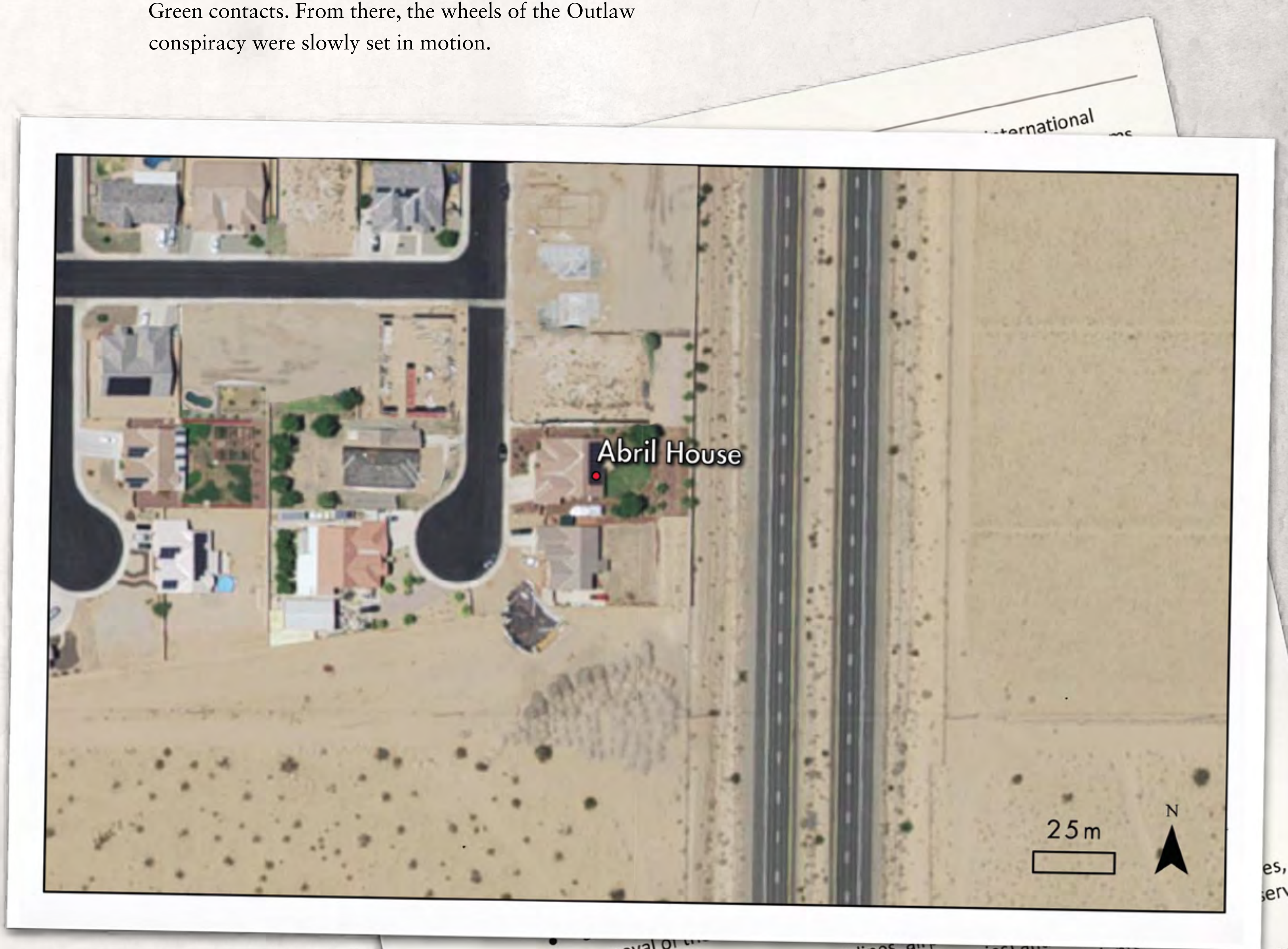
Ivan Serrano, age 66, is a retired Delta Green friendly who once worked for News 10 Flagstaff as a camera man. In the 1990s and early 2000s, he was involved in four operations with Delta Green, where he saw and recorded horrific things. Now, he lives at the Toro RV Park and Golf Course in Flagstaff, Arizona, drinking too much and slowly shriveling up like a prune left in the sun. He has a reputation as someone who understands the occult. Right after the Yuma killings, a friend of a friend took him out for a beer and showed him the Abril case file, hoping Serrano might have some special insight.

Serrano has no idea what the hell is going on, but during his second Delta Green operation—on a night he will never, ever, forget—he heard the name Dagon being read from a 550-year-old book. Serrano said nothing to the police, but reached out to his old Delta Green contacts. From there, the wheels of the Outlaw conspiracy were slowly set in motion.

The Outlaw team is given the mandate: stop the threat and don't get caught. They are sent on their way with no resources, weapons, or cash. They need to cover all that themselves. Due to the chain of contacts, phone calls, and string-pulling, the Outlaw team arrives in Yuma on the morning of June 11th.

The Abril House

The site of the six murders is a large home built in 2015 at the edge of the still-developing Desert Sunrise Estates. It is part of the D ring of homes—large houses with big lots, facing open desert across Arizona State Route 195. Of the D ring, very few houses are done, with 771 Palma Avenue being the first completed. Most of the surrounding homes (each of which is unique in layout) are in various states of construction. No one lived on Palma Avenue except for the Abrils.



There were few witnesses to report on the events leading up to or following the murders.

Daniel W. Abril bought the home with cash from the sale of his chain of car washes (called Mister Wash) to a California conglomerate. This sale also initiated his retirement. It took one year to complete construction of the house, which Mr. Abril called "Shangri La," going so far as to having a metal plaque made for the front walk.

The family moved into the home on January 2nd, last year. On June 2nd this year, they died there.

Access to the House

Agents from the Program have an easier time accessing the crime scene than those from the Outlaws.

The Program

The Program will provide false—but entirely authentic—identification from any agency the Agents request. The false credentials stick as close to the truth as possible. If anyone begins calling around to confirm an Agent's false credentials, the pretense will quickly fall apart and that may cause trouble. The Agents should rely on these credentials sparingly.

The Delta Green team has been cleared with the Yuma police as part of an FBI task force investigating a possible connection between the Abril murders and international drug trafficking. The Yuma police chief has offered to give them a wide berth and not interfere with their business. The Agents have full run of the house on Palma Avenue and full access to the case files. Their contact with the Yuma police is **SENIOR DETECTIVE JULIA REARDON** (described on page 196).

The Outlaws

The Outlaws' unofficial nature makes it a different matter. There are many possible ways to gain access to the crime scene and files, very few of them legal:

- **REAL CREDENTIALS, NO PERMISSION:** The Agents might use real badges from their home agencies and attempt to bluff their way into the crime scene despite not being there on official business, or to gain access to the reports. An Agent must make a **Law** roll to frame a reason for their involvement that quells suspicions, and a **Persuade** roll to gain unsupervised access. On a failure of either of these rolls, someone becomes suspicious and contacts the failing Agent's boss, who likely has no idea where they are or what they are doing.
- **FAKE CREDENTIALS, NO PERMISSION:** The Agents might have access to or create fake credentials from an agency to gain them access. A **Criminology** or **HUMINT** roll and the outlay of an Unusual expense is necessary. Police involvement might occur on a failed roll. On a success, the Agent has a new identity card and/or badge (such as for state police or the FBI) that is completely fake but looks real. The Agent *still* must make a **Law** roll to frame a reason for their involvement, and a **Persuade** roll to gain unsupervised access; but due to the false nature of the ID, these rolls are at −20%. On a failure of either roll, someone becomes suspicious and contacts the failing Agent's boss, who turns out to be fictional, and soon the police are out looking to arrest the Agents.
- **PULLING SOME STRINGS:** The Agents might get in touch with a contact of bond to gain access to the house or the files on the Abril case. This will take some the existence of an appropriate contact and a **Persuade** roll. The roll is at −20% if the Agent does not have credentials which might allow access to such a case.
- **BRIBERY:** This requires a **HUMINT** roll to identify a willing Yuma police officer, and it can go very wrong, very fast. The player makes the roll only after meeting with the officer and making the offer. If the Agent pretends to be from the press, add +20% to the roll, as the police are somewhat used to journalists pressing too hard. If the Agent just offers cash and no explanations at all, the roll is at −40%. On a success, the Agent receives digital copies of crime scene photos, the police report, and the cause-of-death reports. On a failure, it is likely the Agents are arrested—or, at least, the officer *attempts* to arrest them.
- **BREAKING AND ENTERING:** Sneaking on to the property on Palma Avenue at night is difficult. First,

the Agents must roll the lowest **Stealth** skill of the group in a contest against the two police officers' single **Alertness** roll of 35%. If the Agents succeed, they make it to the house. Inside, if they search with flashlights or make any significant noise, the police officers outside are permitted another **Alertness** roll of 35%. On a success, they go inside to investigate. If anyone is spotted, backup is called in before the police enter the house.

Outside the House

The house is located on the last street before open desert to the east. The property is protected by a wrought-iron fence in front (climbing it requires an **Athletics** test; failure inflicts 1 damage), and on the three remaining sides by a faux-wooden heavy duty plastic security fence (climbing quickly requires an **Athletics** test; climbing it slowly does not). The yard is sandy dirt with small shrubs such as hopseed bushes, birds of paradise, and cacti. No approach to the house offers cover.

At night, with the recessed lighting turned on, the house is a like a fishbowl. Anyone in the yard can clearly see through the large windows the comings and goings of anyone moving inside.

The Footprints

Yuma police did a very good job on the interior of the house and the common approaches to the house, but they missed several footprints clustered in the northeast corner of the yard. A successful **Search** roll finds them near where a red bird of paradise plant is watered via irrigation every month. A series of small, misshapen footprints have cut their outlines into mud that has dried solid in the that shape. There is clear tread detail, and even some outlines of the side seams of the shoe.

A **Forensics** skill of 15% or more, or a successful roll at +40%, is required to "pull" these marks and assemble a report on them. Once this report is complete, a **Criminology** roll or having a **Computer Science** of 25% or higher reveals that the shoes are run-of-the-mill Nike sneakers, child's size 6.5. If the Agent looks into the seam marks—it takes a couple of hours calling around—they find that the seaming is *only* available in a shoe style for girls 8–10 years old. Unfortunately, they were widely distributed and sold nearly everywhere. The shoe size matches no resident of the house.

Across Route 195

The desert on the other side of Route 195 is sand and packed dirt with low, desert scrub and flat, open vistas. The area across the street from the Abril home was given only the most cursory search by Yuma police.

Searching for two hours and succeeding at a **Search** roll reveals several sets of bicycle tracks that appear to park, side by side, across Route 195 within sight of the Abril home. It is as if three riders pulled up next to one another to watch the home. A given Agent can repeat the attempt once per day.

The bicycle tracks fade into the desert after only a few hundred meters, and they criss and cross over each other. But before the trail vanishes, it leads in a relatively straight line. Following that line about 1.4 km leads the Agents to the ruins of the Naval Medicine Annex, described on page 181.

A **Forensics** skill of 40% or more, or a successful roll, is required to "pull" these tracks and assemble a report on them. The tracks are from various makes of children's bicycles, widely available throughout the American southwest.

Inside the House

The house is still a crime scene, and will remain so for four weeks after the murders. The main work of cataloging the bodies, the blood trails, the found weapons, footprints, fingerprints, and more has been completed by the Yuma police, but every day a few detectives enter to take an additional photo or measurement. (During the day, there's a 1 in 4 chance someone is in the house; at night, it's 1 in 10.) The home is watched by an officer in a police cruiser who keeps an eye out for reporters, sightseers, or—on some outside chance—the culprits. The officers switch at eight-hour intervals.

All police personnel enter through the covered courtyard in the back of the home. The courtyard door and side garage door are closed off with police tape and a paper seal. Plastic bins are laid out to store shoes and plastic booties to put over shoes.

A printed note at the back door says: IF YOU DIDN'T PLACE IT, DON'T MOVE IT.

Inside, the house is in ruins. The bodies were moved out on June 3, but dried blood remains on almost all surfaces. Paths have been traced through the house with red Solo cups, plastic mats, and twine to prevent people from stepping on possible evidence.

All in all, the main takeaway of anyone visiting is that it's shocking how much blood was in only six people.

Each hour spent examining the home permits an Agent to roll one of the following skills:

- **ANTHROPOLOGY OR OCCULT:** A skill of 40% or higher, or a successful roll, reveals only that the word "Dagon" is the name of an ancient deity worshipped by the Phoenicians and Philistines, and mentioned in the Old Testament. One of the oldest known gods, Dagon is often portrayed as a man with the lower body of a fish. It was a god linked to the sea and agriculture.
- **CRIMINOLOGY:** A skill of 40% or higher, or a successful roll, reveals that those who committed the crime paid little attention to being subtle or controlled about it. The crime scene speaks of rage and random, uncontrolled violence. Whoever did this appears to have a very personal grudge against the family. It is likely the family knew them.
- **FORENSICS:** A skill of 40% or higher, or a successful roll, reveals several things. *One:* There were multiple killers. *Two:* At least one killer was under 35 kg and stood less than 1.5 meters tall. *Three:* The weapons were all present in the house and were taken from the kitchen. *Four:* The murderers gained access through the back patio door, which is thought to have been often left open. *Five:* After the fingerprints were processed, three sets of unknown prints were recovered. These prints failed to score any hits on national databases. *Six:* Victims were disabled and then killed in front of other victims, but identifying who, when and where is impossible due to the sheer amount of violence and blood.
- **HUMINT:** A skill of 40% or higher, or a successful roll, reveals only secondary things. Patterns can be deduced by the placement of objects and the layout of rooms. Searching computers and web browser history turns up nothing unusual. Cierra Abril gave birth to Beth Ryan on January 2nd, this

The Jig Is Up

What if Agents who are on site under false or deceptive pretenses are exposed, or even worse, *caught?*

EXPOSED ON THE SCENE: If a cursory I.D. inspection fails (either onsite or at the police station), usually this means things escalate as more questions are asked. Agents who don't disentangle themselves find themselves quickly surrounded by anxious police officers. Treat this as making a **HUMINT** or **Persuade** roll at a −20% penalty. If that fails, eventually, guns come out and the Agents are placed under arrest until everything can be cleared up. If the Agents draw weapons, things might get deadly, fast.

CAUGHT BREAKING AND ENTERING: If the Agents are caught on premises and especially if they are caught breaking and entering, not even the proper I.D. keeps them from being arrested (though it might spring them later). If they are captured, they must make a **Law**, **Bureaucracy** or **HUMINT** roll: **Law** if they argue that the arrest was incorrectly made, **Bureaucracy** if they argue they have some sort of jurisdiction the police don't understand, or **HUMINT** if they try to convince the police to cut them slack as fellow law enforcement. They must beat an opposing **Criminology** roll of 30%.

It is up to the Handler to devise the negative impact of such things, but useful guidelines can be found in pages 80–81 of the *Agent's Handbook*.

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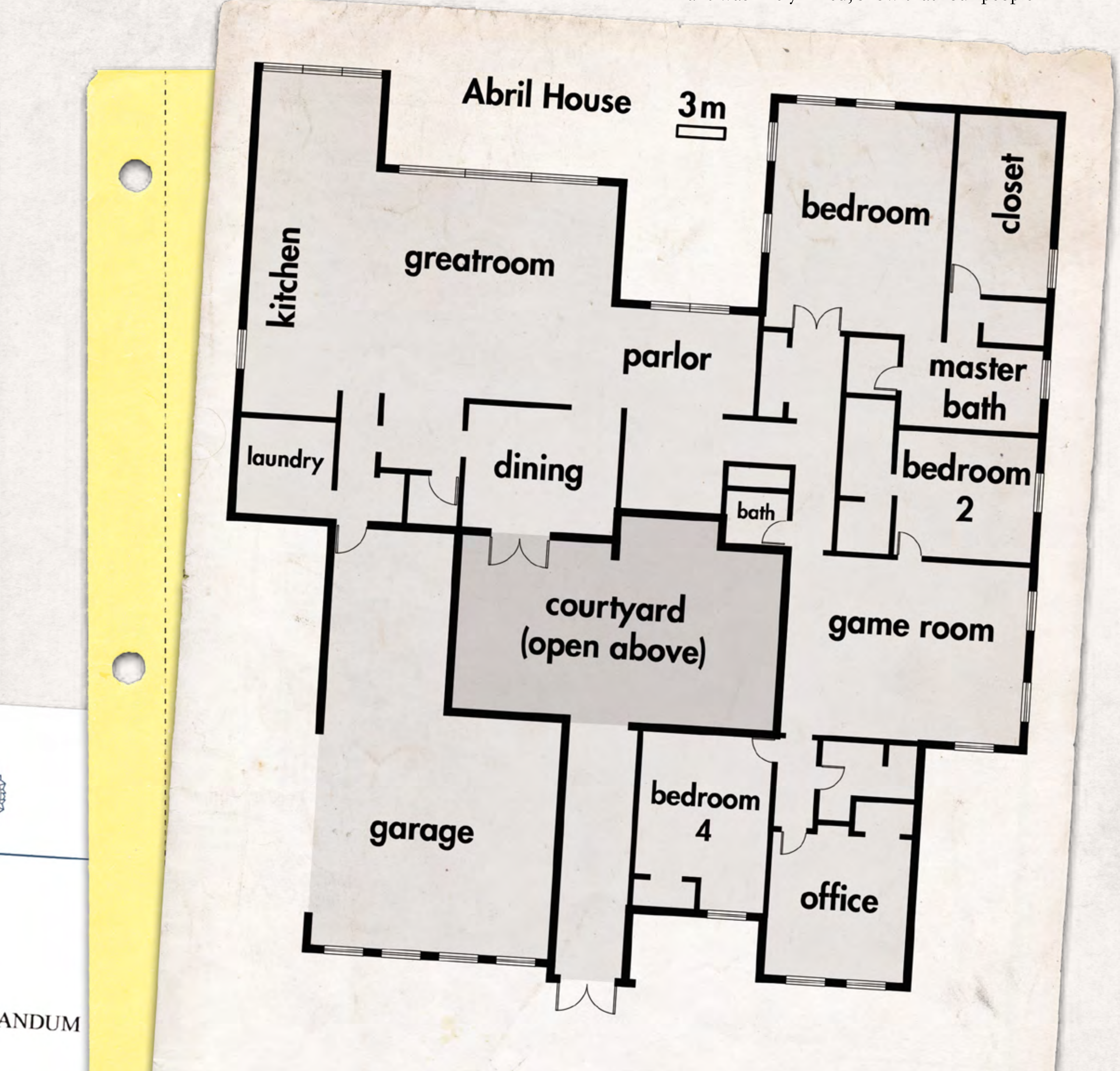
year. Her husband-to-be, Pvt. Homer L. Ryan, was a newly accepted member of the family, having joined their lives just after the baby was born. He had quickly proven himself a faithful and honest addition to the household. He did a lot around the house, and insisted on paying Daniel Abril rent behind his wife-to-be's back. All in all, it paints the picture of a comfortable family learning to deal with an underage bride, an infant, and a newly accepted husband to be. No substantive conflict can be detected, certainly nothing that might spark this violence.

- **SEARCH:** A skill of 40% or higher, or a successful roll, reveals through walking all the bloodied footprints back that they killed Homer Ryan last, downstairs, and the rest upstairs. A skill of 60% or higher, or a second successful roll, reveals that blood marks upstairs, in the room where the infant was likely killed, show that four people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kitchen
greatroom
parlor
bedroom
closet
master bath
laundry
dining
bath
bedroom 2
courtyard (open above)
game room
bedroom 4
garage
office
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stood with their backs against the north wall. All four of those individuals were between 1.1 and 1.4 meters tall. A skill of 80% or higher, or a third successful roll, finds that a number is written inside an opened folding closet door in Cierra Abril's blood: "197." Due to the amount of blood on the door, it was overlooked before. That roll, or an Agent specifically searching for a camera, reveals **THE NANNY CAM** (see below).

- **UNNATURAL:** A skill of 20% or higher, or a successful roll, reveals that Y'ha-nthlei and to a lesser degree Dagon are linked to the Deep Ones, an intelligent species that haunts the oceans of the Earth.

The Nanny Cam

Two months before the murders, Cierra Abril decided that she and Homer Ryan needed a "date night," which quickly changed (at the behest of her mother) into a large, family-hosted engagement dinner at a favorite restaurant.

Being a nervous and young first-time mother, Cierra bought a teddy bear nanny cam and set it up to monitor the babysitter. Due to the infant suffering from a stomach bug, the dinner was cancelled and the nanny cam all but forgotten. None of the police recognized it. It triggers on in "test mode" every time someone enters the nursery. In test mode, only motion within 2.5 meters triggers the camera, and only for 5 seconds at a time. Five clips are stored in its internal hard drive. All clips are in black and white.

- **CLIP 1:** April 3rd. A clip of Cierra Abril fiddling with the camera on the shelf.
- **CLIP 2:** April 22nd. A clip of Grace Wright singing to the infant Beth on the changing table below the shelf.
- **CLIP 3:** May 19th. A clip of the door opening and then closing a moment later. No one can be identified.
- **CLIP 4:** May 21st. A clip of Cierra Abril changing the baby on the changing table below the shelf.
- **CLIP 5:** June 2nd. A clip of an unknown, caucasian girl, eight to 10 years old, naked, covered in blood (which appears black in the camera). She is holding something heavy in her right hand, shadowed and out of sight. Her face is obscured by bloodied, crazed hair. She turns and leaves the room, revealing that the item in her hand is the butchered body of the infant Beth Ryan. This is horrifying to anyone watching it, even to experienced police officers, costing 1/1D4 **SAN** from violence.

Witnesses

The Yuma police canvassed the area and found four possible witnesses, who either saw the Abrils (and others in the house) or saw odd things on the days leading up to the killings.

Locating these individuals requires access to either police working the case or the case file.

Police have not found any children who were riding bikes in the desert near the Abril house the morning after the killings.

- **SEAN M. ROSEN:** *Roofer, age 33.* Rosen was present on the days leading up to the murder, working on 773 Palma Avenue, roofing. He reported family members coming and going from the house on June 2, but left before Homer Ryan returned home and the murders apparently took place. He also saw kids riding bikes out in the desert to the north. If asked to describe the kids, he says: "I dunno, a couple of boys and girls on dirt bikes. Little. Like twelve or something."
- **JULIE N. MAXWELL:** *Masseuse, age 21.* Maxwell responded when the police put out a call for possible witnesses. She said that on June 2, she became turned around while leaving a client and drove down Palma Avenue at about 5:50 P.M. Near the construction site of 773 Palma Avenue, she saw four children on bikes on the desert side of Palma Avenue, adjacent to the Abril house. Her description matches Rosen's description.
- **LON STROEBEL:** *Construction foreman, age 45.* Stroebel arrived at the work site at 773 Palma Avenue at 6:45 A.M. on June 2. He found a BMX-style bike tipped over on the work site, sized for a child. He searched the site but didn't find

anyone there, so he put the bike on the edge of the street. He saw Homer Ryan leave for work in the morning. Later, when he returned from lunch, the bike was gone.

» **GILBERTO D. CAMERON:** *Mail carrier, age 51*. Cameron saw Cierra Abril twice in the week of June 2. She was waiting for junior college applications in the mail. Cameron also reported someone setting off fireworks in the desert to the northwest: he saw bottle rockets launching and heard M-80s being set off. He didn't see anyone.

Autopsies

The Yuma County Sheriff's Office maintains a medical examiner department at its headquarters at 141 South 3rd Avenue in Yuma. It contracts those duties out to Dr. Albert P. Norris (age 62), an experienced physician who has seen many things in his time as medical examiner. Still, the Abril murders are by far the most violent and horrific he has ever seen.

The bodies were extensively photographed, samples were taken, stomach contents were removed, impressions of bite marks and pressure marks were taken, X-rays were taken, and finally, MRI scans of two of the bodies with deep trauma were taken.

By the time the Agents arrive, the bodies have already been remanded to the All Saint's Cremation Services and rendered to ash. Agents with access to the autopsy files (or who somehow manage to gain illegal access) can find the following according to their skills:

» **ANTHROPOLOGY OR OCCULT:** A skill of 40% or higher, or a successful roll, determines that the removal of eyelids and the carving of ritualistic "scales" and "gills" are elements of sacrificial rites of a stone age culture on Ponape, a South Pacific island. The rites are associated with an unnamed fish-man or merman god.

» **CRIMINOLOGY:** A skill of 40% or higher, or a successful roll, reveals that the person(s) handling the murder weapons had little experience with such implements. They bent or broke multiple weapons during the crime. One of the victims, Daniel Abril, had three quarters of a knife blade bent in between two ribs and broken off in his body. The removal of eyelids and patterns "drawn" on the victims shows an unusual amount of care when compared to the murder itself.

» **FORENSICS:** A skill of 40% or higher, or a successful roll, reveals that the earliest wounds (indicated by clotting factors) occurred on the victims' thighs, lower body, hands, and forearms. Later, vast trauma was inflicted on the chest, neck, and face with knives, many of which were bent in the frenzy. Spatters on scene indicate that the victims collapsed to the floor before this final trauma was inflicted. At least one of the attackers bled at the scene, but their blood type is O, so common that it reveals nothing in itself.

» **HUMINT:** A skill of 40% or higher, or a successful roll, reveals only secondary things. Two of the victims, Homer Ryan and Cierra Abril, had multiple defensive wounds, as well as wounds to their sides and backs, indicating they attempted to block the attacker, turn, and run away. It also likely means they ran into the attacker and had an exchange before the attack took place.

The Naval Medicine Annex

Located 1.4 kilometers in the desert southeast of the Abril house, this large, cement building is in ruins, with cement collapsed down into several sub floors, exposed rebar, and toppled cinder blocks, all covered in decades of graffiti. All the windows have long since been destroyed and only fragments of them remain. Shattered glass, alcohol bottles, cigarette butts, and used condoms are found throughout the facility, indicating that indigents, teenagers, and kids often can be found here. More than one stairwell reeks of recent urine.

In the 1930s, the facility was imposing, built in a "U" shape with few small windows on the upper level. Once, there were two main entrances. Now, empty windows and collapsed walls lead inside, and a collapsed ceiling at the rear opens to the sub-levels below.

Many bike tracks can be found coming and going in the dust around the facility. Most either head off into the desert to the northwest (towards Yuma) or southeast (toward Mustang). But the tracks vanish not far from the buildings, erased by the wind.

Agents can learn each of the following at the ruins. Each item requires one hour of searching by one Agent.

- **LOTS OF ACTIVITY:** Even a cursory examination indicates the facility is still well-trafficked, likely by teens and kids. There are footprints in the dust, handprints on doors, and other clear signs of human activity. Prints can be lifted with a successful **Forensics** roll. At least one set matches the unknown prints found in the Abril home.
- **GRAFFITI:** There is so much graffiti in the facility that it's easy to go graffiti-blind and see nothing but random colors and shapes on nearly every wall and ceiling. Those who search the graffiti for supernatural elements must make a successful **Occult** or **Unnatural** roll to locate the various markings hidden throughout. In one area, the words DAGON and HYDRA are drawn in colored letters consuming nearly a whole wall. The word Y'HA-NTH-LEI is also drawn in a mural of an odd, vast, underwater city of coral and rock, with ghostly blue lights. The lettering is convoluted, strange, and difficult to read, but it appears to match the word carved in the wall of the Abril's house.
- **BLOOD AND URINE:** Several areas seem to be covered in blood. Such samples are old and dried to a black stain, and cannot be typed. The bottoms of staircases and corners of old walls have been used as urinals. A successful **Search** roll finds one place fresh enough to still be wet. If a sample is collected by someone with **Forensics** of 20% or more, or a successful roll at +20%, it can be typed at a lab, revealing the subject had abnormally high levels of creatinine in their urine. Creatinine is a waste product produced by muscle activity. The abnormal levels are so striking that they may indicate a metabolism disorder in the subject which could be used to identify them.
- **ANIMALS:** Animal bones are scattered throughout the site, with nearly shrine-like piles gathered in several areas. If an hour is spent collecting bones, an Agent with **Forensics** or **Science** (**Zoology**) of 10% or more, or a successful roll at +40%, can determine at least a dozen animals have met violent ends here at the hands of humans. A

coyote, three dogs, and more than 10 cats have been ritualistically slain here all with something like a machete. The newest dead animal has been here for perhaps weeks. All remains have long ago been picked clean by voracious desert ants.

- **TRACKS:** Agents examining the desert around the facility discover bicycle tracks. Those who have seen the bike tracks at the Abril home recognize these tracks to be similar. But they are so faint that drawing a cast of them requires a **Forensics** skill of 30% or better, or a successful roll at +20%. Agents who discover one set of tracks, and who take the time to walk the perimeter to search for more, soon discover another series of bike tracks on the other side. There are bike tracks coming in and out of the area from the southeast (towards the Abril home) and northwest (toward Mustang, Arizona).
- **THE OLD TANKS:** Despite its strangeness, it seems few intruders visit the annex's sub-basement. There are not many signs of human activity. The sub-basement is one huge room containing 344 glass containers with wrought iron seams. Each is the size of a king bed. The 10 cm (4-inch) glass on each side of the seams of these containers is smashed or cracked in almost all of them. Chunks of the glass are all over the floor. The purpose of the tanks is baffling. Each tank has an internal drain, and once held piping which appeared to feed in from the ceiling. One tank—still labeled with the number 197—is painted in complex patterns like a shrine, in blue, red, yellow and green.

Watching the Annex

Clever Agents might camp out at the abandoned naval medicine annex, lying in wait for visitors. Murderous children—controlled, on and off, by the spirit of Marsh; see "Puppets" under **THE MARSH SPIRIT,** on page 196, for details—eventually return to pay homage to the site of Marsh's incarceration. The children are unarmed.

Each night that the Agents lurk at the site, they may make a **Luck** roll. If it succeeds, then well after dark, three children arrive on dirt bikes from the northwest, the direction of the tiny town of Mustang. The kids take no pains to hide themselves. Any Agent who makes an **Alertness** roll hears unidentifiable animal noises coming from among them.

The three children all live in Mustang, Arizona, and have been under the influence of Marsh since birth. They are:

- **EVE "EVEY" BRIGHT-WOURNOS:** Eleven-year-old Eve is a small girl with blonde hair, wearing overalls, a T-shirt, and deck shoes. She carries a fluffy teddy bear. She's recognizable to those who have seen the nanny cam footage as the subject captured on the cam on the night of the murder. Her fingerprints match those found in the Abril house.
- **RODRIGO CALLIS:** Rodrigo, a 13-year-old boy, is the biggest of the three. He has a blank look, and is dressed in shorts, a sleeveless undershirt, and Nike sneakers which match the imprints found at the Abril house. He has a cat closed up in a camping backpack. The pack bounces around, punctuated with hissing and howls of rage. His forearms and hands are cut up from cat claws. His fingerprints match those found in the Abril house.
- **ALEXANDER LONISKY:** Alexander, age 14, is a small, thin child with large, bulging eyes. He leads the ritual. His fingerprints match those found in the Abril house.

The Sacrifice

If the Agents wait and watch, the children proceed to the shrine-like smashed tank in the sub-basement, remove the cat from the bag, and rip it to shreds while chanting unknown words in guttural, nearly inhuman voices. Witnessing that costs the Agents 0/1D4 **SAN** from violence.

If the Agents confront the children, keep the following in mind:

- **THEY LOOK HARMLESS:** The children seem bewildered and confused if confronted *before* the cat is killed. If that causes a moment's hesitation in the Agents, that gives the kids a turn to act before the Agents can act. If an Agent is holding a gun, or a gun is visible, Rodrigo lunges for it while the other two flee. Once

Rodrigo has a gun, he uses it on the Agents. (See **PUPPET CHILD** on page 198 for more information and stats.) Shooting a child—even a child trying to kill you—costs 1/1D10 SAN from violence.

- **STRANGELY STRONG:** Even the smallest child is as strong, fast, and confident as a full-grown adult.
- **WORK IN UNISON:** The kids pull off amazingly well-timed coordinated movements, granting each a +20% bonus to their first attack actions in a combat.
- **MARSH'S ATTENTION:** When the Agents confront the children, Marsh notices and tries to "read" the Agent with the lowest POW. See **THE MARSH SPIRIT** on page 197 for details.

Captive Kids

If captured, the children become catatonic. The children have no identification. Their fingerprints are not on record, except as possible suspects in the Abril murders. The police have no missing children reports on the wire, and none will be coming in. Identifying them is all but impossible. If their blood is checked, it is filled with extremely high levels of creatinine, which circumstantially links them to the Abril house.

The moment Marsh "reads" the Agents, the children cease coming to the annex ruins. If somehow the children become a lead back to Mustang before Marsh wants such a discovery to occur, the spirit kills them, one by one, in gruesome suicides: leaping in front of moving vehicles, jumping through a window, or smashing their own windpipe with a well-aimed strike on the edge of a desk.

Researching the Annex

Agents looking into the history of the Naval Medicine Annex can uncover the following in public records or by asking at the Marine Corps Air Station Yuma, next to the Yuma airport.

- **BOUGHT IN 1929:** The site was purchased as an annex to Fly Field, a Navy airfield. Fly Field was called YUMA YUCCA LOT II on surveyor maps and was purchased by the Navy from M. Purcell Tyson, a cattle farmer. Fly Field held several tin hangars, barracks, some chemical toilets and little else. Over the years, Fly Field changed hands and names multiple times. It is now Marine Corps Air Station Yuma, which houses Marines and families next to the Yuma international airport. The annex site was always quite separate from Fly Field.
- **PRISONERS AT FLY FIELD:** A brief article in the Yuma Sun newspaper from 30 DEC 1929 indicates that the government moved five truckloads of "prisoners" to Fly Field. A perimeter of wire fencing and guard towers were noted by one report. No other public articles can be found on this. (**PETER DELGADO** recalls more, as detailed on page 185.)
- **ANNEX BUILT IN 1930:** The annex facility was built by the Navy as an expansion on Fly Field. Ground was broken by the Arizona Governor Dan Moody on 12 JAN 1929, and it opened 7 JUL 1930. The annex maintained its own guard booths, parking lot, pavilion, and cafeteria. At its height, it was staffed by 35 doctors and over 120 support staff. (**OPHELIA WINTERS** knows more, as described on page 186.)
- **EMPLOYEES:** A state record of 254 facility employees from 1930 to 1947 can be found. Almost every person on the list is dead. However, persistent Agents settle upon three names of those still living: Peter Delgado (living in Yuma), Ophelia Winters (living in Bennington, Vermont), and Luisa Perez (living in Albuquerque, New Mexico). Of the three, only **PETER DELGADO** and **OPHELIA WINTERS** have anything substantive to share about the facility, as described on pages 185–186.
- **TUBERCULOSIS RESEARCH:** Navy records indicate the annex was used to treat tuberculosis, and it housed patients for long periods of time. The names of such patients are not recorded in any public record. (**OPHELIA WINTERS** knows more, as described on page 186.)
- **MANHUNT:** On 25 APR 1938, a photograph of an escaped "patient" was circulated in Yuma and the surrounding areas. The photo and the patient's name, "Albert Marsh," are mentioned in that day's edition of the *Yuma Sun* newspaper—on

microfiche in the public library—and in ancient records in the archives of the Yuma sheriff's office. (**PETER DELGADO** knows more, as described on this page.)

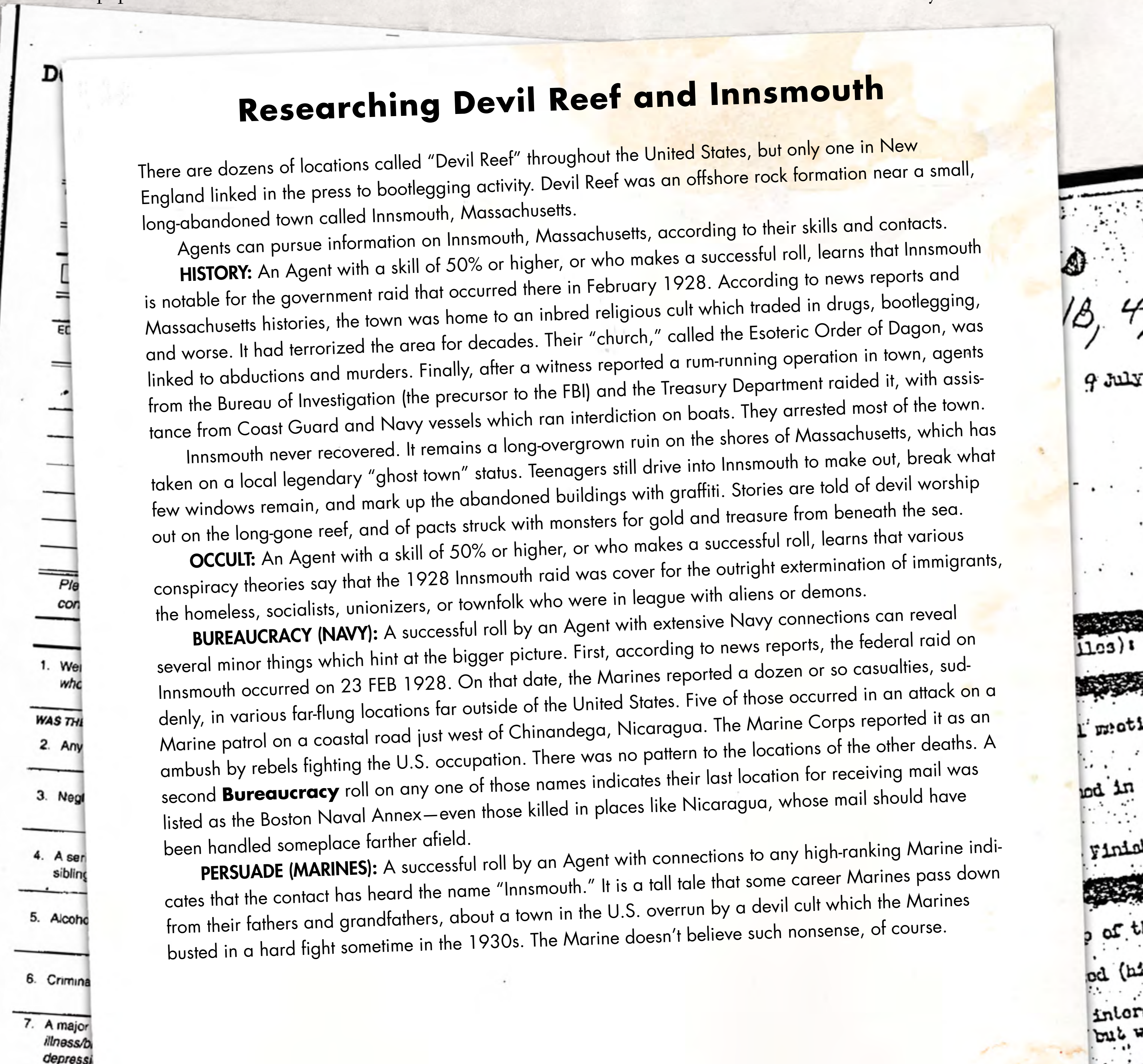
- **MUSTANG, ARIZONA:** Mustang, Arizona, was founded for employees of the annex. Its establishment was underwritten by the state and the Department of the Navy. The town still exists today, just over 1 km from the annex.
- **CLOSED IN 1947:** The Naval Medicine Annex was closed in 1947 by the Department of the Navy. No reason was given to the public. Several newspaper articles note a "shift in research locations to New Mexico." **OPHELIA WINTERS** knows more, as described on page 186.

Leads From the Living

Naval Medicine Annex Yuma closed its doors decades years ago, and time has taken its toll. Of the hundreds of names from the employment rolls filed with the state, only three people remain alive.

Peter Delgado

Delgado is unusually spry for being 100 years old. He resides at the Yuma Sunsets Retirement Home in full-time care. He worked as an orderly at the Naval



Researching Devil Reef and Innsmouth

There are dozens of locations called "Devil Reef" throughout the United States, but only one in New England linked in the press to bootlegging activity. Devil Reef was an offshore rock formation near a small, long-abandoned town called Innsmouth, Massachusetts.

Agents can pursue information on Innsmouth, Massachusetts, according to their skills and contacts.

HISTORY: An Agent with a skill of 50% or higher, or who makes a successful roll, learns that Innsmouth is notable for the government raid that occurred there in February 1928. According to news reports and Massachusetts histories, the town was home to an inbred religious cult which traded in drugs, bootlegging, and worse. It had terrorized the area for decades. Their "church," called the Esoteric Order of Dagon, was linked to abductions and murders. Finally, after a witness reported a rum-running operation in town, agents from the Bureau of Investigation (the precursor to the FBI) and the Treasury Department raided it, with assistance from Coast Guard and Navy vessels which ran interdiction on boats. They arrested most of the town.

Innsmouth never recovered. It remains a long-overgrown ruin on the shores of Massachusetts, which has taken on a local legendary "ghost town" status. Teenagers still drive into Innsmouth to make out, break what few windows remain, and mark up the abandoned buildings with graffiti. Stories are told of devil worship out on the long-gone reef, and of pacts struck with monsters for gold and treasure from beneath the sea.

OCCULT: An Agent with a skill of 50% or higher, or who makes a successful roll, learns that various conspiracy theories say that the 1928 Innsmouth raid was cover for the outright extermination of immigrants, the homeless, socialists, unionizers, or townfolk who were in league with aliens or demons.

BUREAUCRACY (NAVY): A successful roll by an Agent with extensive Navy connections can reveal several minor things which hint at the bigger picture. First, according to news reports, the federal raid on Innsmouth occurred on 23 FEB 1928. On that date, the Marines reported a dozen or so casualties, suddenly, in various far-flung locations far outside of the United States. Five of those occurred in an attack on a Marine patrol on a coastal road just west of Chinandega, Nicaragua. The Marine Corps reported it as an ambush by rebels fighting the U.S. occupation. There was no pattern to the locations of the other deaths. A second **Bureaucracy** roll on any one of those names indicates their last location for receiving mail was listed as the Boston Naval Annex—even those killed in places like Nicaragua, whose mail should have been handled someplace farther afield.

PERSUADE (MARINES): A successful roll by an Agent with connections to any high-ranking Marine indicates that the contact has heard the name "Innsmouth." It is a tall tale that some career Marines pass down from their fathers and grandfathers, about a town in the U.S. overrun by a devil cult which the Marines busted in a hard fight sometime in the 1930s. The Marine doesn't believe such nonsense, of course.

Medicine Annex as a young man from 1937 to 1938. He saw many things.

Delgado, who grew up on a farm near Telegraph Peak, recalls seeing trucks with prisoners coming through in 1929. He heard at that time that the prisoners were secessionists from some crazy religion who ran rum and took shots at the National Guard. They were locked up in a pen out at Fly Field. He's uncertain if those who were later kept at the Annex were the same people as those in the stockade. But in 1930 when the Naval Medicine Annex opened, the Fly Field stockade was struck and disassembled.

He was present and working at the annex during Albert L. Marsh's "escape," though he had no idea that Marsh had spent his last few years in a tank in the basement. Delgado freely shares the name of the escapee, as well as his patient number (197), and that they never found him despite a statewide search. He had also heard that the people being held on the lower level of the facility, to which he never had access, were bootleggers from somewhere in New England.

Every patient Delgado saw at the facility seemed inbred and sickly, with bug eyes and rickets. It was like they all suffered from the same kind of disease, but the doctors didn't seem to take the kinds of precautions as for TB wards. Those prisoners that could speak did so with an odd, drawling accent he could not understand. Almost all of his job was fetching and pouring water. The patients seemed to have an unnatural thirst.

Ophelia Winters

Winters was a nurse in the Navy from 1936 to 1939. Now, she is 99 years old and lives with her 61-year-old granddaughter in Bennington, Vermont. She remembers a lot, and has no problem sharing information.

She says the annex was not a tuberculosis ward. She is almost certain it was a secret research facility for chemical weapons. While the main level was merely a ward with the standard trappings of a hospital, she saw the basement once in 1938 and it was filled with huge, airtight tanks made of ballistic glass with wrought iron seams. There were more than 100 such containers, though she saw nothing in them. She never again was permitted in the basement.

She recalls one "patient" who she knew to be a prisoner, named Eve Granmouth, who talked about the "devil reef." Granmouth suffered from what looked like chemical burns over much of her body. Her legs were misshapen with tumors and her eyes were protruding. Granmouth lapsed into a coma not long after and was taken off the ward.

Winters ran into a doctor who worked at the annex in 1946 and the two began dating. It became serious. When the annex was closed in 1947, this doctor (Eugene Goldren) was suddenly transferred to New Mexico. Ophelia, not wanting to leave her family, remained behind and they broke up. Before they lost touch, Dr. Goldren confessed to her that the research at the annex was continuing in New Mexico on "a much wider scale". Goldren died in 1955 in a car accident in Utah.

Luisa Perez

Perez is a 99-year-old retired clerk who lives in Albuquerque, New Mexico. She worked at the annex in 1939–1940 as a bookkeeper. She saw very little out of the ordinary (or didn't have experience to recognize any oddities). She did note that there seemed to be two lists of patients: one with "American names" and another with "Spanish names." By the time she was on staff, the ward was practically empty, though many doctors and nurses would go to the "basement," which she never saw. In 1940, she married her late husband and moved to Albuquerque.

The Killing Floor

The spirit of Marsh has been preparing for what it believes may be its final ritual of violence and death before it dissipates again, losing its grip on our dimensions, perhaps never to return. It has begun building a shrine to Dagon in Mustang, in the old, abandoned theater, the Izaldo. On June 21st—the summer solstice—it plans to destroy all of Mustang in an orgy of violence.

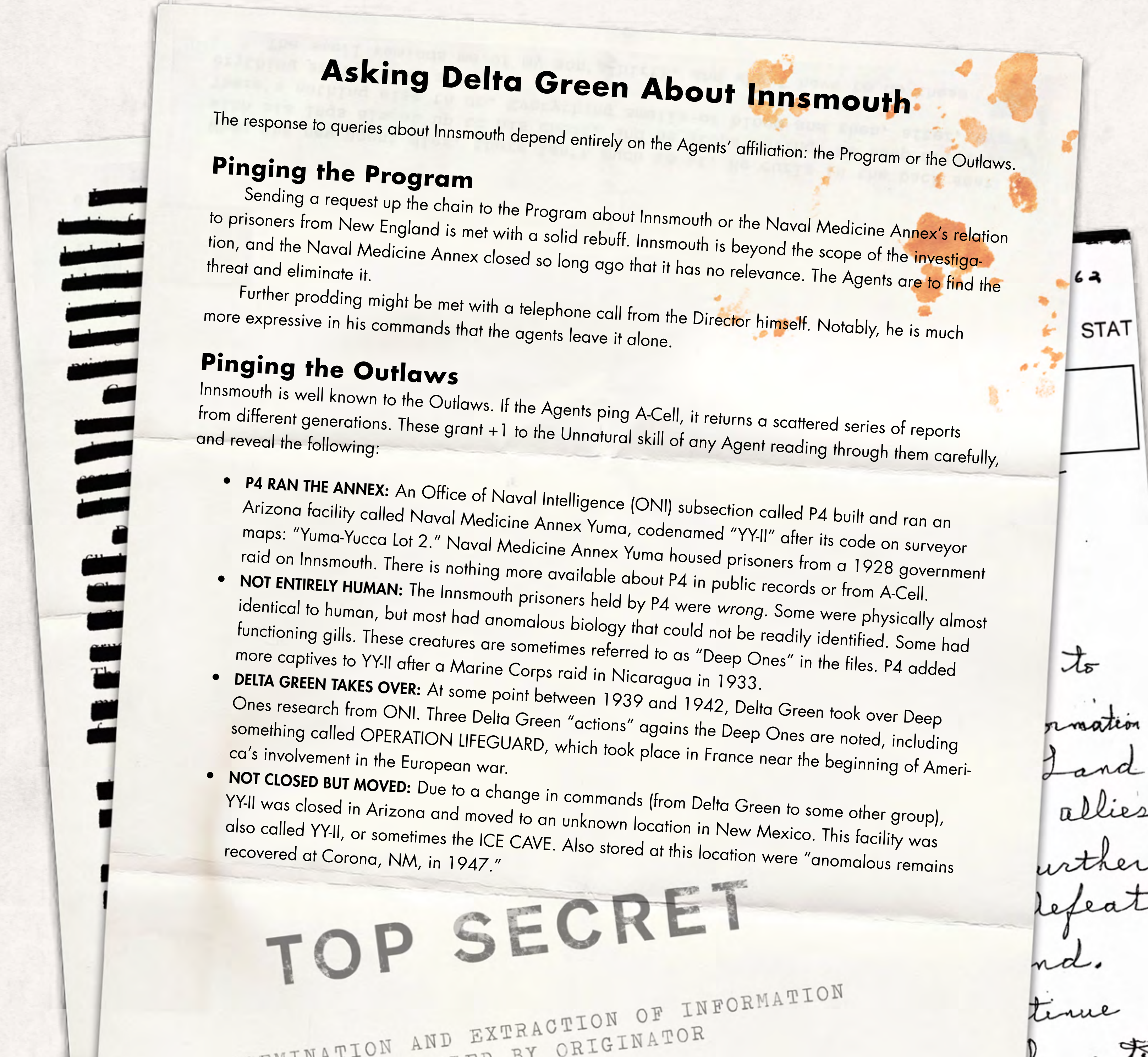
If an Agent "read" by the Marsh spirit knows of Delta Green, P4, the Naval Medicine Annex, Innsmouth, or other unnatural things, Marsh becomes obsessed with the Agents and plans to kill them in revenge for the raid on Innsmouth. It means to torture them to the brink of insanity and then rip them to pieces.

Worse still, Marsh then knows *all* their secrets: their real names, emails, phone numbers and addresses of their loved ones, and more. At that point, Marsh directs the town to lure in, torture, and ritually sacrifice the Agents on the summer solstice, and then destroy itself.

Marsh can lure the Agents to Mustang through the following methods.

Hostages

After Marsh "reads" one of the Agents, it dispatches puppets across the U.S. to seize one of the Agent's Bonds as insurance. This takes 1D4+2 days. The puppets drag the hostage back to Mustang, or lure the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AND EXTRACTION OF INFORMATION
BY ORIGINATOR

Asking Delta Green About Innsmouth

The response to queries about Innsmouth depend entirely on the Agents' affiliation: the Program or the Outlaws.

Pinging the Program

Sending a request up the chain to the Program about Innsmouth or the Naval Medicine Annex's relation to prisoners from New England is met with a solid rebuff. Innsmouth is beyond the scope of the investigation, and the Naval Medicine Annex closed so long ago that it has no relevance. The Agents are to find the threat and eliminate it.

Further prodding might be met with a telephone call from the Director himself. Notably, he is much more expressive in his commands that the agents leave it alone.

Pinging the Outlaws

Innsmouth is well known to the Outlaws. If the Agents ping A-Cell, it returns a scattered series of reports from different generations. These grant +1 to the Unnatural skill of any Agent reading through them carefully, and reveal the following:

- **P4 RAN THE ANNEX:** An Office of Naval Intelligence (ONI) subsection called P4 built and ran an Arizona facility called Naval Medicine Annex Yuma, codenamed "YY-II" after its code on surveyor maps: "Yuma-Yucca Lot 2." Naval Medicine Annex Yuma housed prisoners from a 1928 government raid on Innsmouth. There is nothing more available about P4 in public records or from A-Cell.
- **NOT ENTIRELY HUMAN:** The Innsmouth prisoners held by P4 were *wrong*. Some were physically almost identical to human, but most had anomalous biology that could not be readily identified. Some had functioning gills. These creatures are sometimes referred to as "Deep Ones" in the files. P4 added more captives to YY-II after a Marine Corps raid in Nicaragua in 1933.
- **DELTA GREEN TAKES OVER:** At some point between 1939 and 1942, Delta Green took over Deep Ones research from ONI. Three Delta Green "actions" agains the Deep Ones are noted, including something called OPERATION LIFEGUARD, which took place in France near the beginning of America's involvement in the European war.
- **NOT CLOSED BUT MOVED:** Due to a change in commands (from Delta Green to some other group), YY-II was closed in Arizona and moved to an unknown location in New Mexico. This facility was also called YY-II, or sometimes the ICE CAVE. Also stored at this location were "anomalous remains recovered at Corona, NM, in 1947."

hostage to Mustang with a faked phone call or email message sent as if on the Agent's behalf. If Marsh "reads" multiple Agents, multiple hostages may be taken. As far as everyone else is concerned, a hostage simply vanishes.

When an Agent's Bond is taken, other loved ones may well try to reach the Agent, desperate to hear whether the Agent has been in touch with the hostage or knows what happened. The repercussions of that, or of an especially cautious Agent being unavailable, are up to the Handler.

The night of June 20th, before the dawn of the summer solstice, a hostage calls an Agent, terrified and weeping. Even if the Agent has no mobile phone but a burner just issued by Delta Green, the call comes to that number—not known to anyone outside Delta Green. A harsh voice on the line with a New England accent tells the Agents to come to the movie theater in Mustang if they ever want to see their loved ones alive. The Agent in question loses 1/1D6 **SAN** to helplessness. If the SAN roll fails, Agent must immediately head to Mustang unless physically restrained. See **IZALDO THEATER** on page 190.

Captured Kids

Child puppets captured at the Naval Medicine Annex can suddenly start talking about "the bad man," the one who made them kill the Abrils. This man lives in Mustang, Arizona. They even call him by name: Albert L. Marsh. (There are no records of an Albert L. Marsh in the Yuma area. An Albert L. Marsh lives outside Phoenix. A 65-year-old air conditioning repairman, he can easily be reached and has no idea what is going on.) If the Agents are led by a child puppet to Mustang, the child leads them to the Izaldo Theater. Once the Agents enter, all hell breaks loose. See **THE BATTLE OF MUSTANG** on page 191.

A Phone Call

The Marsh spirit contacts an Agent through phone or email. A man's harsh voice with a New England accent says that he knows the Agents are looking for him. He says he escaped from the Annex in 1938, and has hid out in Mustang since then, unnoticed. If the Agents enter the town searching for Marsh, the town remains relatively normal until they attempt to leave. Then, all hell breaks loose. See **THE BATTLE OF MUSTANG** on page 191.

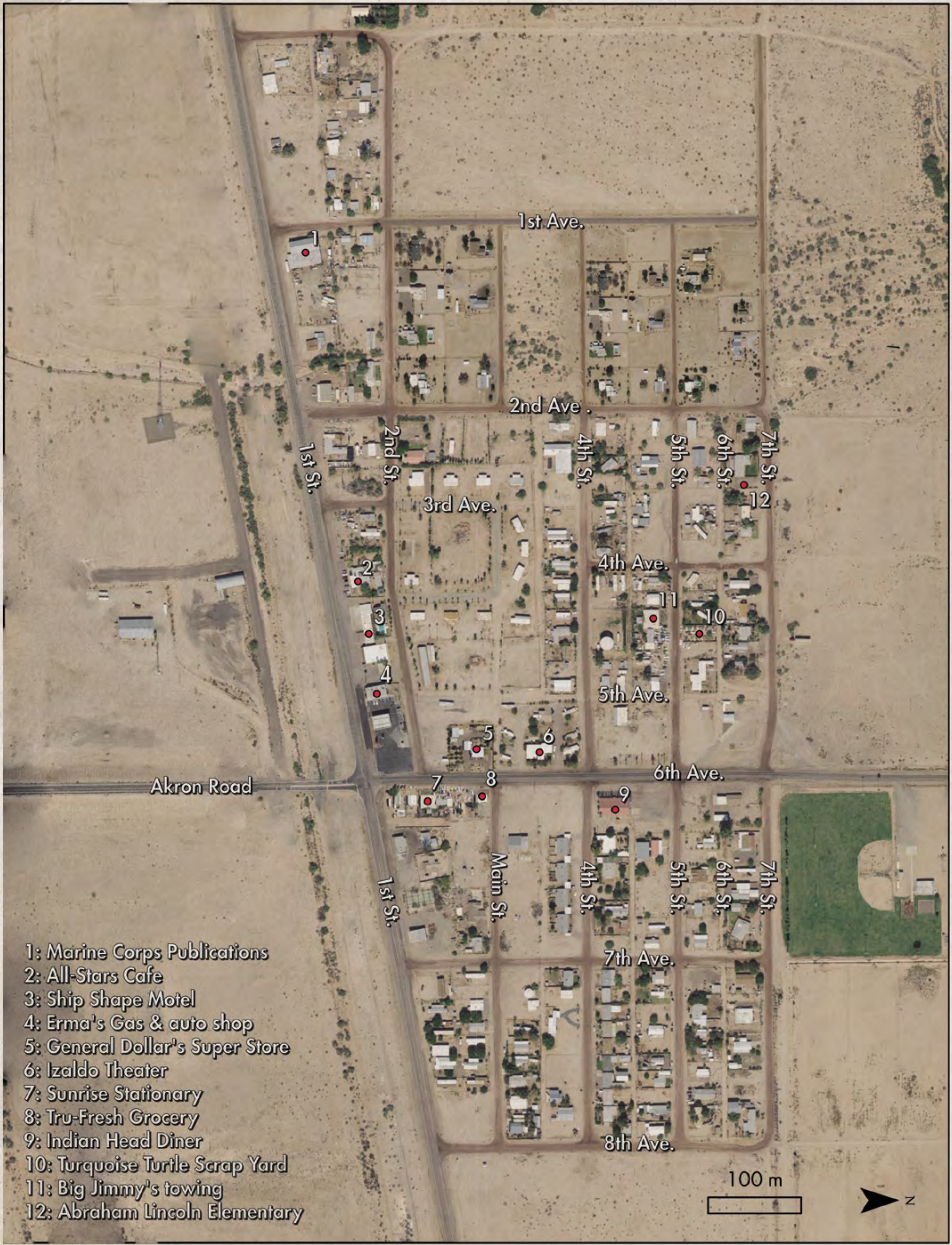
Early Arrival at Mustang

The Agents may explore Mustang before Marsh is ready. If they take a cursory look and interview a few strange residents without causing deeper trouble, Marsh waits and lures them in on the night of June 20th, when the time is right. If the Agents discover what's in the Izaldo Theater and attempt to destroy it, though, Marsh decides that the sacrifice itself is more important than its exact date. The conflagration begins. See **THE BATTLE OF MUSTANG** on page 191.

Mustang, Arizona

Mustang is a small town with 636 residents, nothing more than a few streets in the open desert. It has a grade school and shares a consolidated high school in the district, though almost all kids in Mustang are home-schooled. That is not unusual in small, isolated towns.

Mustang is a forgettable bump in a road that almost no one outside of town uses. The only road into Mustang is Akron Road, a three-lane flattop that can handle trucking from Yuma. Once it enters Mustang, Akron Road becomes Sixth Avenue. On this strip are a diner, a general goods store, a stationery store, a small grocery store, and two closed store fronts (one of which was a movie theater). On the other streets are small, one- or two-story houses on wide-spread lots, some boxed in with cyclone fencing, or mobile homes crammed together. The Marine Corps Publications building is a three-story, squat, 1,600-square-meter (17,000-square-foot) facility to the southwest of the town, at First Avenue and First Street. Abraham Lincoln Elementary school is a small, U-shaped brick building to the northwest, on Seventh Street.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1: Marine Corps Publications
2: All-Stars Cafe
3: Ship Shape Motel
4: Erma's Gas & auto shop
5: General Dollar's Super Store
6: Izaldo Theater
7: Sunrise Stationary
8: Tru-Fresh Grocery
9: Indian Head Diner
10: Turquoise Turtle Scrap Yard
11: Big Jimmy's towing
12: Abraham Lincoln Elementary
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In the Marsh spirit's current state of power, it controls about half of the townfolk. The spirit can see, experience, and manipulate these townfolk at will. The others in town almost all are either locals born before the Marsh spirit was coherent, or are from outside town. So far, indications of oddities have been limited, and have been readily covered up by Marsh itself and the complicity of half the town. But as June 21st approaches, it becomes more clear something is seriously wrong. Even locals—those not under Marsh's influence—begin to notice. Marsh is fully aware of those that are not under its sway and plans to deal with them when the ritual begins.

Inside Mustang

Mustang, at a glance, looks normal. There are cars, people on the streets going about their normal business, and the sheen of regular, everyday life. Those driving through the town without stopping will see nothing out of the ordinary. The Marine Corps Publications building appears busy, as does Abraham Lincoln Elementary School. But keep these things in mind:

- **WATCHED:** Allow each Agent a **HUMINT** or **Alertness** roll. On a critical success, the Agent feels strongly that they are being watched, though no obvious source of this feeling can be located.
- **THE THEATER:** One of the two closed storefronts on the main strip was obviously a movie theater built in the 1940s or 1950s. The name IZALDO is still on the front marquee, but the entire front has been painted bone white and boarded up. A back door still works, and it is through this entrance that the affected townfolk come at night to prepare their ritual space for Dagon. (See **IZALDO THEATER** below for details.)
- **SHOPS:** The diner, stationers, general goods store, and grocery store appear completely normal. However, when things go to hell, each becomes a killing zone as the Marsh spirit's puppets murder non-puppets in a rampage.
- **EVERY OTHER HOUSE:** Every home an Agent visits, breaks into, or searches requires a **Luck** roll. Success indicates the house is occupied by locals who are unaffected by the Marsh spirit. Failure indicates the house is home to Marsh puppets who are currently not there; but the house is filthy, covered in moldering food and soda bottles, and piled with shipping boxes of ammunition, blasting caps, dynamite, and long guns. A fumble indicates the Agents are confronted by Marsh puppets in the home who are armed and ready to fight. Such an engagement launches Marsh's ritual early. See **THE BATTLE OF MUSTANG** on page 191.

Izaldo Theater

Mustang's only movie theater, the Izaldo, closed in 1968, and has remained abandoned until recently. Locals went out of their way to keep the façade up and to paint the exterior. The interior remained untouched since 1974, when a company in Reeding, Arizona, bought and moved out all the classic seating. In the last five months, the interior space facing the screen has been put to a different use: the construction of a large, wire-and-plaster effigy of Dagon.

Once townfolk see the Agents enter the Izaldo, those under control of the Marsh spirit gather and set its plan in motion. See **THE BATTLE OF MUSTANG** on page 191.

THE EFFIGY: This large, complex construction of wire, paper, and plaster is broken down into pieces when inside the theater. It can easily be brought outside (once the wood is removed from the front doors of the theater) to be set up under the night sky. Agents examining it for a few minutes can piece together that it is a six-meter-tall statue of a fish-headed creature with a fish tail and the arms of a man, holding its webbed hands up to the sky in supplication.

HOSTAGES: If townfolk captured Agents' loved ones to use as hostages and bait, those are held at the Izaldo theater. They will be brought out and sacrificed at the crescendo of the ritual. Hostages are held on the balcony inside the Izaldo Theater. Three guards armed with shotguns guard each hostage. There are only two doors to the balcony. Entering it undetected requires a roll of the Agents' lowest **Stealth** skill in contest against the puppets' Alertness of 40%.

The Battle of Mustang

Once the Battle of Mustang begins, it is unlikely to end peacefully or swiftly. Marsh believes this is its last chance to gain revenge on the group which destroyed its family and home. It will literally stop at nothing to capture, torture and eventually kill the Agents. There is no crime it is not willing to commit to make these things come to pass.

Sadly, there is no way for the Agents to directly confront and dispel Marsh's spirit. Even the Exorcism ritual would only free a single puppet. Marsh's spirit has spent generations insinuating itself into the bones and spirits of the people of Mustang. The spirit's death throes are those of the town itself.

The Ritual

The moment the first shot is fired in the Battle of Mustang, a team of 20 or more townfolk get to work at the Izaldo. Over the next forty minutes, they remove the wood from the theater's front doors, bring the effigy's pieces outside, and build the Dagon effigy just outside, in the middle of Main Street.

Non-compromised townfolk are marched downtown to the Izaldo Theater, begging and pleading their neighbors to let them go. Those who struggle or attempt to escape are shot to death. Witnessing such murders costs 1/1D4 **SAN** from violence.

Outside of the front of the theater, teams of Marsh-controlled townfolk ritualistically execute other locals to Dagon, usually with something like an axe or machete, as the effigy of Dagon is raised.

Once the effigy is built, teams of Marsh-controlled puppets drag non-puppet townfolk forth to enact their sacrifice. They ritualistically execute the screaming captives, usually with axes or machetes. As the bodies, severed limbs, and heads pile up, new sacrifices brought to the effigy become louder and harder to control as they shriek and struggle to escape. Witnessing such murders costs 1/1D8 **SAN** from violence.

If Marsh's puppets hold captive Agents, they are the penultimate sacrifice, after all non-puppet residents of Mustang have been slaughtered.

Calling for Help

Agents foolish enough to call in reinforcements find they have more blood on their hands. Lone state troopers, county deputies, Yuma city police, and federal customs officers heed the call, only to be gunned down without compunction by the residents of Mustang. A full-scale response, likely to include the National Guard as well as hundreds of police officers, takes hours to assemble. By the time it moves in, the ritual is done. Meanwhile, news helicopters circle, recording this Delta Green operation for a worldwide audience.

At the end of the ritual, when dawn is beginning to break, Marsh-controlled puppets begin to kill themselves with bladed weapons, lopping off hands (costing witnesses 1/1D4 **SAN** from violence) or disemboweling themselves (costing witnesses 1/1D6 **SAN** from violence). The last living Marsh puppet lights the effigy on fire and walks into the flames (costing witnesses 1/1D6 **SAN** from violence).

Encounters and Events

Once the battle begins, the Agents find themselves in the middle of a horrendous slaughter. Half the people of the townfolk have turned on the other half, and more passionately upon the Agents.

From the Izaldo Theater, it is not far to the edge of town. But at every corner and in every direction, mad townfolk seek the Agents. Some streets run alongside stretches of houses or shops for a time, where cautious Agents could dart from building to building in concealment. Many run through wide open areas that offer no concealment at all.

Even before battle begins, Marsh's puppets may sabotage the Agents' vehicles after distracting them and spying on them. Agents who drive or run in the open streets encounter murderous puppets, hunting for them, a dozen at a time. Agents who dart in fearful stealth from building to building may have a better chance of reaching the edge of town—but in the open desert all around, they will surely be spotted and followed. Agents who hide in buildings and wait for it all to end face searches by Marsh's puppets, and are at the mercy of the least stealthy Agent among them.

If the Agents get into a pitched, up-close battle, run it turn by turn as usual. Otherwise, time should flow loosely. One desperate moment may seem to stretch endlessly. An hour spent hiding may pass in a flash. Highlight events rather than the particular passage of time—until the apocalyptic culmination of Marsh's plan at daybreak.

Encounters before and during combat are likeliest to happen when Agents cross intersections, emerge from hiding, or move from one block to another. They may include:

Car Trouble

Before or during combat. If the Agents have a vehicle and leave it unoccupied, even for a few moments, locals under Marsh's control sabotage it. This is done in a manner which is nearly impossible to detect upon cursory examination. An Agent making a **Craft** (**Mechanics**) roll can discover that someone has seriously damaged the engine by cutting wiring and removing crucial parts.

Spike Strips

Before or during combat. Spike strips—which shred car tires—are laid across a few main roads. Spotting one in time to avoid it requires an **Alertness** test at –20% unless the Agents' car is going very slowly.

Strange Animals

Before or during combat. Agents who succeed at an **Alertness** test while searching for anything unusual in town twice spy a dog—a different dog each time—watching them from the side of the road some distance away. The animals do not bark, but quietly watch the Agents. If pointed out, the animals move away with purpose and without much sense of alarm. An Agent who rolls a critical success on the **Alertness** test notices a crow which seems to follow them from point to point, alighting on nearby overhangs and wires, watching them.

Gunshots

Before or during combat. This can be a distraction to lure the Agents away from their vehicles and each other, or might occur when Marsh-controlled townfolk are cleansing the town of unbelievers.

Fire

Before or during combat. The Agents might be alerted to a structure or vehicle on fire. If this occurs before the battle kicks off, the confused and sluggish response of the town might be noticed with a **HUMINT** roll. Agents might find a burning structure or vehicle with live, conscious, Marsh-controlled people in it, not screaming or struggling, just silently burning. Witnessing this costs 1/1D6 **SAN** from the unnatural. Marsh might use this tactic to draw Agents into an area, away from an area, or away from their vehicle (which will then be destroyed with dynamite, fire, or being rammed by another vehicle).

Roadblocks

During combat. Bands of dozens of well-armed, bloodthirsty locals block roads leading in and out of town.

Victims

During combat. Locals free of Marsh control are shot down where they stand or dispatched in more hideous ways: burned alive after being doused in kerosene or gasoline, strung up with makeshift nooses from light posts, beaten to a pulp and left to die in the open air, or worse.

Bodies

During combat. After the battle begins, the Agents might stumble upon a scene of mass slaughter. Marsh's puppets have lined up and shot a dozen townfolk who were not under the sway of the disembodied intelligence. Finding this slaughter costs 0/1D4 **SAN** from violence.

Skirmish Line

During combat. A dozen Marsh-controlled puppets walk the width of a street, stopping to search buildings on either side, shooting anyone they find who is not under Marsh's control. Agents attempting to hide from this search party must roll **Stealth** in a contest against the skirmish line's **Alertness** of 40%.

Snipers

During combat. The first time a puppet makes a move against an Agent, nine puppet townfolk climb to high points with scoped hunting rifles and attempt to disable Agents with aimed shots to their arms and legs. (Treat this as a called shot, with a −40% penalty to hit, inflicting half damage.) Until the Agents know the snipers exist, a sniper targets them only if the Agents go out of doors and fumble a **Luck** roll. Once the snipers are known to exist, an Agent is targeted if the Agents simply fail the Luck roll. Agents trying to move outside without being seen must roll **Stealth** against the snipers' **Alertness** of 40%.

Posses

During combat. Multiple teams of puppets, a dozen each armed with shotguns and pistols, patrol the streets in teams searching for the Agents. Hiding from such a group requires a **Stealth** roll in a contest against the puppets' **Alertness** of 40%.

Children

During combat. The Agents are confronted by suicidal children armed with bundles of dynamite in backpacks. They charge at the Agents or their vehicles before detonating close to them. Witnessing such a suicide or killing a child to prevent it costs 1/1D6 **SAN** from violence.

Fighting the Town

When the Agents come under attack by only one or two townfolk, resolve the combat as usual. If they come under attack by a mob of townfolk, use these special rules instead. If there are more than a dozen or so townfolk, use these rules for each mob.

Attacking the Mob

Each turn, the Agents roll for their attacks or other actions as usual. Don't try to keep track of individual townfolk hit points. If an Agent's attack does 7 or fewer points of damage, the attack wounds someone in the mob without bringing anyone down. Disregard the damage result. If an Agent's attack does 8 damage or more, that incapacitates or kills a member of the mob.

Attacking the Agents

Resolve the townfolk's attacks all at once. They act at an effective DEX score that depends on the number of attackers, as given in the **MOB ATTACKS** table below.

The townfolk target a number of Agents that depends on the number of attackers, also as given in the **MOB ATTACKS** table. Each turn, determine randomly which Agents are targeted.

DAMAGE AND ARMOR: Each targeted Agent who fails a **Luck** roll takes 1D6 damage as one or more bullets slam into them, or 2D6 if the **Luck** roll fumbles. If the Agent's **Luck** roll is a critical success, the townfolk are distracted and the next Agent's **Luck** roll automatically succeeds.

The townfolk often aim for the Agents' legs. That has two effects. First, an Agent's body armor applies only if the damage roll is an even number. Second, a hit that inflicts more than half an Agent's current hit points disables a leg, reducing the Agent to a crawl until the Agent gets help.

Townfolk who get within reach attempt to restrain and capture Agents. In that case, an Agent who fails the **Luck** roll is pinned instead of taking damage, and cover offers no protection. An Agent who is pinned a second time before breaking free is tied up and dragged to await for sacrifice. See **THE RITUAL** on page 191.

Keeping Track

Marsh's spirit controls 307 townfolk. Another 329 are free of control. The Handler should keep a rough count of the bloodshed in town. When that 307 reaches 0, or if all 307 are somehow incapacitated, the threat is over. Keep in mind that normal townfolk find violence difficult to enact, even if their life is in danger. Marsh's puppets suffer no such compunction.

Without the interference of the Agents, it takes the puppets about two hours to round up the non-puppets, killing about 100 of them in the process and having about 20 puppets killed in return. The prisoners are then sacrificed one at a time, 20 to 30 per hour. The last is slain just before dawn, when the last puppets sacrifice themselves.

>> Mob Attacks

Townfolk Attacking	Effective Dex	Agents Targeted
10–12	14	4
7–9	12	3
5–8	10	2
1–4	8	1

COVER AND CONCEALMENT: An Agent who is shooting from a protected position—in deep darkness, lying prone, or from behind hard cover such as a brick wall or a car's wheel—gets a +20% bonus to the **Luck** roll. An Agent who just peeks around cover without attacking gets a +40% bonus instead. An Agent who is hiding fully behind cover without attacking, or who makes a **Dodge** roll to dive behind cover, avoids harm.

Escape from Mustang

West and northwest of Mustang are Yuma neighborhoods under construction. North and northeast are expanses of RV parks. East are the tumbling and rugged Fortuna Hills. Southeast is a U.S. Air Force bombing range. South is the U.S.-Mexico border.

If Agents flee town, consider the following:

- **ON THE ROAD:** Agents moving along the sodium lit, three-lane road towards Yuma are sitting ducks. Dozens of townfolk pursue in cars and attempt to run down and shoot fleeing Agents with an eye towards capturing them, hogtying them, and bringing them back to Mustang, preferably injured but not dead. If the Agents are in vehicles, each driver may attempt a **Driving** roll, opposed by the pursuers' 50% Driving skill roll, to stay ahead of the pursuers until they reach town. Then the pursuers abandon the chase and return to Mustang. If the Agents are on foot, the pursuers easily catch up.

- **OFF THE ROAD, ON FOOT:** Fleeing off the road leads the Agents into the desert. Hundreds of townfolk pursue, some in off-road vehicles with lights, others on foot. The Agents must succeed at one or more **Stealth** rolls, using the lowest skill among them, to avoid being found and attacked by townfolk. *Toward civilization:* The townfolk expect the Agents to flee toward the city, the neighborhoods, or the RV parks. The Agents must succeed at two rolls to escape, or four if by day. *Into the desert:* The Agents need one roll to escape, or two if by day. For every five km they travel in the desert, they must succeed at a **Survival** roll or get lost, unwittingly fleeing in a random direction. Keep track of their location and progress in secret until they find help or a recognizable landmark.
- **OFF THE ROAD, DRIVING:** If the Agents steal off-road vehicles in Mustang, they can try to drive into the desert to escape. By day, they leave such a high dust cloud that they have no chance of escaping the pursuers' notice. Each driver must make a **Driving** roll once every 10 km. If a roll fails, the vehicle crashes in the uneven terrain and the townfolk soon catch up. If the Agents reach civilization or drive 30 km, the townfolk abandon the chase. By night, with headlights off, the Agents are harder to follow but the drive is more dangerous. Each must succeed at only a single **Driving** roll for the townfolk to abandon the chase, but the roll is at a –20% penalty and the vehicle crashes if it fails. If a vehicle crashes, the driver and every passenger must make a **Luck** roll or take 1D10 damage.

Resolution

Agents who live through the ritual to Dagon in Mustang gain 1D6 SAN. If any Agents survive and remain sane, the sheer scale of this story and necessary cover-up is well outside of their pay grade.

The Program

The Program evacuates and debriefs survivors. The moment the Agents are gone, the Program constructs a cover story of a separatist militia called the Sons of Freedom; a fictional, huge, prolonged gun-battle following an ATF warrant being served; and multiple deaths in the isolated town of Mustang. This will be backed up by completely convincing video evidence, website evidence dating back many years, and even a video manifesto. Reports also indicate unused supplies of ricin were found in the town, which will be permanently closed by federal authorities to clean up "chemical weapons" in various states of development. Several loud and repetitive news stories about town members being relocated will be played on high-profile media.

A few videos from the slaughter get out, with Mustang residents crying into the camera that their neighbors have gone insane and are murdering everyone. Hundreds of web articles, conspiracy websites, and even honest-to-goodness relatives looking for their missing (and dead) loved ones from Mustang sprout up for years to come.

The Outlaws

The Outlaws tell the Agents to destroy any evidence that they were ever there and get out. Shortly thereafter, the Program's campaign of disinformation kicks in, as described above.

Characters

Yuma Police

The police that Agents meet in Yuma are honest and professional, ready to risk their lives to protect their fellow citizens. That makes them an immediate threat to the secrecy of the Agents' activities.

Senior Detective Julia Reardon

Lead investigator on the Abril murders

STR 12 **CON** 12 **DEX** 10 **INT** 10 **POW** 14 **CHA** 11

HP 12 **WP** 14 **SAN** 70 **BREAKING POINT** 56

ARMOR: 3 points from a Kevlar vest.

SKILLS: Alertness 50%, Athletics 50%, Bureaucracy 30%, Criminology 30%, Drive 40%, Forensics 25%, Firearms 40%, HUMINT 40%, Law 30%, Melee Weapons 50%, Persuade 50%, Search 40%, Unarmed Combat 50%.

ATTACKS: *Glock .40 pistol* 40%, damage 1D10.

Collapsing baton 50%, damage 1D6.

Unarmed 50%, damage 1D4−1.

Patrol Officers

Officer Henry Debbin or Officer John Talasco

STR 13 **CON** 12 **DEX** 10 **INT** 10 **POW** 12 **CHA** 10

HP 13 **WP** 12 **SAN** 60 **BREAKING POINT** 48

ARMOR: 4 points from a reinforced Kevlar vest.

SKILLS: Athletics 50%, Bureaucracy 30%, Criminology 30%, Driving 40%, Firearms 40%, HUMINT 40%, Law 30%, Melee Weapons 50%, Persuade 50%, Unarmed Combat 50%.

ATTACKS: *Glock .40 pistol* 40%, damage 1D10.

AR-15 carbine with holographic sight 40%, damage 1D12, Armor Piercing 3.

Baton 50%, damage 1D6.

Stun gun 50%, stuns target.

Unarmed 50%, damage 1D4−1.

HOLOGRAPHIC SIGHT: The sight on the officer's carbine gives a +20% bonus to hit as long as the officer has taken no damage since his or her last action. The carbine is kept in the patrol car's trunk.

The Spirit of Albert Marsh

Albert L. Marsh enacted a ritual on 25 APR 1938 which destroyed his physical body and cast his mind into other, adjacent planes of existence that intersect our own in spiraling cycles of time. Marsh's consciousness grows more and then less coherent, sometimes for as long as 15 years at a time. Sometimes, it is present and can cover great areas with its omniscience. Other times, it is utterly silent and lost, trapped in a void with no sound, sight, or life. Marsh has no idea what causes such fluctuations. Though completely insane, Marsh lives in terror of this darkness.

When the Marsh spirit is conscious, it is incorporated into living systems within that area. Humans and other animals born when Marsh is "awake" remain under its power forever. There is no "cure." Those born elsewhere, or during one of its down cycles, remain immune to its control. But Marsh may read any creatures' minds if it focuses on them.

During this last cycle of approximately 15 years, Marsh has been conscious and powerful. It has played out its amusements. But in the last six months, it has noticed its omniscience slipping. It cannot see as far and wide as before. It fears it soon will fall back into darkness. Marsh has decided to petition a higher power for favor: the creature it once worshipped, a Deep One progenitor called Dagon. Marsh will kill the town of Mustang as an offering on its god's holy day, hoping Dagon will preserve Marsh's mind. On the summer solstice, under Marsh's power, everyone in Mustang will murder everyone else.

The Marsh Spirit

Escapee from reality

STR n/a **CON** n/a **DEX** n/a **INT** 19 **POW** 20

HP n/a **WP** n/a

ARMOR: See **INSUBSTANTIAL**

SKILLS: Omniscience 75%, Unnatural 60%.

ATTACKS: As possessed individual; see **THE MARSH PUPPETS** on page 198.

ENERGY: The Marsh spirit is an energy that exists over kilometers of area. It transcends physical limitations such as walls, earth, and even minds within that area. It can effectively "see" everything in that area at once using its Omniscience skill. It can be detected by an electromagnetic field meter as a strange, low-frequency field. Agents with **Science (Physics)** and either **Craft (Electronics)** or **SIGINT** at 15% or higher can buy or build a man-portable box that blankets an area in an electromagnetic blast that blocks the Marsh spirit over a radius of 10 meters or so. Marsh moves all puppets nearby destroy such a device.

INSUBSTANTIAL: The Marsh spirit is immune to all non-hypergeometric attacks, from fists to nukes. Even when its puppets are killed, it suffers no ill effect.

OMNISCIENCE: Marsh can perceive an area a few kilometers in radius, and everything within it, regardless of obstructions. Usually the energy of Marsh hovers over the town of Mustang and can see almost all of the town at any given time. Other times, it moves off with individuals, as it did for the Abril murder.

PUPPETS: Marsh can control any creature born in an area under its influence like a puppet. After the action, the creature believes the idea—no matter how outrageous—was theirs to begin with. Marsh can issue instructions that persist in the target even after it leaves Marsh's area of influence. ("Go to Chicago. Capture Ellen F. Worth at 517 Pine Ridge Road and bring her back here.") Worse, within the field, it's not limited to one puppet, but can operate *all* such possessed creatures at once. Humans possessed by Marsh speak in a low, New-England accented voice that matches their frame, but the accent is always the same. Animals controlled by Marsh can understand speech and complex ideas but cannot speak.

READING: Marsh can focus on anyone within its area of effect to "read" the entire contents of their mind. The spirit targets the character with an opposed test between the character's **POW×5** and Marsh's Omniscience skill. If Marsh wins, the spirit reads the contents of the character's mind like a book, and knows everything he or she knows. Fortunately, it cannot control the character. This manifests in the target as momentary loss of consciousness. The character must make a **Luck** roll or suffer 1D4 damage in a fall.

TELL: When Marsh "steps forward" to directly control a puppet, there is a tell. The subject unconsciously licks their lips and grins with an odd, hang-jaw, open-mouthed smile. If the Agents have seen the picture of Marsh from the escaped prisoner photo in 1938, they can recognize that grin with a successful **INT×5** or **HUMINT** roll. An Agent looking for such a thing in another puppet later can tell if they are speaking to Marsh.

The Marsh Puppets

More than 300 natives of Mustang were born with Marsh's influence knit into their very atoms. Marsh occupies, controls, and manipulates these beings with the efficiency of a child playing with toys. It can command any number of them at once. Through them and its omniscience, Marsh can act on knowledge which might be inaccessible to a normal foe. When Marsh is in control, these beings are faster, stronger, and more agile than average people, capable of shocking physical feats. They may even injure themselves completing inhuman demands, such as "flip this car." Injured puppets act as fodder to distract Marsh's enemies.

Marsh is clever and wily. It will bait and switch, lure, trick, cajole, and terrorize to lure the Agents towards the Izaldo. Individual puppets are fearless in a way that normal combatants are not. They leap into gunfire, swarm Agents, and throw themselves in front of vehicles to achieve Marsh's goals.

Average Puppet

Controlled by Marsh

STR 16 **CON** 15 **DEX** 14 **INT** 19 **POW** 20 **CHA** 10

HP 16 **WP** 20 **SAN** 0

SKILLS: Alertness 40%, Athletics 70%, Dodge 70%, Driving 50%, Firearms 50%, HUMINT 50%, Omniscience 75%, Persuade 50%, Unarmed Combat 70%, Unnatural 60%.

ATTACKS: *Pistol* 10%, damage 1D4+1.

Shotgun 30% (including a bonus for firing shot), damage 1D8 at close range. Armor is doubled against this damage.

Stick of dynamite 90% (including a bonus for the blast radius), damage 2D6 in a radius of 2 m. (About 1 in 10 townfolk carry dynamite sticks.)

Unarmed 70%, damage 1D4.

SHOOTING TO WOUND: Marsh's adult puppets attempt to injure the Agents, not kill them. They attempt called shots to inflict reduced damage, taking a −40% penalty. Those modifiers are already included in their attacks. These attacks are more likely to hit extremities, so an Agent's body armor applies only if the damage roll is an even number.

SAN LOSS: Killing a possessed adult in self-defense costs 0/1D6 **SAN** from violence.

Puppet Child

Controlled by Marsh

STR 14 **CON** 15 **DEX** 19 **INT** 19 **POW** 20 **CHA** 10

HP 15 **WP** 20 **SAN** 0

SKILLS: Alertness 40%, Athletics 75%, Driving 50%, Firearms 50%, HUMINT 50%, Omniscience 75%, Persuade 50%, Unarmed Combat 60%, Unnatural 60%.

ATTACKS: *Small pistol* 50%, damage 1D8.

Dynamite bundle, Lethality 15%, Kill Radius 10 m.

Unarmed 60%, damage 1D4.

BACKBACK BOMB: If the child gets within 20 m of an Agent, the child takes a turn to use a cigarette lighter to light the cord that hangs out of the child's backpack. An Agent can notice this action by making an Alertness roll. The child then rushes the Agents or Agents' vehicle. At the end of the following turn, the dynamite bundle explodes.

SAN LOSS: Killing a possessed child in self-defense costs 1/1D8 **SAN** from violence.

Puppet Sniper

Controlled by Marsh

STR 20 **CON** 18 **DEX** 15 **INT** 19 **POW** 20 **CHA** 10

HP 19 **WP** 20 **SAN** 0

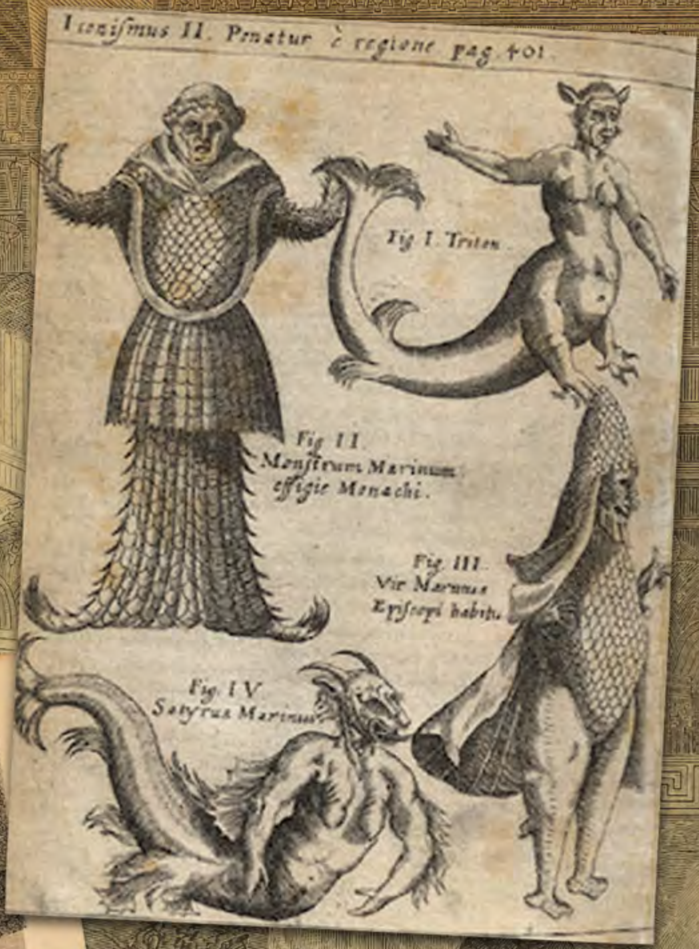
SKILLS: Alertness 40%, Athletics 70%, Dodge 70%, Driving 50%, Firearms 70%, HUMINT 50%, Omniscience 75%, Persuade 50%, Unarmed Combat 70%, Unnatural 60%.

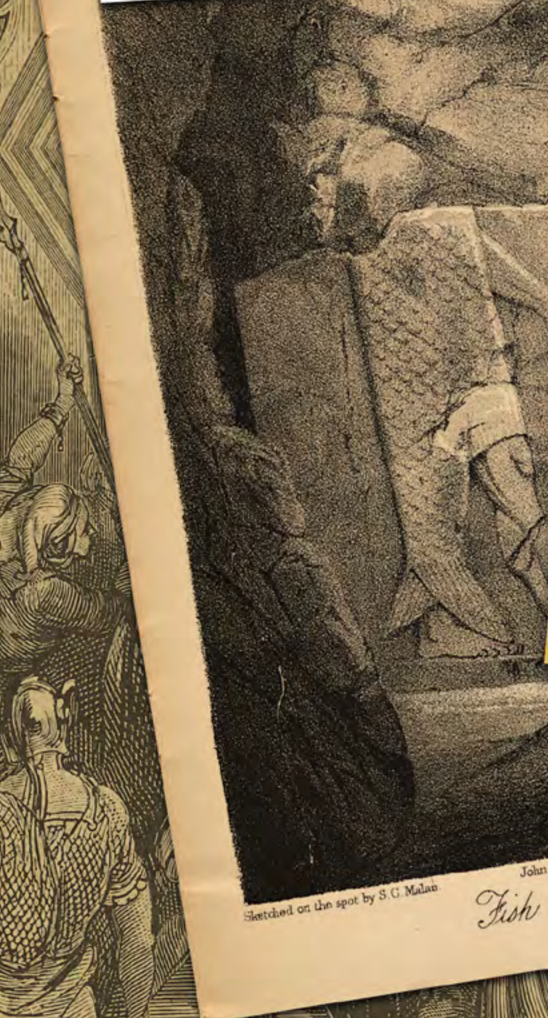
ATTACKS: *Heavy hunting rifle with telescopic sight* 50%, damage 1D6+1 (after aiming a turn), Armor Piercing 3.

Unarmed 70%, damage 1D4+1.

SHOOTING TO WOUND: Marsh's snipers attempt to injure the Agents, not kill them. They aim carefully for a turn before each shot, gaining a +20% bonus to hit; then they attempt a called shot to a leg to inflict half damage, taking a −40% penalty. Those modifiers are included in the sniper's attacks. Body armor does not protect against a sniper's leg shots. If a sniper's damage is more than half an Agent's current hit points, the shot disables a leg and the Agent is reduced to a crawl. With a telescopic sight, the sniper's rifle's base range is doubled to 300 m after aiming for the previous turn.

SAN LOSS: Killing a possessed adult in self-defense costs 0/1D6 **SAN** from violence.


Iconismus II. Ponatur è regione pag. 401.
Fig. I. Triton.
Fig. II. Monstrum Marinum effigie Monachi.
Fig. III. Vir Marinus Episcopi habitu.
Fig. IV Satyrus Marinus.

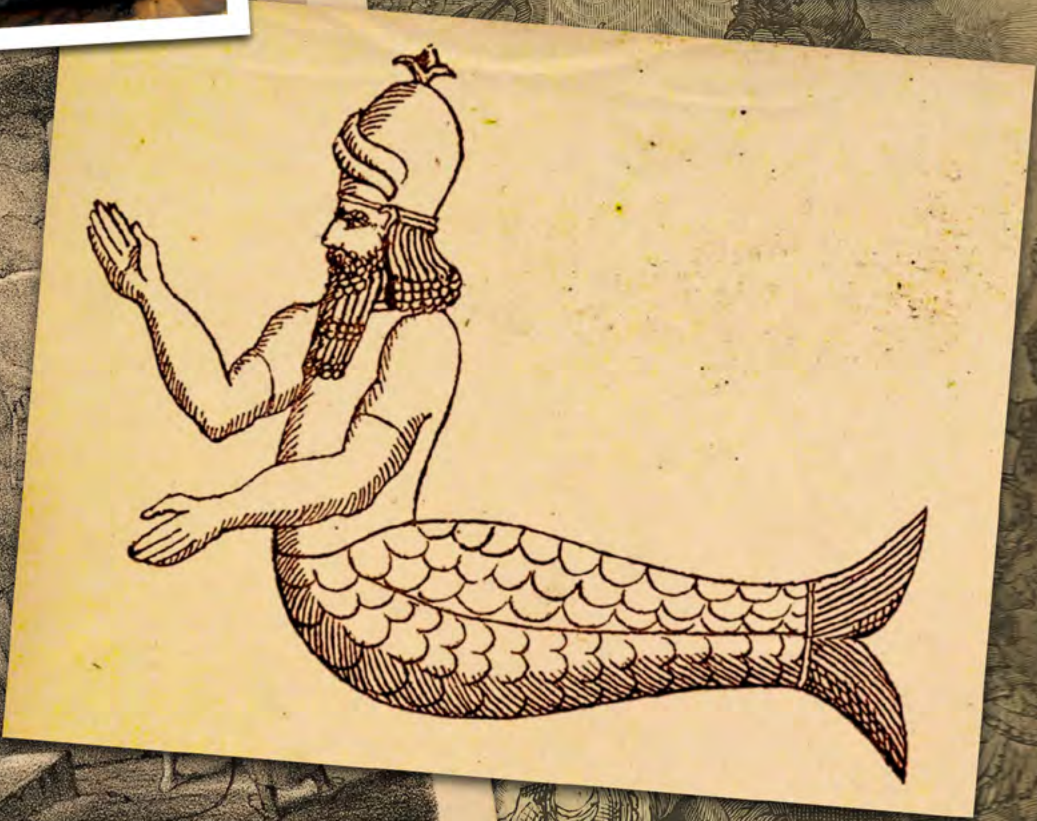


Sketched on the spot by S.C. Malan

John Murray, Albemarle Street, 1852.

N. Chevalier, lith.

Fish God, Kouyunjik.



// The Child //

“You saw the kid? You believe me?”

“Yes.”

“The kid was *dead*, okay? But it wouldn’t stop *talking*.”

// The Child //

By Dennis Detwiller

Introduction

“The Child” is a “Two-Minute Terror” for Delta Green. A Two-Minute Terror is a brief, one-off encounter, mystery, or complication to add depth and strangeness to your Delta Green game. It should be seamlessly integrated into existing operations. By itself it constitutes a short amount of gameplay. But you might use it to point the Agents towards an entirely new investigation, to reinforce the themes of self-sacrifice and inevitable defeat in Delta Green, or to simply show the Agents that they are not the only ones wrestling with the unnatural.

The Child

The child appears to be approximately seven years old. It looks as if it has been awake for some time. It is physically exhausted and filthy. It stands 1.2 m tall (4’1”) and weighs 26.8 kg (59 lbs). It has long black hair, brown eyes, and perfect white teeth. Its skin, covered in grime, dirt, and filth, is an indeterminate color that could be white or Hispanic or Mediterranean. The child is the same sex as the Agent who finds it. It is dressed in baggy, teenage-sized sweatpants and a Nike sweatshirt. It wears oversized, electric-blue Crocs. The clothing appears new and still has sales tags.

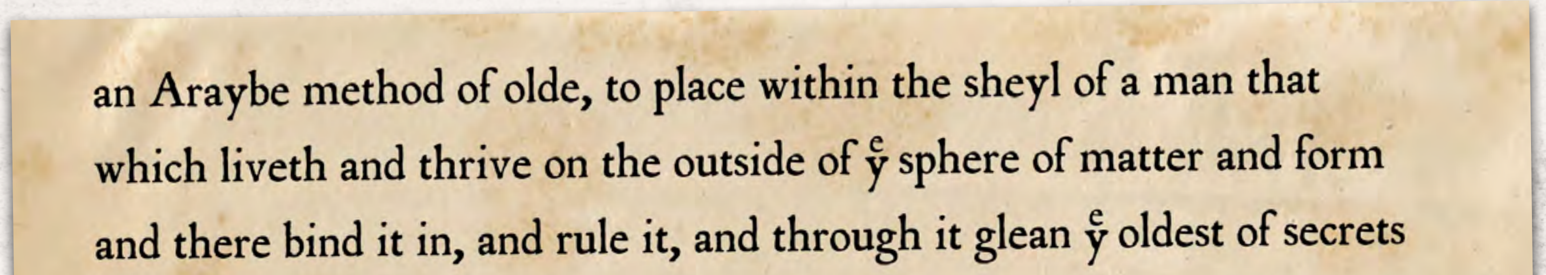
The Setup

How does the child find its way to the Agent? There are infinite possibilities. What matters most is not how the Agent finds the child but what happens next. Here are a few possibilities.

- **SUMMONED TO A PICKUP:** A single Agent is called by their superior, cell leader, or conspiracy acquaintance and asked to take care of an urgent problem. They are given coordinates to an isolated locale at night: a rest stop, a long-haul trucker gas station, or an overpass. The paranoia level should be high. They meet their contact and the child. The contact seems harried. After taking a brief phone call and saying little, the contact says only, “Wait 72 hours and I’ll ring you.” They leave the Agent with the child and a duffel bag filled with snacks, clothes, soap, a brush, and a few toys that are obviously not the appropriate age.
- **FOUND IN AN UNNATURAL LOCALE:** The Agents find the child in an area or locale linked to the unnatural: a cult warehouse, the old farm near the standing stones, or tunnels beneath the train station. While the Agents are neck-deep in another operation they come upon the child in the pitch dark, locked in a cage in the middle of a filthy room. It’s clear the child has been in the box for some time. It’s clear the child sees them, even in darkness. It scrabbles to get out, mouthing words of incoherent fear and desperation but never really saying anything. Those heartless enough to leave the child there lose 1/1D6 **SAN** from helplessness.
- **DRAWN TO THE UNNATURAL:** The child might be drawn late one night to an Agent dabbling in the unnatural: studying an unnatural tome, operating an artifact or a ritual, or otherwise deepening their understanding of what lies outside of reality. The child appears on their doorstep in the middle of the night. Or perhaps the Agent feels drawn to an isolated locale only to find the child there, waiting.

First Impressions

The child is somber and withdrawn. Any attempt to touch it causes it to skitter away, dodging any human contact (Dodge 60%), and inflicts a –20% penalty



an Araybe method of olde, to place within the sheyl of a man that
which liveth and thrive on the outside of yͤ sphere of matter and form
and there bind it in, and rule it, and through it glean yͤ oldest of secrets

on future social interactions with the child from that particular Agent.

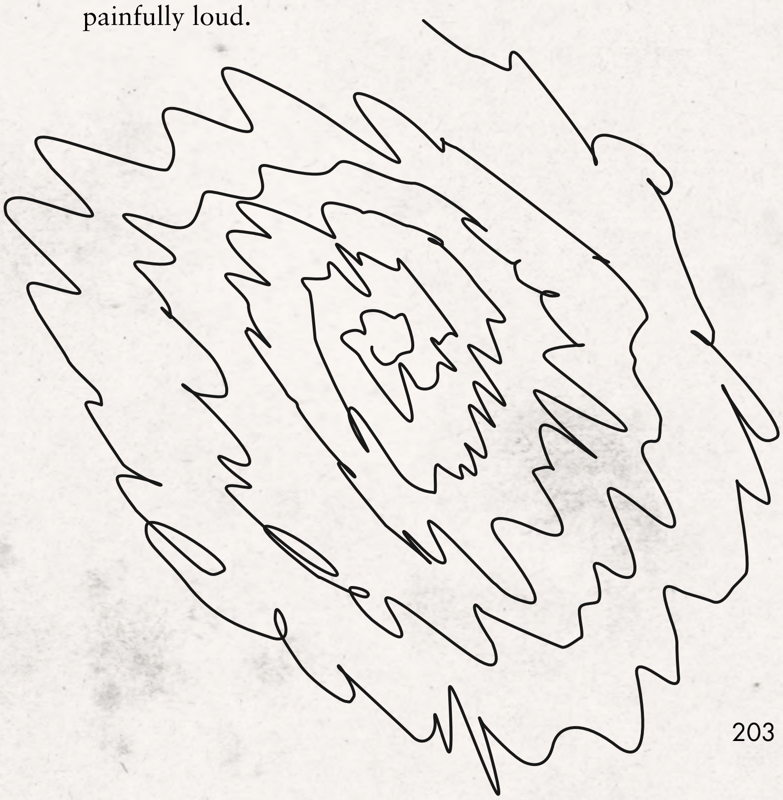
Any attempt to restrain it causes it to launch into hysterics, pulling, screaming, and struggling to get free. This inflicts a –40% (total) penalty on that Agent's future social interactions with the child. Witnessing this costs 0/1 **SAN** from helplessness.

A **Persuade** or **Psychotherapy** roll calms the child. Otherwise it screams until hoarse and finally collapses from exhaustion. In a hotel or near other people, this may cause the authorities to be summoned, complicating matters for the Agents.

Attempts to sedate the child fail. Even injections of the most powerful seatives appear to have no effect. An Agent with **Medicine** or **Pharmacy** of 30% or higher loses 0/1 **SAN** from the unnatural upon realizing this.

The child does not answer questions. It seems to understand English and assents to simple commands like "Sit," "Go over there," and "Stay here." An Agent spending more than an hour with the child may make a **HUMINT** roll. Success indicates that they believe the child can speak English fluently, based on its behavior and reaction to speech. The child says nothing until settled into a safe locale for more than two hours.

If there is a television or a car radio, the child attempts to turn it on and turn the sound *up,* painfully loud.



Observations

If left in peace for several hours, the child begins to explore the new surroundings. It goes through drawers and looks at books.

Agents that honor the personal space of the child soon find it begins to trust them. After a while, it refuses to leave the sight of one, particular trusted Agent, silently following them from room to room. That Agent may attempt to **Persuade** the child to do simple things that do not involve human touch: eating, sitting in a particular area, turning off the television and radio, and so on.

Agents that pay careful attention to the child when the room is not consumed with noise from a television or radio notice can attempt a **HUMINT** roll. Success notices that the child appears to react to unseen things. Occasionally, if the music or TV is not playing loudly, the child closes its eyes and cover its ears as if trying to block out horrific things.

Negotiations

After some time with the child, and with some simple verbal contact, an Agent might be able to coax information from it.

Each successful **Persuade** roll (made with whatever penalty may have been made due to previous actions, up to a maximum of –40%) might elicit one of the following responses:

- *"I talk to the things that sleep."*
- *"The things that sleep say they don't like you."*
- *"The things that sleep say you…."* Here, describe some specific and mundane thing the Agent did before meeting the child.
- *"The man put a bottle in my chest and it talks to me."* What the child can say about "the man" is up to the Handler. Maybe the child remembers nothing about the man. Maybe it remembers details that can point the Agents toward an encounter or a new scenario that the Handler wants to reveal.

Specific questions may be directed at the child while it is cooperative. It appears to have knowledge of certain things it could not possibly know. The more related to the unnatural the subject of the question is, the more likely it has some useful information about it. This message is always "transmitted" to the child through the "things" that only it appears to hear.

The answers to each such question remain up to the Handler to determine, but startlingly accurate statements might cost 0/1 **SAN** from the unnatural. Sometimes the source of this information appears to be lying or mocking the Agents. The child's revelations always point the way to dangerous, unnatural things.

Examination

Agents that manage to physically examine the child, either through persuasion or by subduing it, discover several things in rapid succession.

- » The front of the child's torso is split by a post-mortem Y-stitch, completely concealed beneath the sweatshirt. Finding this costs 1/1D6 **SAN** from the unnatural.
- » The child has no pulse and no heartbeat. Discovering this costs 0/1 **SAN** from the unnatural.
- » Cuts to the child do not yield blood and do not heal, and the child does not need to breathe. Discovering this costs 0/1 **SAN** from the unnatural.
- » Listening to the child's chest with a stethoscope reveals an occasional, strange tinkling sound in lieu of a heartbeat. It sounds like solid, organic matter rattling against thin glass. It seems to occur only when the child claims to hear the "things that sleep."
- » The child has strange, branded marks on its tongue, its left hand palm, and the base of its right foot. An Agent recognizes these runes only with an **Occult** roll or with an **Unnatural** roll. **Occult** recognizes them as an obscure language called Aklo, thought to have been contrived by 19th-century theosophists. An **Unnatural** roll knows Aklo to be quite real and to derive from some source that antedates humanity, perhaps the serpent folk of long-sunken Valusia. An Agent who makes a **Forensics** roll notes the runes were burned into the flesh post-mortem. This finding costs 0/1 **SAN** from the unnatural.
- » Removing the glass bauble from the chest of the child immediately renders the child inert. The bauble is a hollow, opaque sphere of grey-blue glass, approximately the size of a tennis ball. Nothing can be seen inside. Shaking it causes a tinkling sound as if it contains a small lump of organic matter. Under X-ray and MRI examination it seems to be solid, though it plainly is not. This finding costs 0/1 **SAN** from the unnatural.

Cleaning Up

Several resolutions are possible.

- » **DESTROY IT:** No matter what Agents know, this is still, somehow, a child. Destroying it costs 1/1D10 **SAN** from violence for any Agent participating or permitting it.
- » **DEMAND THAT DELTA GREEN REMOVE IT:** Agents need to stir up a hornet's nest to get the group to even consider taking the child back. As far as the Agents' cell leader or case officer is concerned, the kid is their problem now. Only pulling off something truly significant moves this needle: getting the cell leader implicated in a crime, pulling strings with many unhappy contacts, or making it the problem of someone in the group who has something to lose. Forcing responsibility for the child off onto someone else should be a pain in the ass and should come with lingering consequences.
- » **LET IT GO:** Agents who realize the horrors of the child and who let it go or abandon it lose 1/1D4 **SAN** from helplessness. Realizing that animals and then people have begun turning up disemboweled in the area where they left the child costs another 0/1D4 **SAN** from helplessness.

The Thing in the Glass

In 1768, Joseph Curwen, that aged and accomplished sorcerer of colonial America, called down and trapped within a glass ward a consciousness from outside our dimensions and matter. The process concerned embedding such a glass inside a corpse and, in doing so, granting that corpse a semblance of life as an intermediary with the alien consciousness. The reanimated body retained its mind and memories but did not eat, breathe, age, or die from normal means. The alien consciousness in the bauble could speak to its animate host.

Someone has called such a thing down and trapped it inside the child. Breaking the glass sets the alien thing free to clutch and rend.

That From Beyond the Mortal Sphere

Immortal yet fleeting

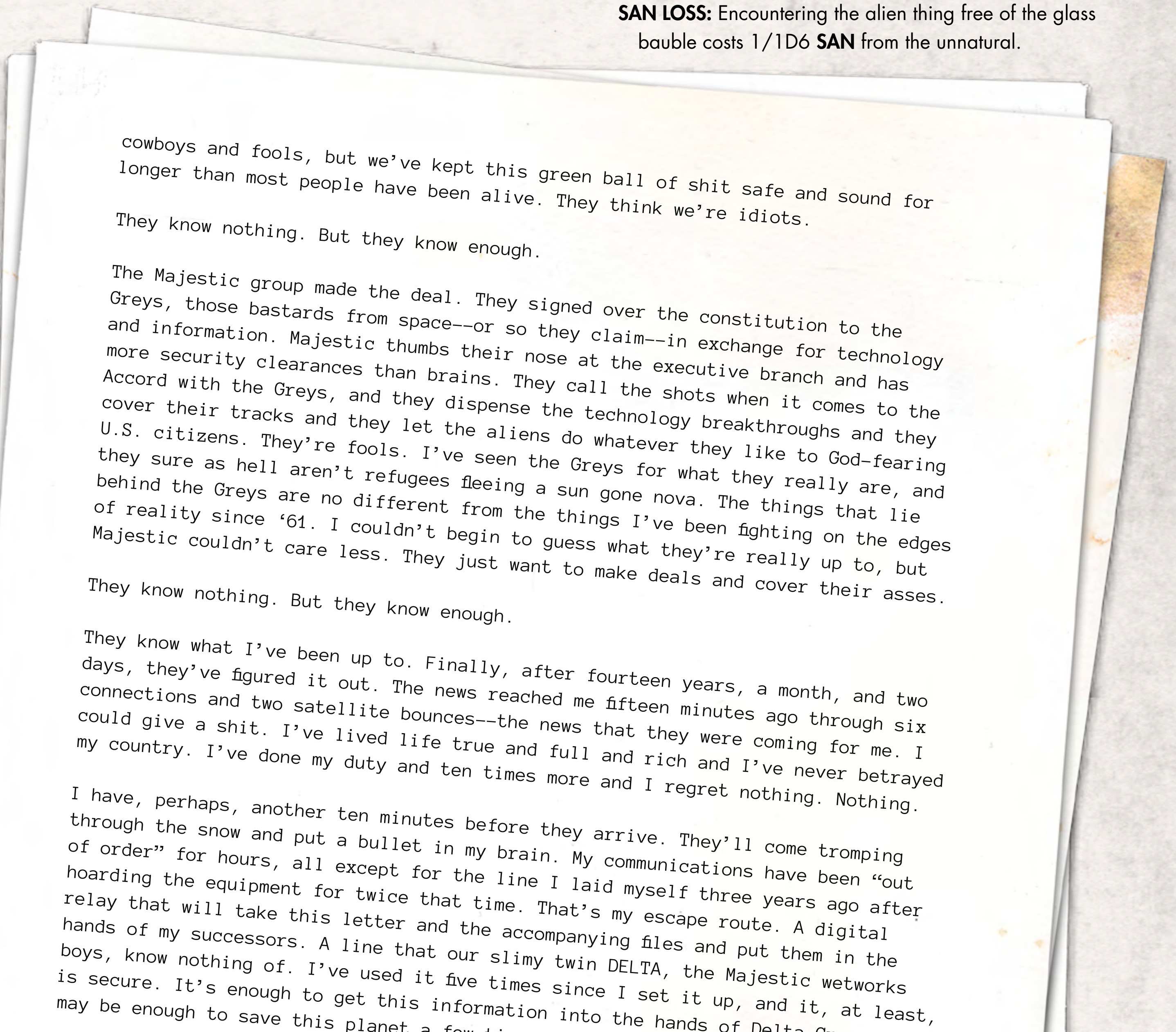
ATTACKS: *Clutch and rend* 50%, damage 1D6.

Smash and feed 40%, Lethality 10%.

ETERNAL: The thing trapped in the glass bauble is immortal and unsusceptible to physical violence. Shattering the the glass does no harm to the being, which boils out in a cloud of negative matter filled with eyes, open maws, and terrible, impossible limbs.

DISSOLUTE: If the glass bauble is smashed, roll 1D6. That's how the being's rough height and diameter in meters, how many turns it persists in our world after its prison is destroyed, and how many attacks it may inflict per turn. Each turn that passes reduces that number by one as it withers and fades from our world, shrinks, and inflicts fewer attacks. At last it disappears into smoke which vanishes on the wind, shrieking in a chorus of inhuman voices.

SAN LOSS: Encountering the alien thing free of the glass bauble costs 1/1D6 **SAN** from the unnatural.



cowboys and fools, but we've kept this green ball of shit safe and sound for longer than most people have been alive. They think we're idiots.

They know nothing. But they know enough.

The Majestic group made the deal. They signed over the constitution to the Greys, those bastards from space--or so they claim--in exchange for technology and information. Majestic thumbs their nose at the executive branch and has more security clearances than brains. They call the shots when it comes to the Accord with the Greys, and they dispense the technology breakthroughs and they cover their tracks and they let the aliens do whatever they like to God-fearing U.S. citizens. They're fools. I've seen the Greys for what they really are, and they sure as hell aren't refugees fleeing a sun gone nova. The things that lie behind the Greys are no different from the things I've been fighting on the edges of reality since '61. I couldn't begin to guess what they're really up to, but Majestic couldn't care less. They just want to make deals and cover their asses.

They know nothing. But they know enough.

They know what I've been up to. Finally, after fourteen years, a month, and two days, they've figured it out. The news reached me fifteen minutes ago through six connections and two satellite bounces--the news that they were coming for me. I could give a shit. I've lived life true and full and rich and I've never betrayed my country. I've done my duty and ten times more and I regret nothing. Nothing.

I have, perhaps, another ten minutes before they arrive. They'll come tromping through the snow and put a bullet in my brain. My communications have been "out of order" for hours, all except for the line I laid myself three years ago after hoarding the equipment for twice that time. That's my escape route. A digital relay that will take this letter and the accompanying files and put them in the hands of my successors. A line that our slimy twin DELTA, the Majestic wetworks boys, know nothing of. I've used it five times since I set it up, and it, at least, is secure. It's enough to get this information into the hands of Delta
may be enough to save this planet a few

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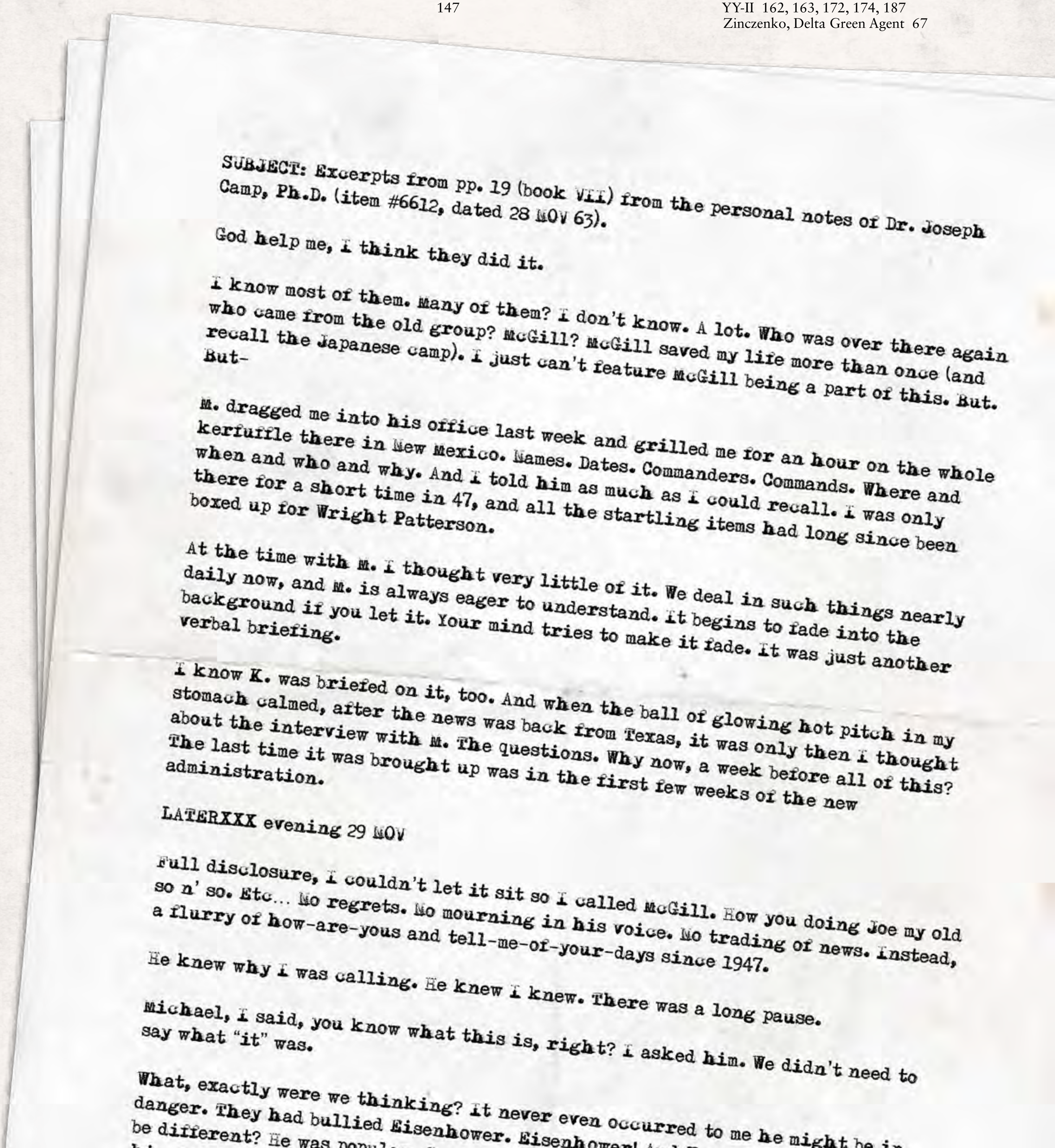

SUBJECT: Excerpts from pp. 19 (book VII) from the personal notes of Dr. Joseph Camp, Ph.D. (item #6612, dated 28 NOV 63).

God help me, I think they did it.

I know most of them. Many of them? I don't know. A lot. Who was over there again who came from the old group? McGill? McGill saved my life more than once (and recall the Japanese camp). I just can't feature McGill being a part of this. But. But-

M. dragged me into his office last week and grilled me for an hour on the whole kerfuffle there in New Mexico. Names. Dates. Commanders. Commands. Where and when and who and why. And I told him as much as I could recall. I was only there for a short time in 47, and all the startling items had long since been boxed up for Wright Patterson.

At the time with M. I thought very little of it. We deal in such things nearly daily now, and M. is always eager to understand. It begins to fade into the background if you let it. Your mind tries to make it fade. It was just another verbal briefing.

I know K. was briefed on it, too. And when the ball of glowing hot pitch in my stomach calmed, after the news was back from Texas, it was only then I thought about the interview with M. The questions. Why now, a week before all of this? The last time it was brought up was in the first few weeks of the new administration.

LATERXXX evening 29 NOV

Full disclosure, I couldn't let it sit so I called McGill. How you doing Joe my old so n' so. Etc... No regrets. No mourning in his voice. No trading of news. Instead, a flurry of how-are-yous and tell-me-of-your-days since 1947.

He knew why I was calling. He knew I knew. There was a long pause.

Michael, I said, you know what this is, right? I asked him. We didn't need to say what "it" was.

What, exactly were we thinking? It never even occurred to me he might be in danger. They had bullied Eisenhower. Eisenhower! And
be different? He was popul

PERSONAL

NAME AND RANK

PROFESSION AND EMPLOYER

SEX
☐ F ☐ M ☐ ________

AGE

PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION

REMARKS

PERSONAL DETAILS

GEAR AND NOTES

SPECIAL TRAINING	SKILL OR STAT USED

RESTRICTED
TOP SECRET//ORCON//SPECIAL ACCESS
REQUIRED-DELTA GREEN

EQUIPMENT

WEAPONS	SKILL %	DAMAGE	ARMOR PIERCING	RANGE

ARMOR

Body armor reduces the damage of all attacks except Called Shots and successful Lethality rolls.

INJURIES

WOUNDS AND AILMENTS

Has First Aid been attempted since the last injury? ☐ If yes: only Medicine, Surgery, or long-term rest can help further

STATISTICAL DATA

STATISTICS	SCORE	×5	DERIVED ATTRIBUTES	MAX	CURRENT
Strength (STR)			Hit Points (HP)		
Constitution (CON)			Willpower Points (WP)		
Dexterity (DEX)			Sanity Points (SAN)		
Intelligence (INT)			Breaking Point (BP)		
Power (POW)					
Charisma (CHA)					

PSYCHOLOGICAL DATA

BONDS	SCORE

MOTIVATIONS AND MENTAL DISORDERS

INCIDENTS OF SAN LOSS WITHOUT GOING INSANE

Violence ☐ ☐ ☐ *adapted* Helplessness ☐ ☐ ☐ *adapted*

SKILLS

Accounting		First Aid		Ride	
Alertness		Forensics		Science:	
Anthropology		Heavy Machinery			
Archeology		Heavy Weapons		Search	
Art:		History		SIGINT	
		HUMINT		Stealth	
Artillery		Law		Surgery	
Athletics		Medicine		Survival	
Bureaucracy		Melee Weapons		Swim	
Computer Science		Military Science:		Unarmed Combat	
Craft:				Unnatural	
		Navigate		Languages & Other Skills:	
Criminology		Occult			
Demolitions		Persuade			
Disguise		Pharmacy			
Dodge		Pilot:			
Drive					
Firearms		Psychotherapy			

THIS IS A WORK OF FICTION